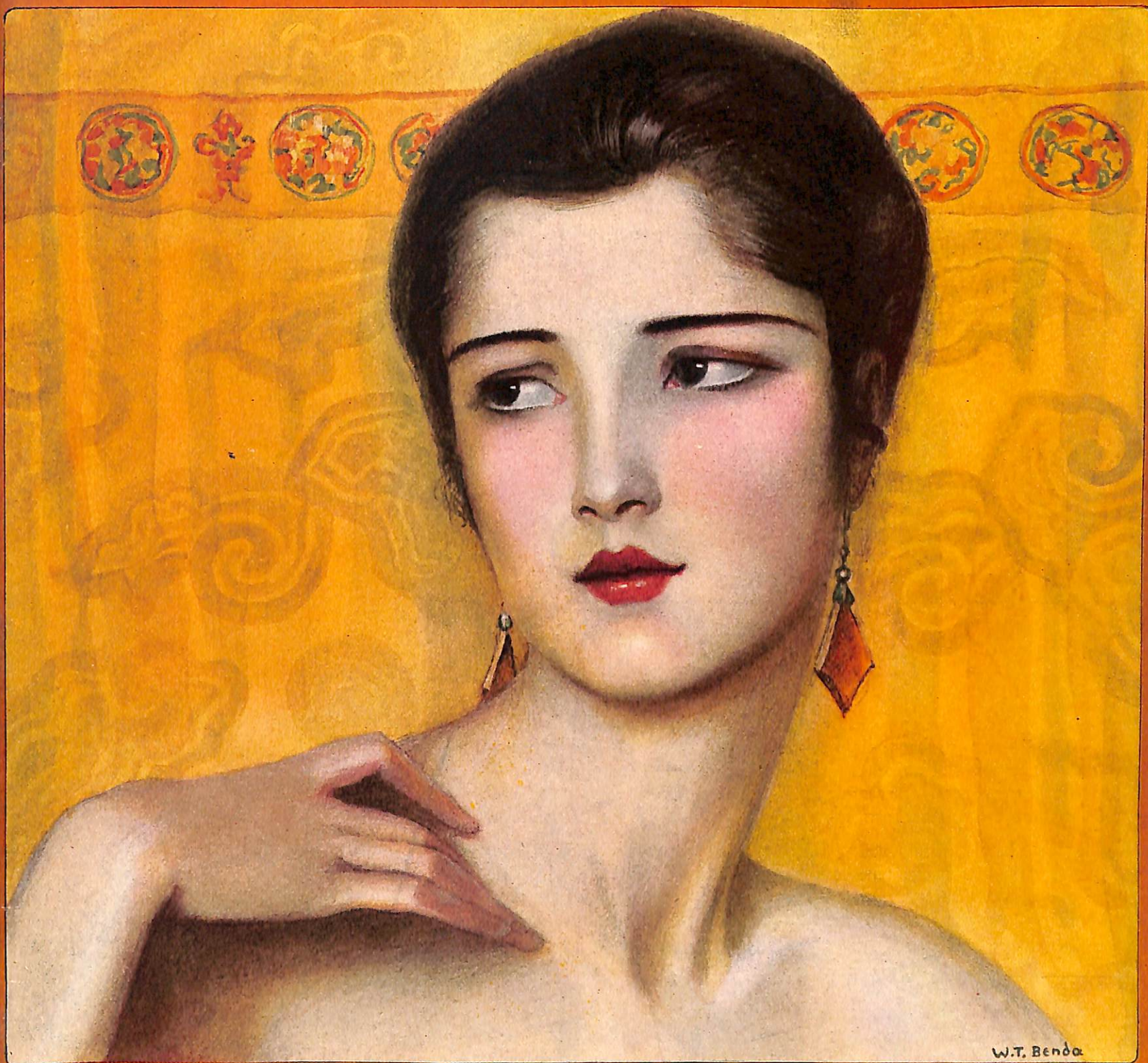


MARCH
1927

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS

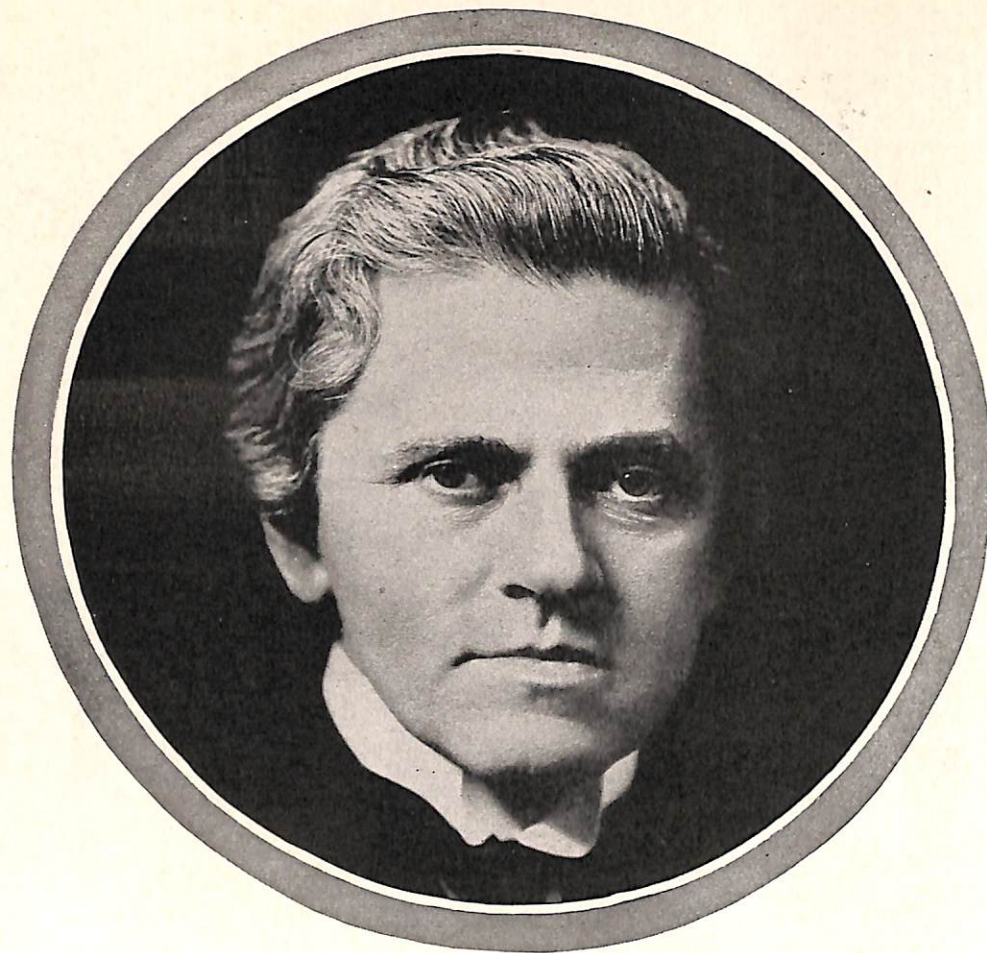


W.T. Benda

THREE BURROS

By WILL IRWIN

Also Zack Cartwright · Achmed Abdullah · Karl Green · Walter B. Lister · Jane Grant *And others*



Among other things, when young actors come to me for advice, I always say, "Take care of your voice, cultivate it—and watch your smoking." Usually they eye the cigarette in my hand with some suspicion. And then, I offer them a Lucky Strike—a cigarette I smoke freely, and have yet to feel the slightest effect on my throat. I've been told that toasting does that for this cigarette. When I smoke "Luckies" my throat is beautifully clear and unirritated.

David Warfield

David Warfield's Magic Voice

*How he keeps it in perfect condition
—how he safeguards his throat*

AS one of the greatest actors of our day, David Warfield, whose charming, sympathetic voice has brought him fame, protects his voice and gladly recommends his way to young actors—as in the statement above. He prefers Lucky Strikes for two reasons: greater enjoyment and throat protection.

Lucky Strikes have become the favorites of men whose priceless voices thrill their audiences, as they have with the millions because, first, they afford *greater enjoyment* and second, they are certain not to irritate even the most sensitive throat.

The world's finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged, perfectly blended, give them their richer flavor.

But in addition, a costly extra process—toasting for 45 minutes—develops the hidden flavors of the choicest tobaccos and at the same time removes all "bite" and harshness.

Smoke Lucky Strikes. They give added pleasure—you'll like them.

"It's toasted"
Your Throat Protection



MARCH, 1927

1

FOR MEN who want to become independent in the NEXT TEN YEARS



IN the spring of 1937 two men will be sitting in a downtown restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1927," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me* . . ."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.

TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, business men are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I have got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

In which class are you putting yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this—one

class of men hope vaguely to be independent *sometime*; the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next few years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 300,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

This book costs you nothing—and for a good reason. It is worth only what you make it worth. It explains how for more than seventeen years it has been the privilege of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase

"Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before."

their earning power; to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business.

"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS" is a cheerful, helpful book. It is yours for the asking. Send for it. Measure yourself by it. Look clearly, for a few moments into *your* next few years. Whether or not you will follow the path it points is a matter that you alone must decide.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
802 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new, revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature.....
Business Address.....
Business Position.....
Please write plainly

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

IN CANADA, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto



IN ENGLAND, 67 Great Russell St., London
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Keep This Attractive Binder On Your Library Table!

Every Shriner will welcome the opportunity to preserve each copy of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE in the attractive binder pictured on this page. It is designed and manufactured by one of the leading binder makers and is the last word in quality and construction. While made of a special patented material, it has all the charming appearance of fine leather and the rich brown finish, with the tooled border, red fez and gold lettering make it worthy of a place of honor on any library table.

You Can Preserve Twelve Issues of Your Magazine in This Binder

The Shrine Binder is designed to hold twelve issues of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE—a complete file for one year. A simple and convenient binding arrangement enables you to insert each new issue as soon as you receive it without the bother and fuss of punching holes or adjusting posts.

By keeping your magazine in this binder you can always be in a position to refer to any issue without having to search all over the house for the particular one you want. It enables you to

read more conveniently the mass of important Shrine news that will always be one of the big features in every number.

By contracting for a large number of these binders we are able to offer them to Shriners at the unusually low price of \$3.00. The moment you see one you'll agree that the binder is worth much more than we are asking. Tear out the coupon now—before you forget it—and send it with a check or money-order to THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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1440 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find remittance of \$3.00. Please send me one Shrine Binder with the understanding that you will refund the money if I am not satisfied.

Please print your name & address.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

We guarantee delivery in perfect condition

Your money back if not completely satisfied



"I Was So Embarrassed— You Sat There Like a Dummy!"

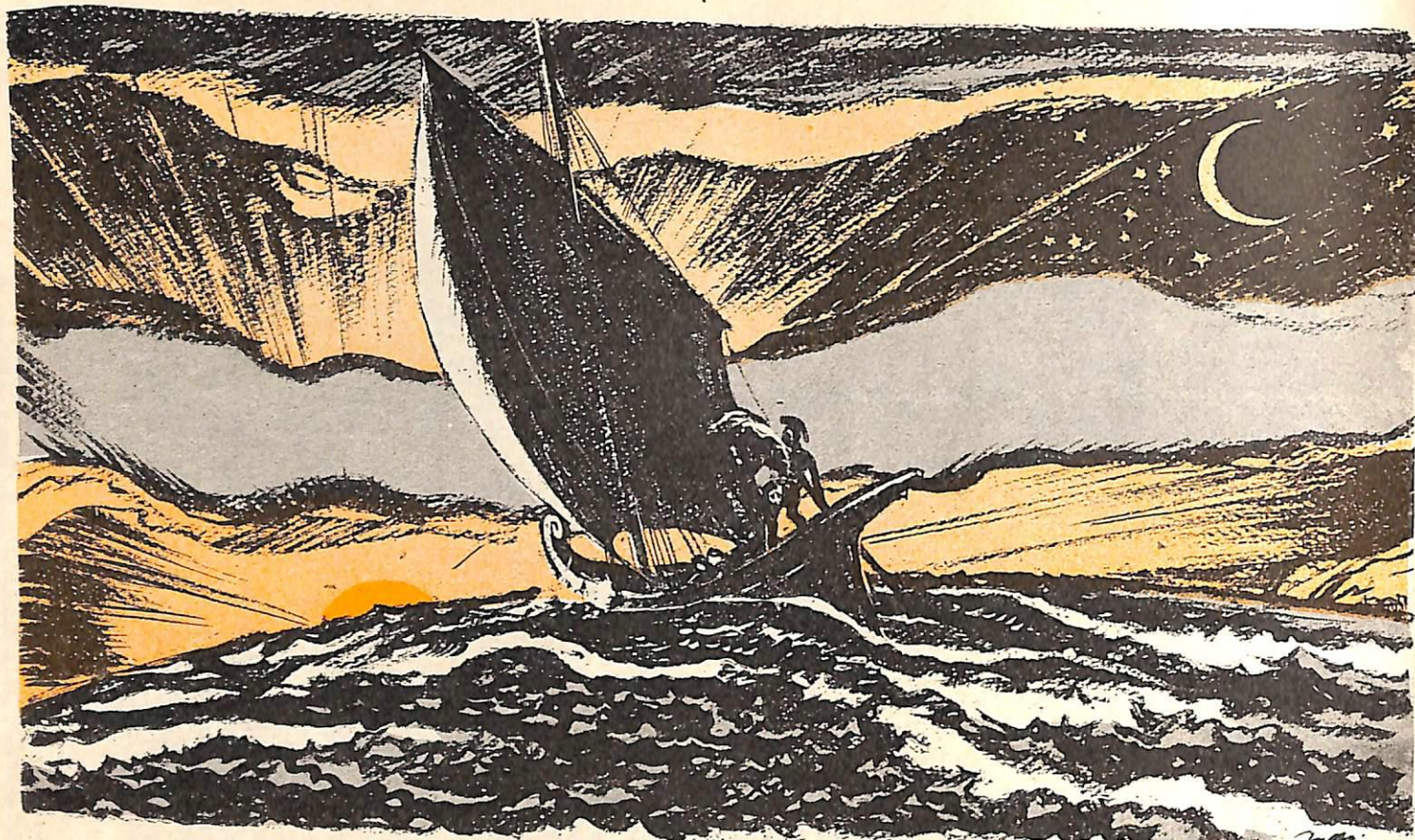
"WHAT do you mean—a dummy? Aren't you a bit harsh?"
"You know what I mean. Couldn't you think of anything to say?"
"No, I couldn't. How was I to get in on that kind of conversation?"
"And what did you expect them to talk about—business?"
"Really, Ja——"
"Oh, I'm so ashamed! I wanted to be proud of you, Ted. You are cleverer and more successful than any man who was at that dinner tonight—but you acted as though you were afraid to open your mouth."
"I was, dear! What do I know about that philosopher they were talking about—what was his name?—Nietzsche. I couldn't even follow their conversation, half the time . . ."
"You should read more. It's pitiful! Why, you didn't contribute one idea or opinion all evening. I was so embarrassed!"
"I'd like to read more, but you know how much time I have!" He helped her into the cab, then turned to her with a smile. "But you made up for both of us tonight, Jane. You were wonderful! How did you ever find out so many things to talk about?"

Busy People Enjoy This Way of Becoming Well-Informed
Jane glowed, flattered by her husband's praise. "Do you really think I made a good impression on those people, Ted?"
"I should say you did!" he laughed. "You seemed to know about everything. Well, you have plenty of time to read."
"Is that so?" she retorted. "I have even less time to read than you. I found

all that information in Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book."
"What's that?"
"You must have heard about it. It's quite famous. Now don't tell me you don't know who Elbert Hubbard was! One of the most versatile men America has ever known—a writer, craftsman, orator, business man—a many-sided genius. Well, he began keeping a scrap book when he was quite young, and he kept it throughout life. He put into it only the things that inspired him most, choice bits from the best minds—the high lights of literature."
"Great idea! Tell me more about it."
ELBERT HUBBARD'S SCRAP BOOK
Selections from 500 Great Writers
All the way home she told him about Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book, and urged him to use it as she had.
"Imagine, Ted! In that one great Scrap Book are all the ideas that helped Hubbard most, all the wonderful bits of wisdom that inspired him—the greatest thoughts of the last four thousand years! He did all your reading for you! You don't need to go through long, tiresome volumes—you can get at a glance what Hubbard had to read days and days to find. Promise me you'll read in it every day for five or ten minutes, dear! It will make you so well-informed—you'll never need to feel embarrassed or uncomfortable in company again."
"It sounds great," he said, as the cab drew up at their door. "Why didn't you tell me about it long ago!"

Sent FREE for Examination
The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book is a

unique volume made up of ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams—selected from the master thinkers of all ages. Selected by *Elbert Hubbard*, himself a master thinker. There is not a commonplace sentence in the entire volume. Only the best of a lifetime of discriminating reading has been included.
This Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft bookmaking. The type is set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine tinted book paper. Bound scrap-book style and tied with linen tape.
Please examine it at our expense! The coupon entitles you to the special five-day examination privilege. Just send it off today, and the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book will go forward to you promptly. When it arrives, glance through it. If you aren't inspired, enchanted—simply return the Scrap Book within the five-day period, and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise send only \$2.90, plus few cents postage, in full payment.
We urge you to act now. We want you to see the Scrap Book and judge it for yourself. Mail this coupon TODAY to Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 433, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.
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Dept. 433, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.
You may send me for five days' free examination a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book in cloth-lined butcher paper binding. Within the five-day period I will either return the Scrap Book without obligation, or keep it for my own and send only \$2.90, plus few cents postage in full payment.
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In Defense of YOUTH

CA Distinguished Writer and Reader reply to
"Dead Manners" by Albert Payson Terhune

What Norman Hapgood says:

UPON just occasion, as well as practically always, bear a testimony against the levity of the younger generation." Who said that? The Reverend Cotton Mather, in 1681, but he was far from the first to make in substance the same remark.

The old are always afraid of the morals of the young. In every change they see the later Roman empire or Sodom and Gomorrah. The fear we now have about our children is less acute than the shock that greeted the appearance of the waltz.

There is no experiment without mistakes. Such is the very nature of experiment. Man is the only animal that systematically experiments and lays up the results of his experiences as basis for alterations in the structure of his society.

Happy indeed is it for us all that the young persistently embark on their adventures. To the appeal which the wide horizons have to them our progress is due. They experiment in science, in art, in politics, in morals. In short, they experiment in life.

Now more than ever before we must reconcile ourselves to experiment, since man is face to face with more novelties than ever before. Women have gone out into the factory and the office, and have therefore ceased to be a solid conservative force to the extent they were. That change is part of the industrial revolution, but only one part of it. Henry the Fourth of France, sometimes called the father of his country, wished he might live to see a fowl in the pot of every peasant in his kingdom; which in homely phrase is what modern conditions are bringing about. The industrial revolution is part of the new birth of science, which is a fact to which we have not fully adjusted ourselves yet. When Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin, and so many others, on down to Einstein, changed our ideas of the mechanical make-up of the universe, they inevi-

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Shrine Magazine published last December an article by Mr. Terhune who pointed out what the younger generation is doing to what the old timer calls manners.

tably also gave us new problems in morals to work out also.

The seven-league boots of fable are child's play indeed compared to the steam locomotive, the automobile, and the airplane. A feeble workman is the genius of Aladdin's lamp compared with the weapons man has discovered in the expansion of steam and is now discovering in the breaking up of the atom. We hear across the continent and extend our natural sight many thousandfold. And while some of these miracles added to human life go back six or seven times as far as the life of Chauncey Depew, most of them have happened within the century and a half since Franklin flew his kite.

The value of these measureless new horizons in the end must depend on what they do to the human soul. It depends partly on the high talent they encourage or crush, but still more to what they do to the ordinary man, woman and child everywhere. Huxley estimates that the intelligence of man surpasses that of the ape by a longer span than the ape surpasses the jelly-fish. Those of us who are optimists believe the human mind—profound, brilliant, adjustable, and daring—is capable of turning its unexampled new material to the noblest purposes. Let us not be timid. Inspired adjustments can be made only by audacious spirits that are willing to run risks.

Youth tells WHY
By John Putnam

It is truly delightful that the War did not kill such men as John Held, Jr., and Albert Payson Terhune. (Mr. Held illustrated an article in the December issue by Mr. Terhune entitled "Dead Manners.") They are [Continued on page 79]

MARCH, 1927

7

Would you like two pay checks instead of one— each week in 1927?



E. J. Dryden

FRANKLY—are you in earnest in wishing to increase your income, but doubtful as to the aid you could get from home-study business training?

E. J. Dryden, of Laredo, Texas, was doubtful, too. But he determined to try, and to measure his results by the good old sign of the dollar!

He was earning \$150 a month when he started with LaSalle. His course in Higher Accountancy was completed in eighteen months. His salary increase paid for the training plus \$1.00 an hour for every hour spent in study.

After his first lesson in Business Management, dealing with Selling, he tried out his newly acquired knowledge. In six weeks he made \$750 in commissions working after hours.

He has since followed thru with Commercial Spanish, and is now completing his fourth course—in American Law and Procedure. For two years past his earnings have been better than \$11,000 a year.

Again we ask—are you in earnest in your desire to increase your salary?

Send for Free Book About
Your Own Field

You are faced with a problem—and the only way you can solve it is to get the facts.

A special 64-page booklet describes the opportunities in your field of business and outlines a definite plan that will enable you to realize them.

The coupon will bring this booklet to you free—and with it your copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

Dreaming—wishing—you've had enough of that! Send for those booklets NOW.

these
books
free



LaSalle Extension University,
Chicago, Illinois.
Gentlemen:

My schooling stopped when I was fourteen; and when I first enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy I was earning only \$150 a month.

Yet that training enabled me to make certain suggestions to the firm I worked for which resulted in a trip to Washington with all expenses paid and a commission of \$2,126. That alone paid for the training seventeen times over!

Since then I have followed thru with two other LaSalle courses; I am now on my fourth. And for two years past my earnings have been in excess of \$11,000 a year.

I used to think you were too extravagant in your claims for LaSalle training. Now I honestly believe you are too conservative. Why don't you tell the full truth about what LaSalle can do and is doing to lift men out of the low-pay class and put them in command of the really important places in the business world?

Sincerely yours,

E. J. Dryden

Auditor

Find Yourself Thru LaSalle!

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 3458-R CHICAGO

I shall be glad to have your 64-page booklet about the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law; Degree of LL.B. | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence and Practice |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish |

Name..... Present Position.....

Street..... City..... State.....



Thousands Have This Priceless Gift — and Never Discover It!

Many men rob themselves of success, popularity, achievement and position which could rightfully be theirs if they would but recognize the presence of a priceless gift which nature gave them. They go through life timid, self-conscious, fearful and retiring instead of using this natural gift to dominate and control others and become leaders among men. Seven men out of every nine have this gift. You can now find out for yourself, by means of this amazing FREE test, if you are one of these.

No sane man would deliberately and knowingly throw away a chance to become an outstanding, influential and important figure, occupying a high-salaried job in his chosen profession. Yet, without knowing it, thousands of men are throwing away a priceless gift, which, if they would but bring out from its hiding and use it, would obtain for them influence, position, popularity, power, leadership and money.

Nearly every man has in him the knack of powerful and convincing speech. This magic power is that thing which often rises up within you and demands expression, but is never heard because you lack confidence in your ability to speak with force and conviction.

Now Easy to Become a Powerful Speaker

I don't care what work you are now doing. I don't care what may be your station in life. I don't care how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak. If you will give me just fifteen minutes each day in the privacy of your home I will make you an accomplished and powerful speaker in a few short weeks or not charge you a single penny.

You need not have a college education, nor do you need any kind of vocal training. By this amazing, easy method you have only a few simple, easy - to - remember principles to learn. Then you will see how really easy it is to have the power of effective, convincing speech.

Why Powerful Speakers Are Picked for Important Jobs

If you will take particular notice, you will find that the big, important, high - salaried jobs invariably go to men who are convincing talkers. Often you will see a man of this type forge ahead in business at an amazingly fast rate, while men of even greater ability stand tied to one job because they lack speaking power. That is the reason you quite often are astonished to see a man jump over the heads of many superiors into a job among the big leaders. It is the power and ability to speak with force and conviction that flashes men from obscurity and low wages to prominence and high salaries.

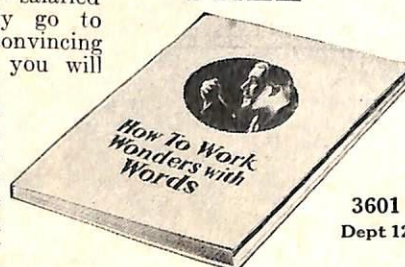
What 15 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to address board meetings
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write better letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

Amazing Book Free Mail Coupon

If you will fill in and mail the coupon at once, you will receive a remarkable new book called "How to Work Wonders with Words." This book gives you an amazing test by which you can determine for yourself in five minutes whether you are one of the seven men out of every nine who possess the hidden knack of powerful speech, but do not know it. Decide for yourself if you are going to allow 15 minutes a day to stand between you and success. Thousands have found this to be the biggest step forward in their lives.

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Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your famous book, "How to Work Wonders With Words."

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City State

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1927

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PAGE

To the Nobility:

¶ Whence came you? How long since you were asked that question and how long since you have heard it asked of another? Do you know the answer? I may well ask also, whither do you travel?

¶ Why the Catechism? Oh! just to find out when you were last in the mother Blue Lodge—and how much you know about it, for the Lodge is the basis and foundation of all Masonry. While I hold that the Shrine and the prerequisites thereto are essential to the prosperity and welfare of the Lodge, I hold equally that these are the basis and foundation for the Shrine—the golden dome of the Temple.

¶ Do you know why Masons wear Aprons? At least one reason is because they are supposed to WORK. From that white apron also can be taken in symbolic form all the morals and all the philosophy of the Lodge—and most of the symbols themselves. All of the elaborations of our so-called higher degrees are symbolized in basic form and principle in the Blue Lodge.

¶ Your Imperial Potentate has been impressed during his visitations with the fact that the real, true Noble is the best Mason. He is the one who works in the bodies and he is the one who also appreciates most the help in explaining, understanding and exemplifying the lessons of the Lodge which is supplied in the other Masonic bodies, not the least of which is the Shrine. He is the man who makes all the Masonic bodies a success. He is the mainstay of Masonry.

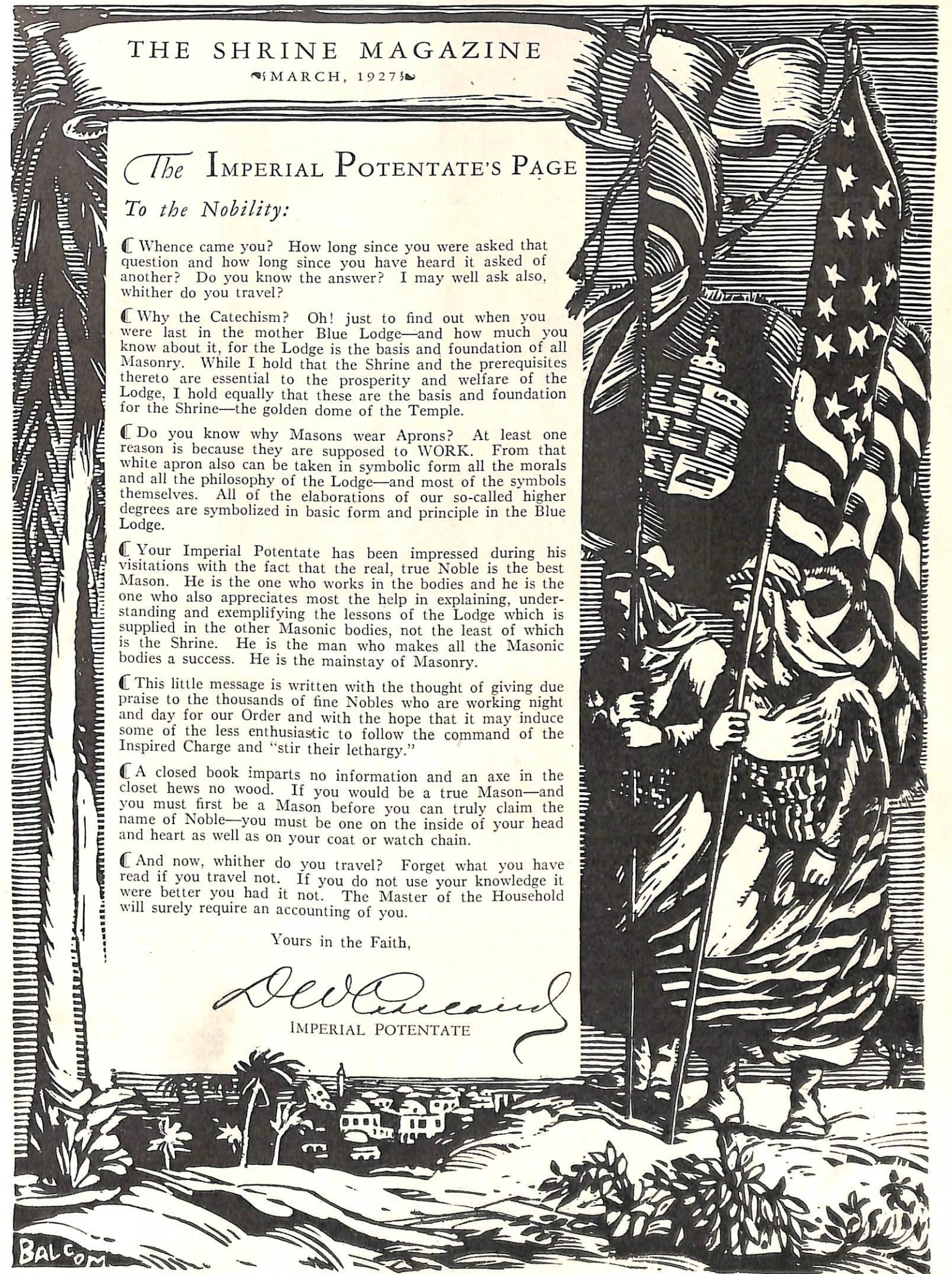
¶ This little message is written with the thought of giving due praise to the thousands of fine Nobles who are working night and day for our Order and with the hope that it may induce some of the less enthusiastic to follow the command of the Inspired Charge and "stir their lethargy."

¶ A closed book imparts no information and an axe in the closet hews no wood. If you would be a true Mason—and you must first be a Mason before you can truly claim the name of Noble—you must be one on the inside of your head and heart as well as on your coat or watch chain.

¶ And now, whither do you travel? Forget what you have read if you travel not. If you do not use your knowledge it were better you had it not. The Master of the Household will surely require an accounting of you.

Yours in the Faith,

Edw. C. ...
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



BALCOM



(Mrs. Christine Frederick, who will conduct the Shrine Service Departments, finds time in her busy life to be a perfect mother.

IMPORTANT EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Carrying out our policy of making this a magazine of direct service to all Shriners and their families, we are adding—

SHRINE SERVICE DEPARTMENTS

A SUCCESSFUL magazine comes close to the lives of its readers, their hearts and minds, even their material welfare. The Shrine Magazine, hardly a year old, is today a monthly visitor in 600,000 homes.

In those homes what does it see? Prosperity, for one thing; which ought to be the basis of happiness. Members of the Shrine are not poor. These six hundred thousand families are in a position to procure the objects they may desire. It is part of life that not always do they know exactly what it is they desire.

It will be a true service if this magazine can play a part in working out the home lives of its readers. It ought to do so. Just so far as we are able to come into close touch with readers and their needs, and then meet those needs, will the magazine be successful. It has had a great start. It dreams of a noble destiny. It wishes to make money—a great deal of money—but not for the personal indulgence of a private owner. It has no private owner. It belongs to the six hundred thousand families who read it.

This is an extremely important point that cannot be too much emphasized. It has to do with the basic distinction between this magazine and an ordinary magazine. It is all right to make money merely for the sake of making

money. We are not criticizing that kind of a publication. We are merely pointing out the significance of having a magazine whose purpose is all tied together with the highest ideals and aspirations of such a large number of owners. Their loyalty to the magazine is of a different sort from that of an ordinary stockholder or an ordinary owner.

Stop and think of what is the destination of all the money that the Shrine Magazine may make. The money that it makes will go into the good works that the Shrine has been doing. Decorated with the blue ribbon, first among those works, are the wonderful hospitals for crippled children. Well may Shriners feel those hospitals to be a triumph of citizenship, a monument to the quality and worth of the organization. The more money this new magazine is able to earn the more money there will be to extend, perfect, and maintain this living embodiment of what a fraternal organization may do for its community.

Every dollar that is spent by our readers in those establishments that advertise with us means just so much toward keeping up and strengthening those homes for crippled children. Where is there such another publication: a publication in which every reader is able to feel that his or her help is a help to the unhappy babies who have had a sad start in life, and who because of this magazine and its readers may go through their allotted years with less

MR. BOK'S OFFICE
PACKARD BUILDING
PHILADELPHIA

December twenty-seventh
Nineteen hundred
and twenty-six

My dear Mrs. Frederick:

When I think of the splendid work you did for so many years for The Ladies' Home Journal under my editorship, it gives me real pleasure to think that with your subsequent experience you are now going to do the same for The Shrine Magazine. Your practical idea of

kitchen efficiency will draw the women to you, and you should be even better able now to help them in their households.

With every good wish, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

Edward D. Bok

Mrs. Christine Frederick

(The above is a reproduction of a letter written by Mr. Bok, the greatest editor of any woman's magazine, to Mrs. Frederick, whose work on Ladies' Home Journal won her added distinction as an expert on matters pertaining to the home.

suffering and more sunshine? That money will come to us in generous amounts on one condition only.

Business men must believe in us. They must be eager to put their announcements into our pages. What is it that will put them into that state of mind? Not merely that the Shrine Magazine goes into more than half a million homes. Something else is needed. They must come to feel that the magazine and its readers are close to one another. That they understand one another. That each serves the other. If that kind of relation is established what better medium could exist than a group as compact, as prosperous, as serious, as like-minded as the group of which our readers are composed?

We appeal to our readers to help us make good with the advertiser by doing their purchasing through our organization, guided by our advertising pages. We appeal to advertisers to take part in an enterprise that promises the very best kind of a clientele.

We are giving you a good magazine to read; one with a strength, interest and refinement that makes you proud to have it on your drawing-room table. But we want to do more. We want to serve you directly. We hope to make the service departments which begin in this issue so direct and intimate that our readers will come to us for guidance as they might go to Mr. Edison with a question about electricity, were Mr. Edison available, or to Mr. Tilden about the make of a tennis racquet.

We want you to ask us about all of your household problems no matter what they are; we'll give you information about foods, furnishings, and all kinds of household appliances. And our information will be as nearly correct as it is possible to make it for we will test the food and test the appliances before we recommend them to you. We intend to be of service in connection with everything that goes into homemaking.

Our Service Departments will give to every reader the help he or she needs in the search, always going on in every family, for the most desirable goods at the most favorable prices. A woman's life is many-sided. To be a mother means not only to be a center of happiness, morals and education. It means not only that the house is clean, the food tasteful and nutritious, the children in good

health, helped toward success by the wisest available school. Another job remains for the mother. She is also secretary of the treasury. It is well enough for the husband to make money. The wife usually determines whether that money will be wasted or turned to the best purposes with the least possible extravagance. She cannot possibly know everything. A big magazine has resources that it should put at her disposal. We mean to save her doubt and trouble, to be a guide, to enable her to avoid mistakes, to introduce her to exactly those products of which she is in search, and toward which she may be only groping.

Every housewife who is a success in that most human job sees to it that the family food is pleasant to eat and so cooked and chosen that it is nourishing. We shall help her to go even farther. We shall help her to have three or four ways of preparing a dish where perhaps she now has one. And combinations are a thing that keep many a woman worried or discouraged. How in the world, she wonders, shall I get away from the combinations I have tried so often? How shall the table be so managed that no member of the family shall ever have the feeling of seeing the same combination too often? That is one of the ways in which constant expert advice is of the highest value.

The table, of course, is not all. It used to be said, even more often than it is now, that a woman's work is never ended. Dirt never ceases its eternal warfare. Every day, almost every waking hour, it must be fought. The more efficient the weapons for carrying on this war the more freedom in the woman's life. This is an age of mechanics. Nowhere have mechanical inventions done more for human happiness than in the household. Go into an old cemetery in a country village and see how many old men had three wives. No wonder the women were worn out. The ovens they bent over, the washing appliances, the cleaning methods, everything required long and laborious application. Homes now may be filled with good fairies to do this work. The housewife should have help in getting the latest and the best.

There is the side of beauty, also, of charm, of art. Once Grand Rapids furniture was smiled at. Today it is in itself an aid to culture.

[Continued on page 78]



THREE BURROS

—One stumbled, and brought Wealth
and Love to Sally Flint of Yonkers

By WILL IRWIN

Illustrations by
George Wright

THE full moon of July had drawn Grant Hollister out into the open. The chance by which he saw the three burros sprang from no coincidence more remarkable than that. Such a night, with its suggestive odors, mysterious whispers, gigantesque shadows, would not be denied. From the little dip of the mountainside where he had established his pup-tent, he had groped up the old trail. Above the turn, he remembered, a ledge of rock cleft by one gnarled cedar commanded the country like an Indian sentinel-post.

Fumbling for handholds on roots and branches, for footholds in clefts of rock, he rolled at last on to the shelf, got his breath and lay for a long time watching that flood of evanescent silver which was the valley; drawing in with palpitating nostrils the scents of blended resins, of mint, of moist earth; listening to the sleepy chirpings of birds, the far call of a coyote. Once he turned on his back, lay gazing at the violently brilliant mountain stars. But the shoulder of Mount Juno caught his eye. It towered to infinity sheer above him, a ponderous shadow touched with shimmering moonlight along its spurs and crests. It seemed to move and to menace. On an impulse born less of imaginative fear than of spiritual fulness, he rolled over again, for a moment closed his eyes and reveled in sound.

Far away on the valley lake, an owl had started up. Somewhere a branch had broken. There was a beat of hoofs, faint but steady. Suddenly steel rang on rock. Some stray horse, doubtless. No, there were many hoofbeats; a herd of horses more likely. Branches creaked nearer and nearer; now he could hear a rustling. The herd had reached the passage of the trail below his shelf; was going on with a steadiness odd in stray animals. And now they reached the turn of the trail, and a dark bulk emerged suddenly into the moonlight. Grant's eyes did not focus quickly enough to identify it before it disappeared. He had better luck with the second. It was a burro—loaded. It disappeared; another popped into the field

of vision. This one seemed actually to stagger. Bringing up the rear, came a tall man hunched over a small horse. Grant had for a second the uncomfortable sense that he was spying. He opened his mouth to hail the stranger; suddenly closed it like a trap. A jack-train at night was an unusual circumstance.

The train had halted; there were irregular hoofbeats; there were oaths. It seemed a foreign language with an odd staccato beat. An electric torch brought out for a moment the fir-branches above the corner of the trail, but revealed nothing of the group at their foot. Branches rustled, hoofs beat; the train went on.

The staccato rhythm seemed to stir a memory. As he scrambled back to camp after a cautious interval, as he fell asleep in his blankets, he was reaching for something which eluded him. His subconscious mind must have worked on the subject all night; for as he potted next morning over his camp cooking, he stopped frozen with thought, the coffee-pot poised in his hand.

"Why of course—damn fool!" he said, addressing himself. The staccato accent of a foreign tongue—it was Scandinavian. The unaccountably surly watchman at the Ravenal tunnel, who had run him off the property last week, spoke with a Scandinavian accent. Tall, too. Other details of that slight but singular adventure came trailing into his mind. On the plateau before the tunnel, he had seen hobbled burros and a sorrel bronco. The watchman of the Ravenal without question. But why was he driving a jack train by night; and why up that route? This trail, once the only approach to the Ravenal, had virtually been abandoned twenty years ago, when the owners got their dizzy road built from Silver Moon. The Ravenal, tied up in litigation, had been for many years inactive; but the road was still passable.

"Well it's none of my business!" said Grant Hollister to



himself. Having said this with an air of finality he proceeded at once to make it his business. He got everything shipshape, slipped by habit a geologist's hammer into his belt and turned, not down into the valley as he had intended, but up the trail. He smiled a little sheepishly to himself as he reflected that he was going to enjoy playing detective.

Having in childhood escaped the Boy Scouts, he was no tracker. But the hoofprints in the moist earth were plain to the dullest eye. He followed to that turn below his shelf where the train had halted. There, as he expected, the tracks lay confused. Above the stalks and leaves of a columbine bush to one side of the trail, lay a quart or so of fresh yellow dirt, wholly extraneous to the black loam underfoot. It had been pawed over, apparently; Grant could even trace the finger-tracks. He squatted, pawed it himself; picked up something, ex-

There was something mysterious in the train of three packed burros being driven along the deserted trail at night by the surly watchman of the old silver mine. And Grant Hollister, peering through the branches, realized that he was going to enjoy playing detective.

amed it very carefully in the hollow of his hand; whistled.

It was a little twist of virgin gold. He stooped again, made another rapid examination. There were more twists; there was dust. He pieced together his memories of the night before, and used his head. Doubtless a sack had burst or come untied. That was the meaning of the halt on the trail. Doubtless the horseman, when he flashed his electric torch, had picked over the spillings for nuggets. Grant scooped up a double handful, tied it up in his handkerchief.

A new discovery, a secret mine—or what? Grant stood for a moment hesitant, then gave his shoulders a shake and went on up the trail. All the way the hoof-prints persisted. Puffing with the eager speed of his climbing, he came to the top of that high mountain-shoulder which had so oppressed his imagination the night before. There, he knew, the old trail divided. The main fork led to the right toward the Ravenal tunnel; the side fork, now almost eliminated by time, he had never been able to trace to its source. The tracks, here very clear on a stretch of black loam, came from the right.

He paused, studied the mountain panorama, and thought. His proceedings so far had amounted to mere curiosity. The watchman of the Ravenal had shown plainly enough his surly disposition. Caught in—whatever it was—he might do almost anything; and he himself had failed to bring along a gun. It was that thought, however, which impelled him to turn and go on—the challenge to his courage. He had remembered that he once led a battalion against machine guns in the Argonne.

From behind a tangle of mountain laurel, he came out suddenly on to the little plateau. Here, great Juno fell away abruptly in a long slope which was almost a cliff. So narrow was that shelf from which the owners of the Ravenal had driven their tunnel that the old dump of its active days, now half overgrown with weeds, spilled down the hillside like slag down the heap of a smelter. A dilapidated tool house and a log cabin hung over the landscape like eagles' nests. Except for a rough clearing about the cabin, the plateau was a riot of weeds and wild flowers. At its further end gaped the mouth of the road. Beyond, seen through the branches of clinging dwarf firs, was a glimpse of another dump. The prism at its tunnel-door was completely overgrown; and the single cabin stood unroofed.

Grant emerged cautiously into the clearing, and stood for a moment reconnoitering—a long-legged, slim-waisted six-footer with a lean, hawk face and tousled brown hair, burned to clay-color at its surface. At last he took a few steps forward; then stopped again and:

"Hello!" he called. He felt with shame that his voice quavered a little. For the whole proceeding had been growing more and more eerie.

He walked with assumed boldness to the central cabin, knocked. There was a pause. His finer senses registered movement within—a vibration rather than a rustling. From very nervousness, he knocked again, and:

"Who is it?" came out sharply. The voice quavered. And it was a woman's.

He started foolishly to say, "It's me," choked that back; beat about for the proper introduction; and succeeded only in a raucous clearing of his throat.

Suddenly there was audible movement. The door burst open in his face. He was aware of a slim girl figure, of a smart brown tailor-made, of a fresh, untanned complexion, of hazel eyes, of bobbed, sloe-black hair, before he perceived one of the few phenomena potent to draw the eyes of any young man from those of any girl.

In her right hand, she was pointing a small automatic pistol, whose thirty-millimetre muzzle gaped at him like the mouth of a cannon. The hand was wobbling nervously, dangerously. He awaited the instant when it pointed past his left arm, and pounced upon it with both hands. He gave a wrench at her wrist; she released her hold. Only then did she emit a smothered scream, jump backward and as though her legs had given out, sink down on the edge of a bunk, her eyes wide with terror.

After one quick inspection of its machinery, he slipped the pistol into his trousers pocket. When he looked up from that operation, her expression had changed. The terror had gone from her eyes, and though she sat in half shadow, he fancied that she was blushing.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But when you expect to be shot—you're a little abrupt."

She said nothing.



(With only the faint glow from his torch to guide him, Hollister reached down from the dark hole in the mine. "All right, you can't fall," he said, as he lifted Sally up the last stages.

"To reassure you in case you've mistaken me for someone else," he went on—talking fast to hide an odd embarrassment—"I'm an innocent bystander. My name is Grant Hollister. I'm a mining engineer by profession—"

She broke in abruptly; and again there was something like fear in her eyes.

"Do you—are you employed by Rossiter Flint?"

"No. Flint? The Flints own this mine, don't they?"

"Yes—at any rate—" she stopped.

"No, I've nothing to do with this property. Nor with any other property hereabouts—now. I came up here for my firm to make an examination. The proposition fell through. They wired me to take my vacation before I returned. I've used it camping out alone, and adding to my education by looking over the formations of this region. I dropped in this morning to ask if I might inspect this tunnel."

"If that's the case," she said—and for the first time her voice came out clear and natural, "please excuse me!" They both laughed.

"Excuse me also for burdening you with so much of my life-story," he retorted. "But when a young lady has just tried to shoot a young gentleman, it warrants a few confidences."

She laughed again. Now she rose from the edge of the bunk and came forward into the full light from the window. He took the pistol out of his pocket, held it out to her, but first.

"I suppose you want it back," he said. But she did not reach out to take it, only contemplated the weapon with eyes grown suddenly serious.

"I didn't go to shoot you," she said, "only scare you away. But suppose it had gone off—"

"I was as safe as a church," he replied. "My abruptness was unpardonable in the circumstances. It wouldn't shoot. You see, you hadn't released the safety catch!"

"There! And the man at the store in Denver told me to do that! I knew there was something I'd forgotten. But there was so many things to remember! Please put it down. I don't want it. Suppose I had fixed that—whatever it is—right. I might have shot you just the same!" She shuddered.

Grant laid down the gun on the table.

"You're from the East, aren't you?" he asked.

"I am." She appeared a little defiant now.

"So am I for that matter. I was only thinking that when a New Yorker comes to the effete West, he ought to give up his native habit of gun-toting. Follow the custom of the country."

"Well, it's pretty near New York," she said. "Yonkers."

"I was brought up a commuter, too—Montclair. You seem to be alone here. I suppose there's no one around who can give me permission to look over the grounds?" He had been leaning against the table. Now he straightened up with a movement suggesting departure. But there was something in her eyes which invited him to stay—beseeched him rather.

"I can give you permission—and will," she replied. "You see—I'm the owner now—or one of them. The other is my mother."

"Oh, you've bought—"

"No, I've—we've won the suit. This property has been in litigation for years—"

"I've heard that. Family affair, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Between us and my cousin Rossiter. Well, we got a final decision last week—Supreme Court. Settled absolutely in our favor. Mother can't travel. So I came out to look the mine over and see what could be done about starting up. Mother says I always take hold of things by the wrong handle. And I suppose I do. Try to shoot a young man for example, and don't remember to fix the gun so it will go off. I should have hired an engineer at Denver. I expected Petersen—he's the watchman—to be here; I telegraphed I was coming this very morning. And he isn't here. Do you know Petersen?"

"I've seen him."

"Do you know where he is?"

Grant was glad the question came in that form. He could answer truthfully in the negative.

"Do you know my cousin Rossiter?"

"No."

"Have you seen him about here? Medium-sized man, slim, straight, clothes rich but tasteful, about thirty-five, black hair with a little white lock in front, and acts as though he'd just bought the Rocky Mountains."

"No."

"Well I have," she said. And her eyes looked for a moment as they had when she stared at him from the edge of the bunk. "Last night when I left the train at Ardendale to take the stage for Silver Moon—that town of the poetic name was the hamlet at the foot of Mount Juno, from which started the road to the Ravenal—coming round a corner, driving an open car. He has no business around here, especially now. He's supposed to be in New York. And when I saw him, and when Petersen wasn't here—well, it was spooky! I've been here an hour—"

"How did you come from Silver Moon—if you don't mind my asking?"

"Hired a flivver—it's parked down below—there was as good as no road at all, the last stretch."

"Considering you aren't used to mountain driving, you did well to get as far as that."

They were both silent for a moment. He stood looking at her, his senses recording a firm, straight nose, a generous mouth, a tilt of the head that just escaped being coquettish, a pair of shoulders broad yet delicately pointed and feminine; his mind piecing together many things. She on her part regarded him hesitantly, as though wishing something and fearing to ask.

"If you don't mind, I think it's just as well not to leave you alone here," he said finally.

"Oh, if it isn't too much trouble—"

"I'm on my vacation. I'll stay until Petersen comes back at any rate."

"I was just thinking of something else," she said. "You see—if you'd take a job on your vacation—we really need a mining engineer. That is, unless it costs too much. After all these years of lawyers' fees—there isn't a great deal left—"

"No charge for preliminary inspection," he said. "The rest can be determined later. May I ask, by the way—?" Here his eyes smiled as they met hers. "How am I to address my employer?"

"I'm Sally Flint. Of Yonkers as aforesaid. My father was Marcus Flint. He owned this mine. He found it in the beginning. He and his brother Cato. Father bought Cato out. They both died, and mother went East to live. And then Rossiter—he's Uncle Cato's son—brought suit—but heavens—" her voice took on a note of mock despair—"if I go on with that eternal, sticky lawsuit, I'll bore you as much as I've been bored ever since I can remember."

GRANT heard all this; but he merely stowed it in the back of his mind. His eyes were searching the cabin. A rude bunk, furnished with blankets, clean and neatly folded. A cook-stove, big enough to serve for heating in winter; pots, pans, skillets, all shined and polished, all ranged on nails behind the stove; a cupboard made of boxes, holding tin dishes, a sack of coffee and odds and ends of groceries; a pile of stovewood and a full water-bucket; pictures of pretty girls nailed to the smooth areas on the log wall; a row of nondescript clothes, including two oil-skin slickers; a box like a seaman's chest.

Suddenly, Grant stepped over to the chest, opened it.

"I'm starting my investigation of the claim," he said. "You might help if you will. Poke round the place and see if you can find any papers." And he went on pawing over the chest. Work shirts. Two white shirts and a half dozen collars. But no cravat. Items of red flannel winter underwear. A few spilled 44-calibre revolver cartridges, but no gun. No papers, unless you could call a ruled writing-pad that. He closed the lid of the box, ran his eye and his hands over the clothes hanging against the wall. Working garments all. No store clothes among them. Two old hats, one furnished with a miner's headlamp; two pairs of heavy, worn boots, yellow with clay. But no walking shoes.

Grant spoke so suddenly that Sally, poking into the crevices between the logs, started and turned full round to face him.

"Wherever he went, Petersen wore his best bib and tucker. Sleuth-hound Hollister the engineer detective deduces that from the following circumstance, namely to wit: There are white shirts, indicating that he owned store clothes. There are no store clothes. Any papers?"

"Not a scrap so far."

"Now just a moment while I overwork that thing I keep on top of my shoulders." Grant resumed. He glanced again round the cabin; and his eye stopped on the stove. With one of his characteristic motions—swift, energetic but never jerky—he raised the front set of lids.

"He burned the papers," he said. "And he didn't get supper here last night. If he ate at all, he ate cold."

Sally stepped over beside him, looked into the depths of the stove. On a bed of dead woodashes lay the black foam of burned paper.

Grant dipped into the mess, bringing up fragments of paper. "Hello! How did you sign your telegram to Petersen?"

"Sarah Flint." "Here it is, I suppose." He held out a yellow corner, burned at two edges; it bore only the letters "—ah Flint."

"He got your telegram, you see. And he went away. In his town clothes. But he didn't pack up his things. Which seems to mean that he left in a hurry. The question is—will he come back?"

The girl had been conducting her searchings with an air of puzzlement. Now her eyes grew grave.

"Did he wear a beard, or was he smooth-shaven?" she asked. "Bright idea!" exclaimed Grant. "He wore only a sea-lion mustache. Look for razors, shaving things in general, combs, brushes, pomades—and a pipe, too."

No razor, no toilet articles of any kind, no pipe, though they searched the whole place and searched again.

"He went in a hurry. He went after he got my telegram. And he isn't coming back," Sally Flint summarized at last. Her eyes were more than apprehensive now; they were frightened.

"Things in this world never turn out as you expect," he reassured her. But had she known him better, she would have caught in his voice its first note of insincerity. The handful of ore seemed to burn in his pocket like stolen goods; and he wondered if he should tell her what he had seen last night. But the look in her eyes restrained him. Why hurt her—unless he was sure?

"I suppose that I must look over that tunnel next," announced Grant. But Sally glanced at her wrist-watch.

"The state of my own little inside," she said, "tells me you're hungry. The Welfare Department of the Ravenal Mine sees its duty. At least, Petersen left provisions!"

There had been tension; conscious on his part, half-un-

conscious on hers. Now it snapped; getting luncheon gave them something practical to do. While she rummaged through Petersen's cupboard, he made a fire.

"Bacon," she announced, "canned peas, canned peaches. No bread, but here's flour and baking powder—I suspect Petersen lived on pancakes—"

"Flapjacks," Grant corrected. "That's going to be my job. No woman who ever lived was born a flapjack cook."

They chatted as they worked; of New York, of the theaters, of modern dancing. In that vast fringe of suburbia which surrounds New York, they discovered a mutual acquaintance or so. Now the table was laid. Suddenly and unaccountably she ran out-of-doors, returned with a double handful of blossoms.

"It's a very festal occasion," she announced. "The new owner of The Ravenal takes possession with a banquet to her employes. Young Squireen comes into her own. If we had a radio set, there would be music, and there must be speeches—"

"And greetings from the Rotary Club, and a Flag Day salute," he added.

BY THE time they finished the canned peaches, they were dropping snatches of their autobiographies. Then:

"As there's much to do, employer," said Grant, "I suggest the untidy course of leaving the dishes for the present. But there's going to be labor trouble if your working force doesn't have a cigarette."

"Oh, let's go outside," she said. "We're forgetting the mountains."

So, perched on a rock which rimmed the edge of the little plateau, he smoked as they looked out over the world—tree-tops, with red cones, in the foreground; streams like streaks of silver through a turquoise matrix in the middle distance. They were silent for a moment. When she spoke, her fresh voice was low, subdued.

"I have loved it all my life," she said. "I haven't seen it

Once again, when their world stood in blackness, he leaped to his feet and stood straining his eyes as he bent over her. Then suddenly as with an effort of will he turned away trembling with more than the cold of the night.



since I was seven years old—but I've dreamed of it so often!"

"Oh—you've been here before—"

"Mother brought me out here when I was a baby. But her heart couldn't stand the altitude. So we went back to Yonkers—where her sisters live—and father commuted between New York and the Rockies. That's what I'll do, I suppose—commute. For I mustn't leave mother long. Now that I've seen it all—I hope I can have those dear, delightful dreams again! And New York—" a dancing, human light drove the dreaminess from her hazel eyes. "New York as a playground at last—instead of a place where you make an office at 9:15—"

"Oh, you work then?"

"Did. Oh yes. The accursed lawsuit took all the ready money father left. Until I resigned last week, I was a young white collar woman with Bancroft and Stern, publishers of Christmas Cards, Calendars, Favors and Sunday School Prizes. I rather liked the job! But I'll like this better." Her thought

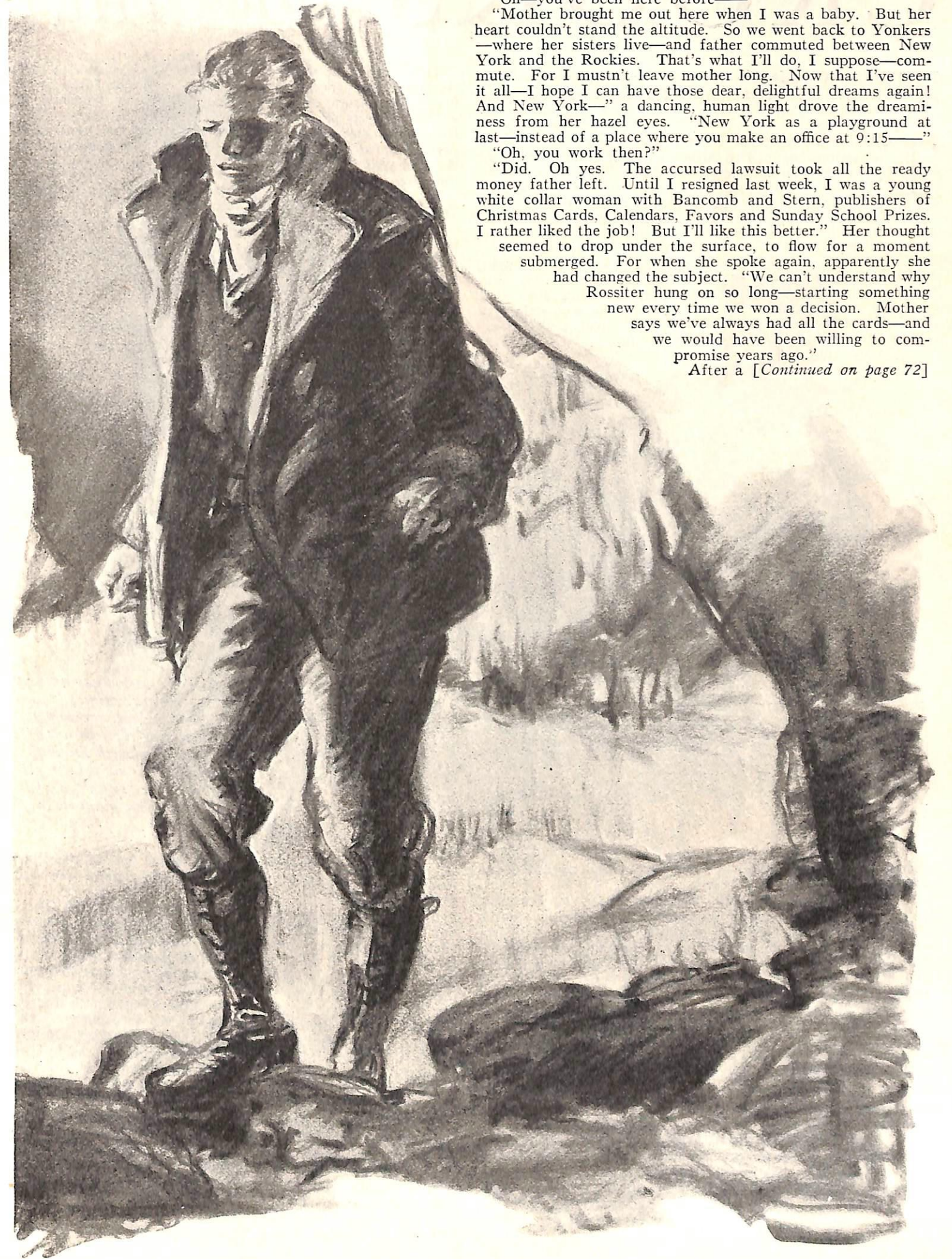
seemed to drop under the surface, to flow for a moment submerged. For when she spoke again, apparently she

had changed the subject. "We can't understand why Rossiter hung on so long—starting something

new every time we won a decision. Mother says we've always had all the cards—and

we would have been willing to compromise years ago."

After a [Continued on page 72]

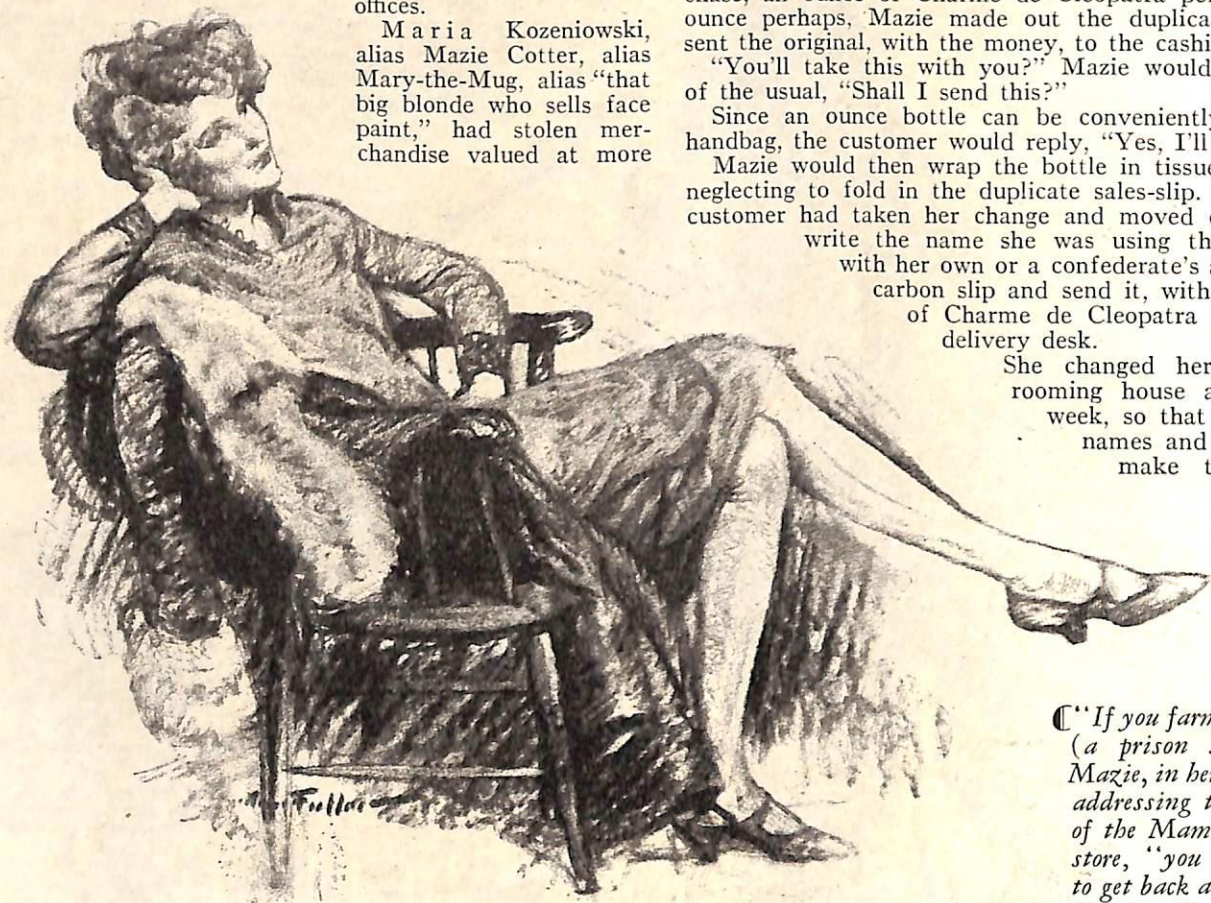


CROOKS: HOW THEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: The cases cited are true stories. For obvious reasons, names and identities have been disguised.

THE actual arrest of Miss Mazie Cotter was a minor sensation, confined to Aisle "V" of the Mammoth Department Store. The second day following her arrest, after a complete stock inventory had been taken at the cosmetics counter, the interest in her affairs increased and caused more than casual comment in the general offices.

Maria Kozeniowski, alias Mazie Cotter, alias Mary-the-Mug, alias "that big blonde who sells face paint," had stolen merchandise valued at more



This method of bookkeeping, checked by inventories every six months, had been devised by the best minds hired by the firm. Detectives and floorwalkers constantly patrolled the aisles. The clerks' lockers were frequently inspected. Mazie Cotter had been trapped because the buyer for the drug department made a preliminary survey of stock, two weeks before the mid-year inventory. Mazie had delayed quitting a week too long.

Yet, in spite of all these elaborate precautions, Mazie Cotter had "lifted" stock worth \$3,000.

This was her method. When a customer made a cash purchase, an ounce of Charme de Cleopatra perfume at \$15 an ounce perhaps, Mazie made out the duplicate sales-slip and sent the original, with the money, to the cashier.

"You'll take this with you?" Mazie would inquire, instead of the usual, "Shall I send this?"

Since an ounce bottle can be conveniently slipped into a handbag, the customer would reply, "Yes, I'll take it."

Mazie would then wrap the bottle in tissue paper carefully neglecting to fold in the duplicate sales-slip. As soon as the customer had taken her change and moved on, Mazie would

write the name she was using that day together with her own or a confederate's address upon the carbon slip and send it, with a second bottle

of Charme de Cleopatra perfume, to the delivery desk.

She changed her alias and her rooming house at least twice a week, so that no similarity of names and addresses would make the checkers in

"If you farmers gim'me a ride (a prison sentence)," said Mazie, in her charming patois, addressing the representatives of the Mammoth Department store, "you ain't never goin' to get back a cork out a what I lifted. How about it, Bright Eyes?"

than \$3,000.00, during the five months she had worked in the Mammoth Store.

Officials of the Mammoth, including First Vice-President John Overman, were highly indignant. They paid salaries to efficiency experts and detectives whose sole duty was to prevent such looting. It seemed impossible that any salesgirl, however blonde, could walk off with a truck load of perfumes and face powder; particularly since it is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a clerk to carry a package out of the store.

Miss Cotter, as she preferred to be known, had used a "system," carefully calculated to defeat the store's accounting "system." When one made a purchase at her counter or any other counter, the clerk made out a sales-slip in duplicate. The original slip, showing article, clerk's number and price, went to the cashier's desk through a pneumatic tube, along with the money. The cashier filed the slip and returned the change. The duplicate sales-slip, written with carbon paper, was handed to the customer, with the article purchased and the change.

If the customer wished to have the article sent home by the store's free delivery, the salesgirl wrote the customer's name and address upon the duplicate slip and sent this, with the article, to the delivery desk where it was wrapped, checked and turned over to a truck driver.

the shipping department suspicious. About half of the stolen stock was sold; the rest of it was hidden in a warehouse vault which she rented.

Mazie was arrested on Tuesday. Wednesday and Thursday she was grilled by policemen and representatives of the Mammoth. She had been familiar with police methods long before this arrest and she proved as talkative as a marble Venus on a fountain. On Friday, the investigators had satisfied themselves that she would not make a complete confession. She was arraigned in court. An exhaustive search for her plunder had not disclosed the cache in the warehouse.

There Mazie displayed her real talent for modern business methods. She pleaded not guilty to a charge of grand larceny. Then she sent for the Mammoth Store attorney.

"If you farmers gim'me a ride (which means a prison sentence)," said Mazie, in her charming patois, "you ain't never goin' to get back a cork out a what I lifted. But if you an' me makes a deal, I'll rap for you and turn up about half the stuff I boosted. How about it, Bright Eyes?"

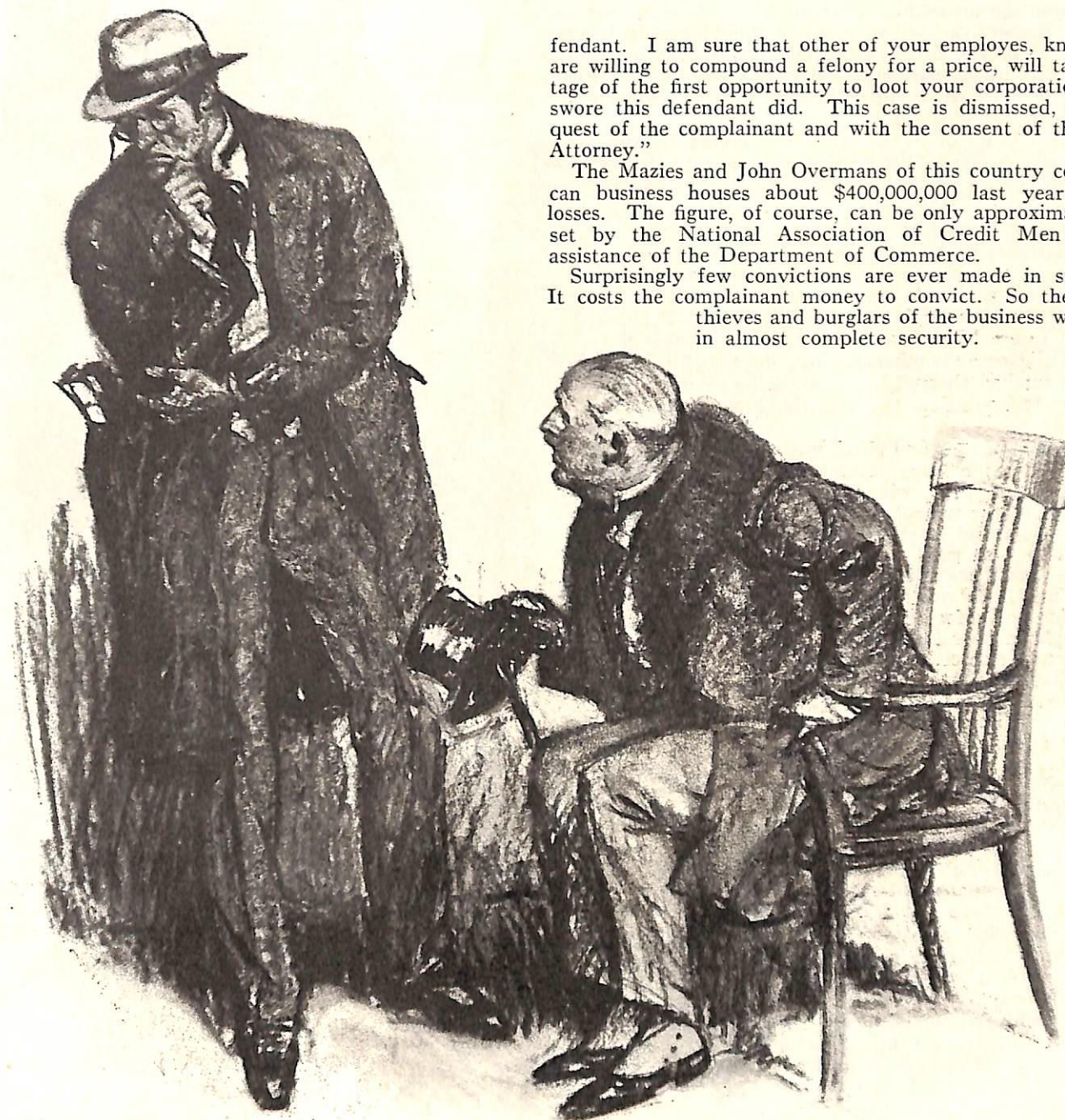
So it happened that, on Monday, Vice-President John Overman of the Mammoth Store arose in magistrate's court. Mazie grinned at him and winked confidently at the court clerk.

"Your Honor," said John Overman, "this matter has been adjusted. Therefore I wish to withdraw the charge of grand

GET AWAY WITH IT

(By Walter B. Lister

Illustrations
by Arthur Fuller



defendant. I am sure that other of your employes, knowing you are willing to compound a felony for a price, will take advantage of the first opportunity to loot your corporation, as you swore this defendant did. This case is dismissed, at the request of the complainant and with the consent of the District Attorney."

The Mazies and John Overmans of this country cost American business houses about \$400,000,000 last year in fraud losses. The figure, of course, can be only approximate and is set by the National Association of Credit Men with the assistance of the Department of Commerce.

Surprisingly few convictions are ever made in such cases. It costs the complainant money to convict. So these sneak-thieves and burglars of the business world work in almost complete security.

larceny placed against Miss Cotter. The District Attorney has consented to dismiss the case."

The Judge looked down at the Assistant District Attorney, who nodded assent. The Judge frowned.

"You seem to consider the police and courts as a corporation engaged in operating a legal delivery system," the Judge returned. "As I understand your position, Mr. Overman, you feel that the protection of the law should be delivered to your door, each morning, like a pint of breakfast cream which you may use or throw away, as you choose."

John Overman's face reddened and he wondered why he had voted for that particular City Judge.

"Had the police neglected to arrest this defendant, and had the court refused to arraign her," continued the Judge, "you would, very properly, have criticized both police and court. Yet your refusal to prosecute makes you as negligent in your duty as a police officer would be who allowed her to escape from custody. You have debauched this court. You have accepted a bribe, in the form of the return of some stolen property, and allowed the prisoner to escape."

"I have this consolation, however, as I dismiss this de-

One of the real authorities on this type of crime is John Ragan who for twenty years has been a consulting detective. A visit with him gives one the feeling of having taken a trip through the Chinatown of business. He is familiar with the thousand-and-one species of crime and fraud which grow out of commercial activities.

His personal quarrel is not with the business man who agrees to a "nolle pros" nor with the criminal who escapes punishment. He understands both perfectly. But Ragan objects to the low standards of business ethics which imposes no penalty for such an action.

BELL, GOULD AND BELL was a wholesale jewelry house. For many years the firm had been Ragan's favored client. Each year Ragan was retained to go over their store and factory, making any suggestions which in his opinion would help to safeguard the treasures in which they traded.

Among Ragan's duties for Bell, Gould and Bell was an occasional checking up of the firm's employes. Through opera-

tives whom he hires for such work, Ragan would follow each of the clerks and salesmen for a week. The cause of most jewel thefts by employees is debt and Ragan had found that if a week's watching did not disclose extravagance, speculating, gambling or the companionship of suspicious characters it was safe to assume the man could be trusted.

Nor did Ragan's activities stop there. Simon Bell, the senior member of the firm, twice employed Ragan to report upon the habits of his partners. So Ragan was familiar with the private life of Morris Gould and Bernard Bell. The younger Bell was Simon Bell's cousin.

In the forty years of its existence, for Simon Bell had inherited the business from his father, no breath of scandal, no "inside" theft, no story of sharp dealing had ever blotted the firm's reputation.

"Simon Bell did not hire me because he was suspicious of either his partners or his employees," Ragan explained. "He had me look them up because he didn't want to grow suspicious. He is a proud old man. He is so honest that I'll bet his income tax return is the squarest filed in New York. He'd chase the Collector of Internal Revenue to Alaska to pay him a dime, if he thought he'd made a mistake. But if Simon Bell thought the government had charged him a dime too much, he'd camp on Secretary Mellon's doorstep until the Treasury Department returned it."

When Ragan made his first check upon Simon Bell's partners, Morris Gould was a hard-working and ambitious bachelor. Six years later, in 1923, when the second investigation was carried out with the patient thoroughness that the elder Bell demanded, Gould had married.

"It didn't look so good to me," Ragan explained. "Gould and his wife were living in a Madison avenue apartment. They were spending all he was making, perhaps more. I had two men watching them for three weeks. Mrs. Gould, who had been a telephone operator, drank heavily. She was enjoying her first spending spree. One of my boys was introduced to her by the elevator starter at their apartment house. He asked her out to lunch and she went, just like that, to the Panorama Club. The luncheon check was for more than \$50.00. She drank three quarts of champagne."

"My husband's a jeweler. When I get me a bootlegger boy friend, I'll shove off a mean party," was one of Mrs. Morris Gould's favorite remarks.

Simon Bell was much alarmed by Ragan's report on the Goulds. He "dropped in" to call one evening and made the scene he witnessed the text of a sermon to Gould. The latter claimed to be repentant, but more or less helpless when confronted with his wife's attitude.

"I'll tell you what you do," Simon Bell decided. "You're going out on the road for a year. And while you're gone, we'll put your wife on a strict allowance. We'll try to teach her the value of money that way."

Gould agreed to this and it was arranged. The detective had insisted that Bell get rid of Gould; but the old man's pride intervened. He simply refused to have it said among his friends that "Simon made a mistake when he took young Gould into the firm."

Ragan never knew what passed between Gould and his wife; or how Gould felt toward Simon Bell. Outwardly, the arrangement seemed to work. Mrs. Gould quieted down to some extent, lived in a smaller and less expensive apartment while Gould hustled on the road. He was a good salesman and for four months, Simon Bell was satisfied that he had saved both his partner and the firm's reputation.

One morning, Simon Bell received a wire from Baltimore. Gould had reported to the police there that sample diamonds valued at \$135,000 had been stolen from him. The police were not satisfied with Gould's explanation and were holding him "for questioning."

Bell was broken-hearted. He ordered Ragan to Baltimore to investigate.

Ragan found Gould locked up at Police Headquarters in the detention room. The jeweler was defiant, nervous and inclined to bluster.

Gould said that he slept with the diamonds under his pillow, as was his custom, the night before he reported the theft. When he awoke in the morning, he locked them in his trunk, he claimed; then took a bath, shaved, and went down to the hotel dining-room for breakfast. When he returned to his room forty minutes later, the lock had been pried from the trunk and the leather portfolio containing the diamonds had disappeared.



"Stand up!" ordered Ragan, flashing his revolver. "I'm going to frisk you!"

City detectives, the hotel detective, and two special officers, two operatives who represented the Jewelry Insurance Company and Ragan himself eventually met in conference. They had all, independently, arrived at the same conclusion. They decided that since Gould could not prove that he had brought the diamonds to Baltimore, it was likely he had concealed them before he left Washington, D. C. A hasty effort to find the Washington hiding place proved futile.

There were many flaws in Gould's story. The trunk lock had been forced with a ten-cent screw driver, such as are sold in the Five and Ten Cent Stores in Washington and Baltimore. This was left beside the trunk and the officers were unwilling to believe that any professional thief would choose such an inadequate tool.

Then, too, Gould had told of rising early to take a bath, and to shave leisurely. No bath towel in his bathroom had been unfolded or moistened. And either through nervousness or haste, the man had cut his chin deeply while shaving.

Ragan believed that Gould's story of the bath and shave was an invention to account for the minutes he spent forcing the trunk lock, in case some other guest in an adjoining room, or some hotel employe had timed his rise. Gould had run water in the bathtub, without using a towel.

"So I wired for Simon Bell," continued Ragan. Bell arrived on the scene, listened to the evidence.

"Boys," said Bell, to the detectives, "it looks as if you had it on him."

Then it was that one of the Insurance Company representatives made the mistake of his life. He talked too much.

"That lets us out, Mr. Bell," he remarked. "How?" snapped Bell.

"If you'll read over your fraud and theft policy you will find that the insurance cannot be collected if the fraud or theft is committed by an officer or salaried employe of the corporation."

It was some time before Bell answered. Then he said slowly. "Yes, I know. Now I'll go in and talk to Gould."

The two members of the firm had a long talk together and when Bell returned to the conference, he was a changed man.

"Gentlemen," he said to the detectives, "you're all wrong. I know it looks black for Mr. Gould, but he's convinced me that the diamonds were stolen from him."

The Insurance Company lost and Ragan made this comment, "It's losses like this that make the Insurance rates so high that a small business cannot afford the premiums. Gould was kept in the firm until the insurance was paid."

Perhaps the most surprising tale in John Ragan's collection is the story of how a corporation joined forces with a bonding house to secure the release of a prisoner. Ragan believes it to be unique in criminal history.

Osgood Motors have their home factory in New Jersey and their home office in New York City. Their business is extensive, necessitating the maintenance of branch offices and salesrooms throughout the world. They manufacture gas and electric engines for every imaginable purpose.

The invention of the internal combustion engine led Osgood Motors to borrow money for the enlargement of their plant and, because of the diversity of products which they have since turned out, the corporation has been a constant seeker of capital. This has been secured by stock issues.

With a few major and many minor fluctuations, due to trade conditions and market rumors, Osgood Common has generally held between 80 and 87.

"I know President Osgood very well," said Ragan. "I met him back in 1910 or '11, when he was General Manager of the corporation and his father was President. I did some work for them at that time. I also know Fields, the Treasurer, and two of the Vice-Presidents. They're all darned good men. I like them and they like me. And I would trust any of them in every way—except one. In common with many successful business men they seem to have 'a blind spot' for the law, if it is likely to cost them money."

Osgood Motors made a great deal of money during the war. Some of these profits were held in the firm vaults as a reserve, in the form of Liberty Bonds and other easily negotiable paper. Because of the excess profits and surtaxes, it was not split up into dividends and it remained in the vaults.

Other securities in the vault were Liberty Bonds which belonged to employees of the corporation. The company had assisted the employees to buy them, in some cases had loaned money to the employees on them for emergency use and was holding the bonds either for safe-keeping or security.

All these bonds and the reserve of negotiable paper were stored in the home office vault in New York. It was checked over twice a year, at the time of the semi-annual audits.

Among the trusted company employees who had access to

the vault was George Sheldon, an accountant. His salary was \$90.00 a week and during the early Spring and Summer of 1923 he twice asked for an increase in pay. Both times he was told that no raises were being given.

An audit of the books was made on June 1st. At the same time the negotiable and other securities were checked over. Everything was found in good shape. Corporation officials went away on their summer vacations as did the home office employees. George Sheldon took his two weeks' vacation.

"During the last week of the following October," continued Ragan, "I was in Cleveland, attempting to trace the movements of a missing witness. I was in the office of the assistant manager of the hotel when a bell boy brought me a telegram forwarded from Toledo. 'Drop everything stop Return at once stop Report to President Osgood Motors stop Urgent.'

"On the way to the train, I picked up an evening paper. I turned to the financial section.

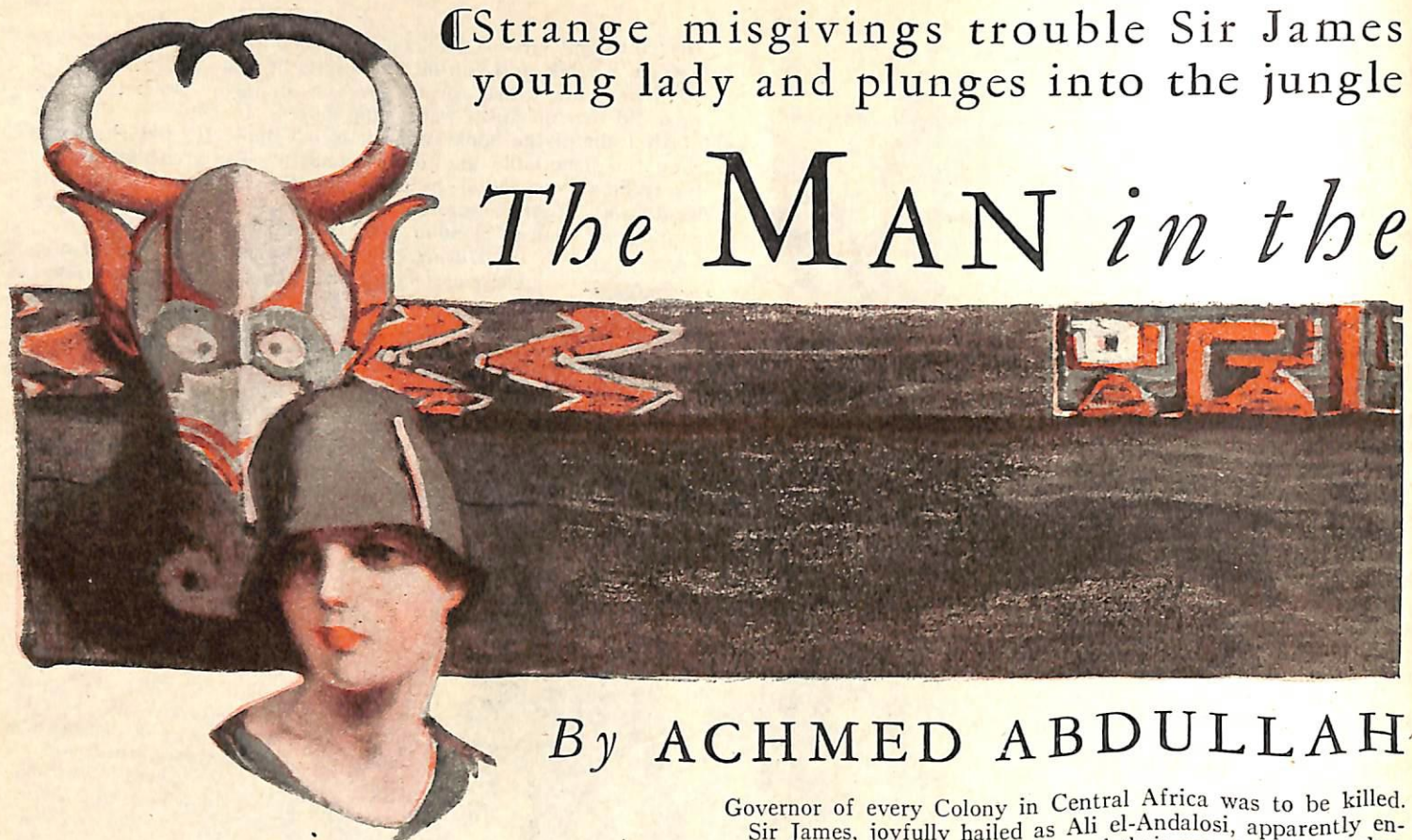
(Sheldon showed no surprise, made no protest. 'I was just wiring you to come,' he said, putting up his hands.



Then I understood the reason for the message. It was plastered all over the page. About noon there had been a bear raid on Osgood Motors Common and it had closed 27 3/8 points off the day's opening. It seemed to be headed for the cellar. The paper gave, as reason for the break in the market, that there was a feeling of 'general uneasiness' and heavy selling short. Powerful interests were forcing it down."

Ragan paused in his narrative to explain that he has frequently been called to investigate the reason for obscure or spectacular movements of the market and to trace down rumors which are influencing trading.

"I was in Osgood's office the next morning, long before the market opened. There was an atmosphere of depression there. Everybody looked sick and white. They were so frightened that they told me the truth. Usually, when I'm called on a big job, before I can begin my inves- [Continued on page 80]



Strange misgivings trouble Sir James young lady and plunges into the jungle

The MAN in the

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

SALLY GREENE—
A young lady who
doesn't frighten easily.

What Has Gone Before —

THE African drums were echoing the news through kraals and jungles that Sir James Athelstane Forsythe had been declared Governor of Saharistan, last and loneliest British Crown Colony in Africa. And Sir James, sitting on the verandah of his little wattle-and-daub house, in the dark of Africa's night, wondered why the taste of success was bitter to his tongue. The ambitions of twenty years were at last realized, but, he told himself, he had paid for it by sinking the man in the official. Still, he thought, he was not old—only forty-two, with his best years ahead.

He could hear the far-off drums throbbing out rumor and gossip all over Africa while they awakened dangerously pleasant memories in him—the new governor, despot in scarlet and gold! The country was "getting under his skin" again as it had done two decades ago, when he had come to Africa as a penniless younger son. He had loved it all instantly. Here in this same town he had lived the life of the natives. Nobody knew that the young British clerk and Ali el-Andalosi, the Moroccan who occasionally drifted in to the town, were one and the same. But this was twenty years ago.

Remembering it all now he suddenly decided he would be Ali el-Andalosi again for one night. From an old trunk he swiftly made himself over into a desert Arab, even to the ring of a secret Order—the Bi Sharai, to which he had belonged and which since had been dispersed because of political intrigue. He passed quickly out of his house into the African night, past the traffic of bazaars, and almost subconsciously his feet led him to the old lodge door of the Bi Sharai.

He gave the signal for entrance and to his amazement was admitted by a withered old woman, a member of the Order, who confounded him by her recognition of him as Ali el-Andalosi. She was Sitt Miriam, a sweetheart of his early days. She led him to where a secret political meeting of the Order was being held to pass along the instructions of their leader, the mysterious "Man in the Half-Light," a man about whom nothing was known, where he came from, whether he was black or white, but whose power was supreme. Africa was to be freed from the yoke of the British, and that very night the

Governor of every Colony in Central Africa was to be killed.

Sir James, joyfully hailed as Ali el-Andalosi, apparently entered into their schemes and learned their secrets. Later when he and the woman, Sitt Miriam, were alone she told him she alone knew he was the Governor of Saharistan and that she had been the one selected to take his life. She couldn't do it she told him because she still loved him, and rather than break her vow to the Lodge she killed herself.

Sir James decided that his duty lay in tracking the Man in the Half-Light to his lair. He said to himself: "I'll have to—right-oh—murder him. Damned un-English, but I fancy it's rather up to me!"

As Governor of Saharistan he was dead. From now on he would be Ali el-Andalosi. Thus he started on what was to be a terrible journey through the jungle to the throne of the Mystery Man. Begging his way across the desert he met an Afghan horse-thief with whom he "struck up" a friendship, the Afghan having at once recognized him as an Englishman. Together they made their way to a remote Arab settlement where no white man ever penetrated. And to their utter amazement they found there a beautiful American girl, a reporter who had come there to avoid the tourists. Sir James was strongly attracted to her, and as he was continuing his journey at once, he implored her to leave because of the anti-European outbreak. This she refused to do, so Sir James left her with a curt "good-by."

HAD AN impartial observer told him just then that he had fallen head over heels in love with Miss Greene, at first sight, like a schoolboy, Sir James Forsythe would have dismissed the implication as "bally asinine drivel." He would even have believed in the truth of his own reply.

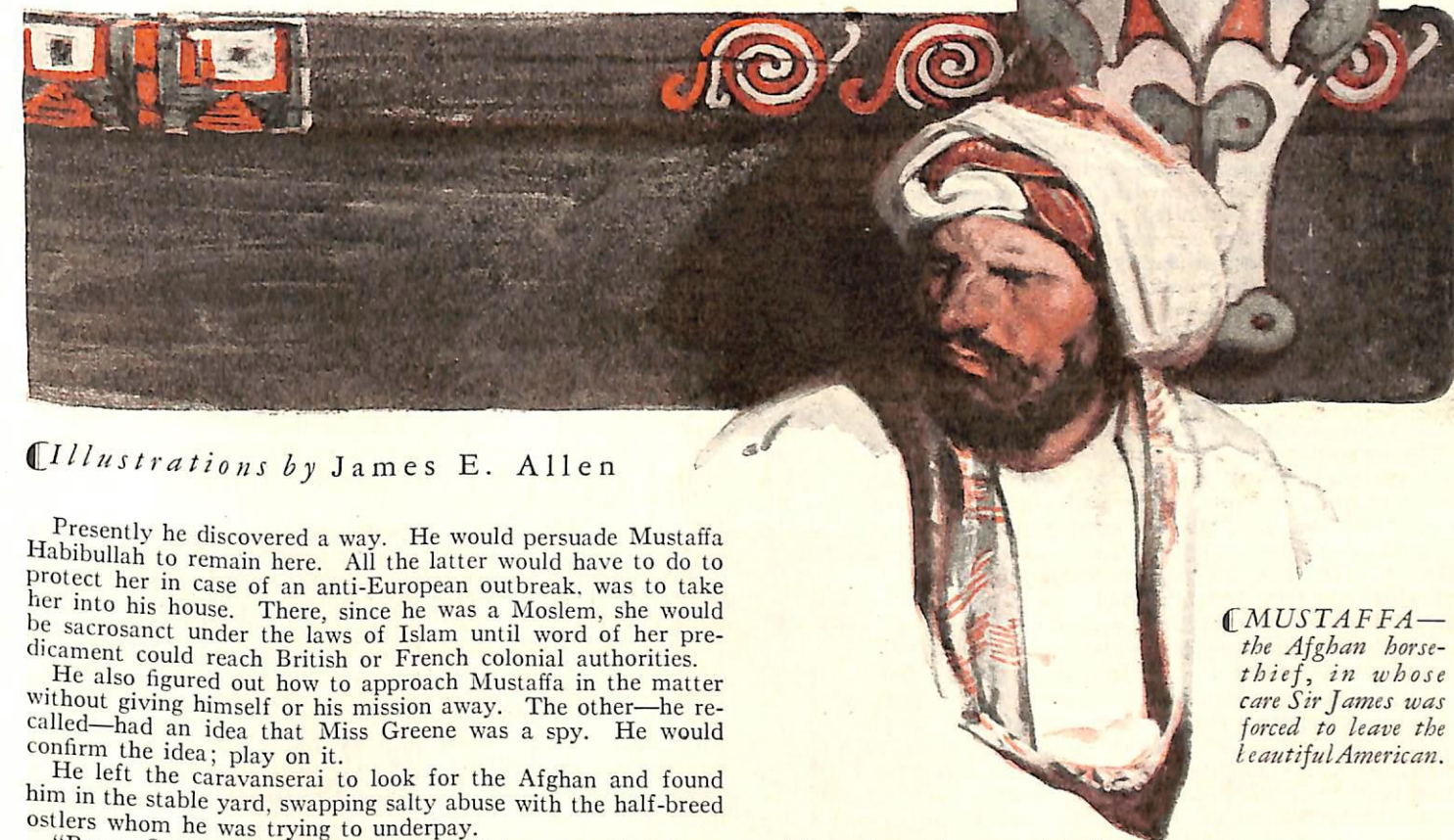
For typically, hopelessly Anglo-Saxon was he in this, that he treated the softer emotions with a scornful disregard, as if they were a rather vulgar convention submitted to by the masses of irresponsible, inferior mankind. At a pinch he might admit that such emotions existed. But he considered them secret property, to be afraid of, in fact slightly ashamed; a property not to be disclosed to anybody, hardly to one's self.

No. He did not know that he was in love.

But he did know that, at the thought of the girl's stubborn resolve not to leave Hamid-Abbas and the realization of what might happen to her, something tore through his heart as with the edge of a sword. So, in subconscious self-defense, he put this sensation down to an ordinary prompting of humanity, and credited the same impersonal reaction with his decision that "well—if she won't look after herself, it's up to me to do it for her."

as he takes his leave of a disturbing of the Pygmies—on—on to his ENEMY—

HALF-LIGHT



Illustrations by James E. Allen

Presently he discovered a way. He would persuade Mustaffa Habibullah to remain here. All the latter would have to do to protect her in case of an anti-European outbreak, was to take her into his house. There, since he was a Moslem, she would be sacrosanct under the laws of Islam until word of her predicament could reach British or French colonial authorities.

He also figured out how to approach Mustaffa in the matter without giving himself or his mission away. The other—he recalled—had an idea that Miss Greene was a spy. He would confirm the idea; play on it.

He left the caravanserai to look for the Afghan and found him in the stable yard, swapping salty abuse with the half-breed ostlers whom he was trying to underpay.

"Peace, O son of loathsome begetting!" he was addressing a tall, tattooed Sudanese with a hooked, predatory nose that showed a trace of Arab blood. "I was not born yesterday. I can see the grass grow and hear the fleas cough. Seven silver pieces for less than a hundred-weight of oats? *Wah!* Three silver pieces I gave you, O creature with pig's ears! And not another one will you receive!"

"Four more! Four more! I am a poor man! My children are starving! My parents—"

"You never had parents, O pimple on the face of the world!" "Hail!" the Sudanese shrieked like an enraged parrot. "The insult into your beard, O foul and stinking Asiatic!"

"Stinking, am I? Allah! And how do you like the smell of my foot?" came Mustaffa's coarse rejoinder as, suddenly, he raised an oak-like leg and, with superb aim, kicked the other violently in the nose.

Then, as the rest of the ostlers made a concerted rush to help their stricken comrade, he drew his dagger.

"Away!" he roared. "Away, O noseless ones! Away—before I lose my temper and use language unbecoming a Moslem, an Afghan, and a gentleman!"

Using his dagger like a rapier he was at them with lunge and thrust, with a stamping of feet and harsh, guttural war cries, pinking here a leg, there a grimy hand, the point of his weapon dancing a swishy, triumphant saraband.

"Ullah errahman irrahmin!" yelled the Sudanese. "A murderer has come amongst the tents of the righteous!"

He was the first to take safety in flight, the others following him as fast as they could, shouting and cursing, while the Afghan turned to Sir James, smiling a happy, childlike smile.

"In such a way," he announced calmly, "did I save four silver pieces. Five, in fact. For one of the three I gave them was badly chipped and cured with lead. Bah—sons of mangy pigs—bless them not the Lord Allah!"

Sir James drew him to one side.

"Mustaffa," he said, "will you do me a favor?"

"Name it—and it is done, heart of my heart."

MUSTAFFA—
the Afghan horse-
thief, in whose
care Sir James was
forced to leave the
beautiful American.

"Stay here for a while."
"You mean—at Hamid-Abbas, saheb? But my horses—my cattle."

"Why not sell them in town?"
"The prices in the farther Sahara are better."

"On the other hand," smiled the Englishman, "the women here are prettier—and the wines more heady."

"A sound enough argument," admitted the other, "which I might believe—were I not an Afghan washed with seventy times seventy waters of shrewdness and iniquity. Now tell me the true reason why you want me to stay."

"I was coming to that. I need your help." And Sir James went on to say that he believed Mustaffa was right in suspecting the girl of being a spy. He had therefore decided to leave Hamid-Abbas at once and to find refuge in the dense southern jungles.

"Will you look after her," he wound up, "keep close track of her?"

"To prevent her from following you? A small matter!" exclaimed the Afghan. "Settled easily—through the twist of my sword arm! Nor—by the honor of my beard!—will you have to run for the jungle, nor I to remain in town after to-night."

"Good heavens—no, no!" Sir James cut in hurriedly.

The other laughed.

"Why trust the living?" he quoted metaphorically. "Why fear the dead?"

"But—she is a woman. You wouldn't . . ."

"Kill a woman? Why not? Is she less dangerous for being a woman—or, belike, more dangerous, saheb of my soul? Would you leave meat in trust with a female jackal any more than in trust with a male jackal?" Again he laughed. "Never mind. I understand. You are English. Thus Allah created you mad. Very well. I shall not harm her . . ."

"What about other men harming her?" Sir James asked quickly. "There were these recent political assassinations. Suppose trouble breaks out here? And this girl—consider—"

Christian, alone, defenseless . . . Will you protect her?" He clutched the other's arm. His voice, though he did not know it, throbbed with tense emotion. "Will you take her into your house? Later on smuggle her out of the country?"

"Yes!" Mustaffa replied gravely. "She shall be to me as my own flesh and blood—as my sister, my mother—may I eat dirt if I lie!"

After a pause he continued:

"You are leaving tonight?"

"Immediately. I shall spend the night at the first jungle kraal."

"You will have to go on foot. No horse can travel through the southern wilderness."

"You know the trails to Lake Tchad?"

"They change from day to day. The jungly negroes will tell you. You will need money—and a better weapon than your dagger. Here!" He reached into his voluminous waist shawl and brought out a well-filled purse and a heavy revolver.

Sir James took both.

"Thank you!" he said simply.

"Some day, saheb, we shall meet again."

"God grant it!"

THEY shook hands, stared at each other; and, in after years, the Englishman was wont to say that it must have been like a scene out of some romantic play.

"So solemn we were," he would explain, "standing there, holding hands—silently swearing eternal friendship. Quite pompous, you know, impressive and—hang it!—rather decent. Seemed we had both taken a good peep over the edge of the other fellow's heart and had found—well—had not found it wanting. Isn't that the way the Bible puts it?"

Perhaps, in fact, Mustaffa had looked more closely into Sir James' heart than the latter realized. For, all at once, the rugged, bearded features curled into a smile.

"Do you want me to protect Miss Greene," he demanded, "because she is a woman?"

"What other reason could there be?"

"The reason that, perhaps, she is the woman—though a spy. Allah!"—as the Englishman grew red—"even spies, women spies, have soft, soft lips—and arms so white and generous!"

And he swaggered off, singing with a curiously sweet voice an ancient song of the Afghan gipsies—a song whose haunting, minor cadences you can hear from Kabul to the painted walls of Pekin:

"Baragan beli naukar ban,
Kadahan chhama naukar ban,
Valvalen jigha naukar ban,
Savzen rakh-en naukar ban,
Senagh-gula naukar ban,
Banzubandan naukar ban,
Chitti dandan naukar ban—"

("I am the slave of my fair girl,
I am the slave of her deep-set eyes,
I am the slave of her wavy bodice,
I am the slave of her crimson lips,
I am the slave of the rose of her breast,
I am the slave of the jewels on her arms,
I am the slave of her white teeth—")

Mustaffa's song quivered away in the distance on a high note. Sir James listened.

Then, without stopping to ask himself why he did it, he returned to the inn and entered the little room where Miss Greene sat, smoking a cigarette, busily scribbling in a small note book.

She looked up when she saw him.

"Coming back to warn me again, sheik?" she asked.

"No!" he replied curtly.

"Well—that's hardly a reason to be so sulky, is it?"

She smiled. For it is pleasant for a woman to tell a man he is sulky—that is, if she likes him—and he knows he is sulky, and both subconsciously are aware of the cause.

"I have come to say good-by," he announced stiffly.

"Oh—really?"

Had he been a vain man or familiar with feminine psychology he would have noticed the faint accent of disappointment in her casually worded rejoinder. But he did not; went on:

"I am leaving almost at once."

They were both silent. He was conscious of an overwhelming effort to tell her: "We are of the same race, the same

faith—you and I! Don't you know it? Can't you sense it?" With an effort he bridled the impulse.

He wondered why she was looking at him—so queerly, so searchingly; and then, on the spur of the moment, perhaps for the first time since he had reached manhood, he was guilty of a sentimental thing.

For, in a low voice, he added:

"Please wish me luck."

"Luck?" she echoed.

"Yes. For my journey."

"A journey—I take it—with a serious object?"

"Very serious."

She held out her hand. He took it.

"Of course I wish you luck," she said soberly, sincerely.

"All the luck in the world!"

"Thank you."

He was going to say more; could not. He loathed what he called fumbling—fumbling mentally, spiritually.

So he bowed and left.

As the door closed on him it occurred to him that doubtless, for the last time in his life, had he spoken with one of his own race. Within the hour he would be off to find and kill the Man in the Half-Light. He would not be able to escape the stark deed of his hands. The man's followers would tear him to pieces. It was an assured thing.

He became aware of a slight sensation of self-pity. Angrily he shook it off. He squared his shoulders; felt a sort of dull-droning, proud racial pulse beat, telling him it was his duty, his duty as a white man; heard—rub-rub-rumbeddy-rub—like a sardonic echo, the pulse-beat of distant signal drums.

"Our duty!" throbbed

the drums. "Our duty—as black men!"

Very well, he thought,

duty would clash with

duty; and, with calm

Anglo-Saxon precision,

he set about his final

preparations, buying

matches, tobacco, an

extra box of revolver

ammunition, a leathern

water bottle, a bag of

provisions.

He walked down the

narrow streets of

Hamid-Abbas. At the

very edge of town the

wilderness stood like a

dark wall. Above it

evening dropped with

that phantasmal, purple

African light that fills

the air like something

solid.

"Three days due south

of Lake Tchad," Daoud

had said that day in the

Mother Lodge of the Bi

Sharai—"in the jungle

clearing called by the

negroes the Outer Hall

of the Gods—not far

from the mountain

which is named the Hill

of Seven Spears."

So into the south he

went, toward Lake

Tchad, his goal, his

grail.

He stared straight ahead, where beyond the night there lay a second night; a night without stars; a night of dread immensities; a night not God-made—Africa—its bitter, brooding heart.

Three hours later he reached a negro kraal. It was the usual affair of beehive-shaped esch-grass huts, pitched in a clearing and protected by hedges of cactus and elephant thorn. There he slept; was off again early the next morning, asking his way from kraal to kraal.

Nor, after the second day, did he have to ask. For already the throb and thump of signal drums had preceded him, telling of the lonely Arab and his journey. So, unasked, the tribes-



men would direct him, would offer him food and drink and a resting place.

"Yambo! El donyo sabuki!—Greetings, O great mountain! Eat your fill, O Arab!"

Money for what they offered so freely? What use had they for the glint and clink of coin? Only their fields they reckoned valuable possession and, too, their small cattle, since a grain will grow a grain and a beast bring forth a beast. But they had plenty of both.

So again:

"Eat your fill, O Arab!"

Only—and in this, given Africa's love of gossip, Sir James read the extraordinary personality and influence of the Man in the Half-Light—they refused to speak of the latter.

No, no, no, no!—hysterically, when Sir James insisted—what had they to do with the Man in the Half-Light? They were peaceful people. No, no, no, no, no! They had never heard of him—never, never, never . . . and so—"eat your fill, O Arab—and be pleased to be on your way!"

Thus, indirectly, by the negroes' very fear and their refusal to speak of him or even admit his existence, the Man in the Half-Light became more and more real to Sir James, emerged more and more from the shadow of fabulous legend into the sunlight of fact, became more and more a thing which he could comprehend and measure—and therefore fight.

How long the journey?

He did not keep count of days or nights. He was not an explorer to gather a mass of data. He was out to stem a tide, to stop a catastrophe. Nothing else mattered.

The lines of a forgotten poem came back to him:



" . . . the enormous wheels of will
Drove me cold-eyed on tired and sleepless feet—"

Yes. So little sleep.

And tired. So tired—and aching.

And, with every mile which brought him closer to Lake Tchad, closer to the heart of the land—with every river forded and swamp crossed and kraal passed—there grew in him the guilty feeling that he was not wanted there, in Africa, that he was trespassing on the destinies and the dark energies of a continent which hated him and his race.

On—through the wilderness!

If perhaps, at moments, fear clutched at his heart-strings,

he escaped its weakening consequences by stepping boldly and deliberately into the grim light of his self-knowledge which taught him that, curiously, illogically, he was enjoying himself. It taught him that, clear beyond the call of his racial duty as an Englishman and a white man, he was doing this thing through an almost sensuous avidity of adventure; the love of adventure which, twenty-odd years earlier, had sent him to Africa as a junior civilian clerk; had caused him to become a brother of the Bi Sharai Lodge; had caused him, dressed as a native, to roam through the streets of Kasambara on the very night they had so pompously proclaimed him governor; the love of adventure which now was flinging him headlong to the apex and end of his life . . . "nor an inglorious end!" he said to himself.

He would reach his goal and fulfil his quest if his body survived the strain, the brazen day heat, the bitter, sudden cold of the nights near the Equator, and the frequent attacks of fever and colic due to the killing climate and the polluted water.

Duty? Patriotism?

He gave an unreal laugh.

He preferred the other patriotism, the sort which kills a man, cleanly, properly, with bullet or sword, on the field of battle.

But to die—even for one's country—by reason of some obscene insect's sting! Or because of polluted water!

"Fool! Fool!" he laughed shrilly. "Oh—you fool . . ."

Suddenly he controlled himself. He had known more than one white man stricken by "bush madness." Not he! He had work to do.

So on and on he trekked until, early one day, he came out on a sweep of fox-brown soil, covered with a swathing of scraggly, dust-grey herbage that blended into a growth of somber, snake-like mangroves oozing out of a semi-liquid marsh like some unsightly eczema on the face of Africa. Gingerly he crossed; reached a nameless, sluggish river that was a mass of wavering colors.

On the farther bank the swamp bordering the river was several inches under water, flooded and streaked with purple bands and rainbow-glowing blotches. Beyond this swamp the wilderness stretched again. It was the final, densest part of the Lake Tchad jungle where, as the friendly negroes further north had warned him, there were no kraals, no clearings, not a square-foot of cultivated ground; where lived no people except dwarf aborigines whose language—to quote once more the negroes—was "a click and a grunt—who live on trees—eat dirt—know not nor worship the many gods! Animals—not men!"

He forded the river that ran heavily to the west; found a precarious way across the swamp where hippos and alligators sunned themselves side by side, watching him with their cruel, stony basilisk eyes; entered the jungle through a dim trail that led south.

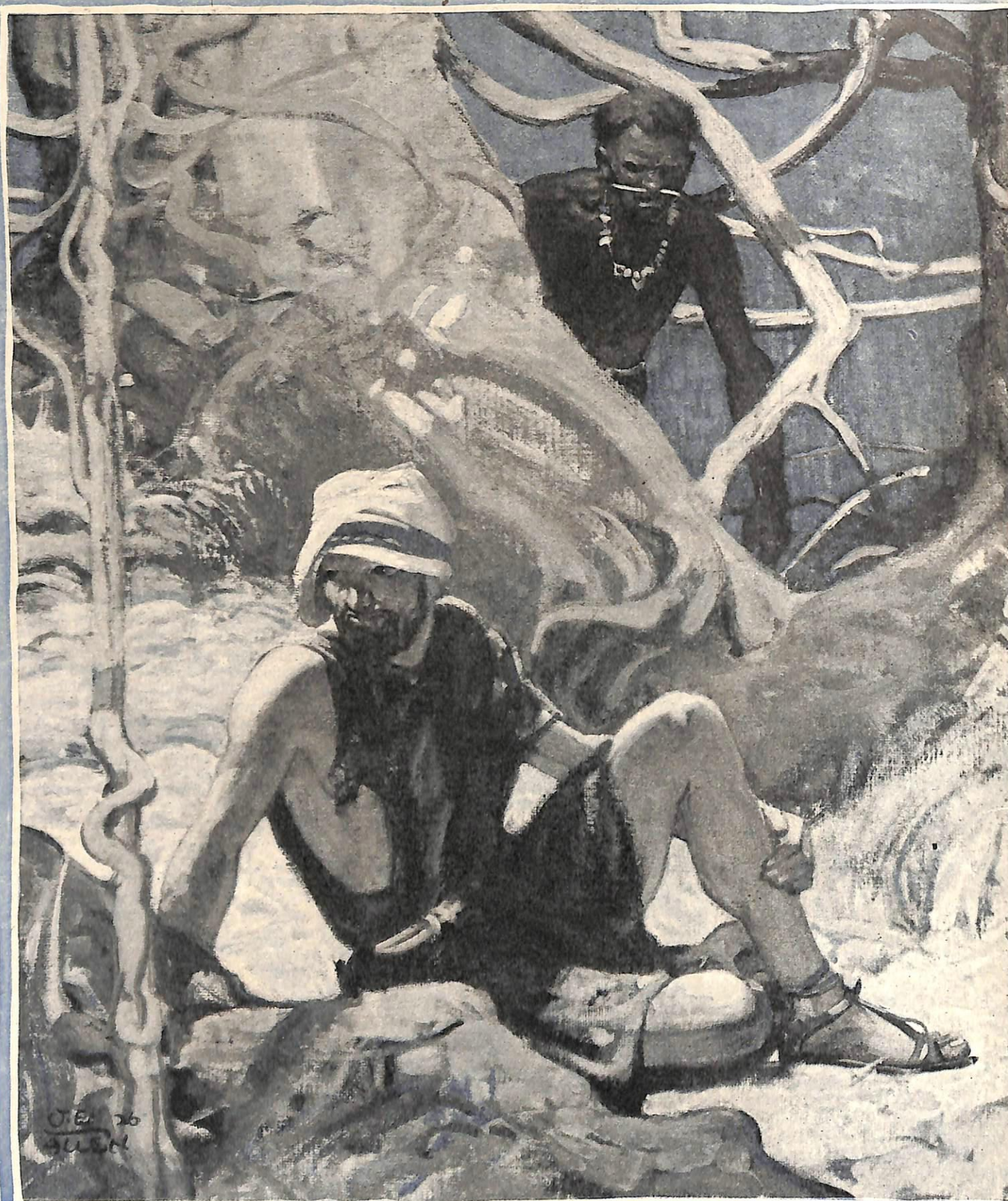
It seemed to him as if he had opened the door to a night of primitive age, African without a sign or monument, without memories; age stripped of its cloak of time and dignity, and nothing remaining except the black, grinning, sinister, bloated corpse of the land, waiting for a chance, the thought came to him, to take him, enlase him, hold him, strangle him, to mulch and melt and stew his dead body into the general, bubbling corruption.

Here and there, as he traveled on, he could see dwarf aborigines flitting past through the greenish shadows of the trees, gliding, indistinct. He talked to them, yelled at them, in Arabic, in a smattering of negro dialects. They did not reply; disappeared like ghosts.

He hated them—hated them! These people—they knew nothing; felt nothing; were nothing.

Yet, had he himself known, they were shrewd enough to avoid him. For these jungly folks had no connection or dealings with the other Africans, Arabs or negroes. They were aborigines with the lot of aborigines the world over; everybody's hand was against them. They saw Sir James. Arab they thought him; feared him as such.

For often in the past the Arabs had invaded their land,



sending the flames licking up to their dwellings that were perched on the branches of high trees, looting their miserable caches of ivory and rubber, taking the pick of their women and young men, driving them three thousand miles overland like cattle to the Gulf ports, selling them in the far lands.

So, when they saw Sir James, they ran; ran, chattering their clacky, grunty talk that was like a kind of primeval utterance reaching back to the stone age.

The hours, the days passed unnoticed.

Always the fetid, choking heat.

Always the sour stench.

Always, feasting on his flesh, his blood, the endless, minute mobs of insects, little greedy, ferocious, shimmering repulsive monsters, armed with horns, with claws, with pincers, with virulent poison.

Nor was there relief in the hours of sleep. Sleep was brutish, heavy, turgid.

There would be, chiefly at high noon, an overwhelming stillness. Not a leaf would stir, not a twig. No bird would sing; no wart-hog grunt; no monkey chirp or whistle. The huge trees, bound together by cable-like, spiky creepers whence great waxen orchids drooped low, would stare at him, somber



and stolid and pitiless, like a crowd of giant enemies silently watching his slow agony.

So alone he would seem to himself—so small—and how the stillness weighed on him—how it crushed him, body and soul!

Then the next moment, a high wind would set the wilderness into motion, with a mysterious symphony of sounds, as though the tearing pace of the earth, launching itself through space and eternity, had suddenly become audible.

Again the stillness—again the high, shrieking wind—until the mad imagining came to him and whispered in his ear that Africa, this Africa which he had set out to combat and master

In the midst of the terrible jungle Sir James could see the dwarf aborigines flitting past him through the shadows of the trees; running away from him and disappearing like ghosts.

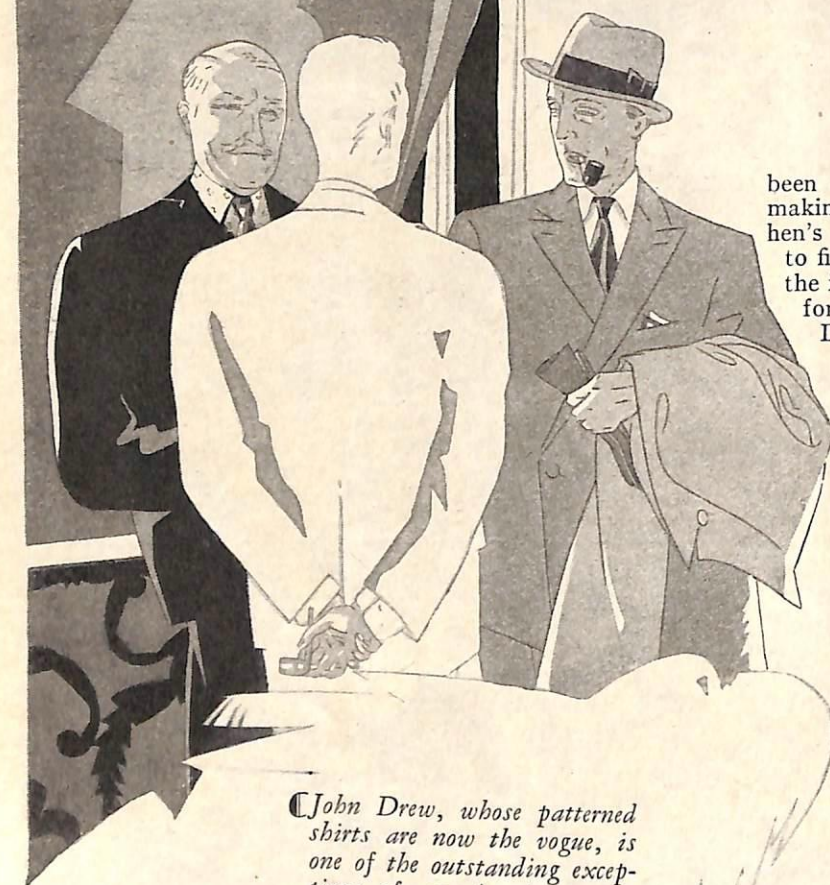
with his puny, lonely strength, was not merely a continent, steaming and flaunting and stinking beneath the coppery sun of the tropics, but an enormous cosmic being with pulses and feelings of its own—an immense, man-eating monster plague-spotted with foul cruelty and fouler lust.

This impression—it was more than an impression, grew into a profound conviction—remained with [Continued on page 82]

The D R A M A

By Jane Grant

(Illustrations by OTIS



(John Drew, whose patterned shirts are now the vogue, is one of the outstanding exceptions of an American actor introducing a fashion.

MY FRIEND looked really tired and worn. Although he had kept me waiting almost half an hour for our tea appointment he did not apologize. Instead, he explained that he had been buying a new suit. At once my interest was aroused. Women can never resist shopping as a topic of conversation.

"Clothes are really a serious problem," he protested, "I have spent the entire afternoon looking at nothing but suits. And do you know, when I finally found one that would do—what I wanted was another like the one I have on—the salesman informed me, after some hesitancy, that while I was buying it from them, they were not *selling* it to me. They did not wish to be put in the position of giving their approval to a suit so out of style, he said. Imagine B—'s caring whether or not they sell fashionable clothes!"

He had favored the store because it had given him just what he wanted. It had always been the acme of conservatism; was the last, in fact, to recognize the union suit, and the new policy baffled him. He had, he continued, made a perfect scene, and repudiated the salesman upon whom he, and his father before him, had relied for years and years. This, all because of Fashion's decree that trousers widen.

Sad as it may seem to my friend, B—'s has become particular about style and so have other equally conservative clothes emporiums for men. Times have changed and staid gentlemen, whose interest in their wearing apparel has been only incidental, are finding it difficult to dress in the manner to which they have been accustomed. No longer can they drop into a haberdasher's and get "another suit just like this one." Drama has

been injected into styles for men and the mode moves on, making last season's suits passé and as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. Those who cling to old-fashioned styles will have to find a tailor, if they can, who will humor their whims, for the industry, almost unanimously, is fostering modish raiment for men.

During the decade just passed the volume of business in the masculine branch of the clothes-making trade has increased three-fold, hovering in the impressive neighborhood of the two billion dollar mark. With so enticing an incentive the manufacturers are venturing deeper and deeper into the golden pool. They have found that the masculine mind has a clothes consciousness; that, if appealed to with just the right amount of subtlety, men are susceptible to a distinctive new waistcoat, are fond of dashing color effects, and appreciative of skilful tailoring. So now these manufacturers are making men well-dressed almost in spite of themselves.

Here is this year's expenditure of a man of moderate means, who, in the matter of styles of the moment is really by instinct well behind the vanguard:

1 heavy overcoat	\$ 125.00
1 light overcoat	75.00
6 business suits @ \$80	480.00
18 shirts @ \$5	90.00
6 pairs of shoes @ \$12.50	75.00
24 ties @ \$3.50	86.00
2 golf suits	100.00
6 pairs of flannels @ \$18	108.00
	<hr/> \$1139.00

As you see, it is only a partial list and the figure can easily run to \$2,000 when you add replacements of dinner clothes, pajamas, undergarments and accessories. He told me that the sum had grown from \$400 which he spent ten years ago. But it cannot be helped, he says, if a man wears seasonal clothes, the present-day index to one's prosperity.

It was the Army and Navy uniforms that first gave men a release from stereotyped clothes. An immaculate uniform (I don't mean to be taken too literally) was part of the army discipline—a fact still green in the memory of most of the men readers of this article, no doubt—and two solid years of brass button polishing, careful leggings wrapping and other "policing up" that was required of our soldiers was certain to bring wearing apparel to their attention. Thus was the seed of clothes consciousness sown.

Tailors and wholesale manufacturers of ready-to-wear clothes realized the opportunity and speedily focused the vast machinery of the industry on the production of garments that were more than mere covering. Since then styles have changed frequently. The brilliant colors, the new silhouette, and the striking plaids now in vogue were developed under master hands that build foundations as secure as those of women's fashions. They plan and mould and test until they have a style strong enough to withstand stern adversity. So many influences are brought to bear on the finished product that it is a dizzy journey, indeed, through the maze of industry.

But never before, and not excepting the romantic days of Knighthood, has the process been so fascinating or so dramatic.

of C lothes

(A Network of Diplomacy and Secrecy is spread over the world and lo—a new style is created!

The main fact, as explained to me by a well-known authority, is that styles now take a logical trend. Abrupt changes are never welcomed by style creators. First of all, there must be a real reason for the introduction of a feature—it may be a personality, or it may be a historic happening—and it must then take shape slowly and surely, the result of the combined efforts of all the fashion producing world.

Any creator will tell you that it takes time to accustom the mind to a new idea. But the fashion makers have had the greatest inspiration and helper in generations, and the male sex has been made much more receptive by H. R. H., the Prince of Wales. He is the unchallenged mentor of fine fashions and it has been a long time since either sex has followed so fascinating a leader. The women have had their Du Barrys and their Irene Castles, and for the men there have been, among others, Beau Brummel and Prince Albert whose influence made history, but it remained for that slim, continuously youthful David Windsor to inject the dramatic quality that has kindled the serious interest of men throughout this country in their wearing apparel.

HIS utter indifference to the rôle that has been thrust upon him seems only to lend added attraction. His Highness turns his soft hat down rakishly to shade his eyes and all mankind becomes rakish; for his comfort and well-being he wears a top coat of the roughish raincoat variety and the masculine world is similarly garbed. Although his whirlwind visit to America is two years behind us many of the young bloods still go garter-less, because the Prince set such a fashion.

Of such moment have his sartorial whims become to the fashion-creating world new lines of contact with the Prince are being constantly established. At present the most important agents are the spies that hover about His Highness in one guise or another. They serve, usually with the greatest secrecy, in behalf of well-known clothing manufacturers, among whom, of course, America has the largest representation.

Naturally, these informers are no common or garden variety "spies" or comparison shoppers, that are constantly pirating ideas in clothes making establishments and are the despair of competitors. They are specialists de luxe, scarcely a dozen in all, and their services come high. While \$25,000 and expenses is the usual salary for this work, one that I know of draws \$75,000. However, his qualifications give him an enviable predominance over his colleagues, for he had social standing and prestige of which only an Englishman of his class can boast. He is persona grata in the inner circles and keen observation and a smattering of American business tactics, that have taught him the value of a few hours in the matter of cabling, have made him an invaluable asset to one of our greatest manufacturers of men's apparel in this country.

It is quite simple. All he has to do is to be somewhere about—preferably the favored companion of the Prince at polo, or at the races—and note the slightest deviation of the royal taste. The changing of a tie even a fraction of an inch is of consequence, and a startling feature, dispatched with just the right emphasis will revolutionize men's clothes and reap a harvest for those who introduce it.

Faire Island sweaters, which have had a more brilliant and lasting career than most garments enjoy, came into popularity as a result of the keenness of this expert. For quite a while there had been no news from the Prince on which to base a

fashion. The faithful spies had been able to record only slightly interesting departures, such as his preference for an old cap at informal sporting events or a more fanciful tendency in walking shoes. An army of waiting designers in America tapped their scissors and their yard sticks impatiently, for garment making season was approaching and still there was nothing of consequence from that dictator of dictators, His Royal Highness. The spy extraordinaire was not exactly in good favor with the American firm he secretly represented. But at that moment fortune played handsomely into his hands.

The Prince and his entourage were to be entertained at one of the most picturesque country estates in England. As is the custom, several members of the party arrived a few days in advance of the royal guest, the ubiquitous spy among them. Therefore he was present, on the eve of the arrival of the Prince, when an aide to His Highness, impressed by the thoughtfulness of the hostess and further mellowed by the glowing fire around which they were all gathered, expressed his gratitude, adding that he would be happy to show their appreciation by granting some favor she might ask.

"I would ask nothing for myself," she said, "but may I not plead the cause of my people. You know, I am a Faire Islander."

Then she told him how her people had suffered in the war and how conditions, instead of improving, had grown steadily worse.

"For generations they have knitted sweaters, beautiful ones," she continued. "It has been their sole occupation. When the war created a general interest in knitting the market for our sweaters collapsed. If His Highness would wear, even once, one of the sweaters, it would mean worlds to a suffering group of loyal subjects."

And so it was arranged, for the Prince entered readily into the plan. Not only did he accept one of the sweaters—it was old blue with a brilliant design of blues and yellows—but for the next few weeks it was his almost constant companion. The



(The spy extraordinaire must be ever watchful as the slightest change in the taste of the fashion leader may revolutionize men's clothing.

news was cabled to America by the spy and thus came into being the vogue for the bright colored, patterned sweaters you now see everywhere about you.

Although lacking so fair a mediator, another style that saw the light of day recently is also the direct result of the tact and kindness of the Prince of Wales. About a year and a half ago a shooting trip to Scotland was included in his itinerary. Mindful of the Scots and their pride in their plaids he commanded that several sports suits of tweed be made for the expedition. But instead of the usual greys and tans he specified that they be of brilliant plaids, even the plaids of the region to which he was to go. All tailor-making London was disturbed by this difficult command, but, needless to say, it was executed to the letter for Scotland was combed for native plaids. At once the possibility of a distinctly new style was realized and the now-popular MacGregor, Glenurquhart, and Gray Douglas plaids, adaptations of those worn by His Highness, appeared in due time.

But, notwithstanding the leadership of the Prince of Wales, other sponsors and pilots are necessary to give to the world the articles new to the fashion kingdom. In England, naturally, these intermediaries are largely found in the Prince's retinue. Outside the court circles the next in line are a few prominent actors, and from them a fashion sweeps on. Still it does not move on without its guides. Until it is well launched there is an expert at the helm, steering it past eddies and shoals that might prove dangerous to so fragile a craft.

And the undisputed pilot in America is the collegiate. He is engaged, primarily, with the destinies of garments for the younger men, but his power does not stop there for the styles of the young man today, somewhat disguised and altered, are those of the older and more conservative man tomorrow.

NEW features may appear with all the promise imaginable but if they are frowned upon by the students of our great colleges they are sure to have a pretty hard time of it. No gentle handling is given them by these more or less self-appointed mentors. To them the American manufacturers and retailers turn for the final word. Their favor is desperately sought in a style crisis, for the appearance of a young college hero in a type of jacket never before seen or a hat of new design spells certain success. The home town fellows are not slow to realize the significance of such authoritative approval and as every college student is something of a figure in his native heath the followers of a new mode enlisted through this channel are of enormous importance to the clothier.

Several years ago, when stiff collars were still "the thing," a certain young man went west to a school of mines in Colorado equipped with a correct eastern wardrobe. As the prescribed attire at the school was modified miner's regalia of sweater, khaki breeches and leggings, he was regarded with a none too friendly eye. During his first five days there he had fourteen fights, winning them all. Then he became the leader of fashion on the campus. Many a "dude" style was put over by him during his sojourn in the west.

Yes, physical prowess is a big asset—a Red Grange can do wonders in the way of sweaters and headgear—but there is a particular clique in every college in the country, men outside the athletic-hero class, who are the backbone of this country's fashions. They are in most instances the rich youths, leaders in the smart clubs and fraternities, who have time to think of clothes and who enjoy their power. Whenever a new feature is suggested by the college tailor—an invaluable aid to the manu-



The Prince of Wales desiring to appear taller has his tailor cut his coat short, and at once the clothing industry picks up the cue and follows on.

facturers—or a representative of one of the big clothing establishments they discuss its merits and possibilities and seriously weigh the advisability of adopting it. Although all colleges are not always in agreement as to a style, there is enough uniformity of taste to guarantee the success of a reasonable number of features.

When I first heard about it it seemed incredible that young college men had it within their power to make or break a fashion. A country with such diverse tastes could not be led by any one class, I thought. But surely enough, every new style that was approved by the students in Harvard, Princeton, Yale and the other big colleges last spring has since become well known to everyone, the barrel overcoat, the bright colored felt hat, the short double-breasted coat, among them. The collegiate had popularized fancy fabrics, the wide trousers and the bright colors that are now so firmly entrenched.

It is odd that the stage here has never been looked upon as a dictator in styles for men. Instead, it is regarded as the mirror for the mode decided upon by the other factors I have mentioned. The palm for real creative genius and leadership will remain in the hands of our student class. Their judgment is not only the final word but their vagaries are

also given serious attention.

Take, for example, the vogue for corduroys. For a long time that sturdy material has been discarded for finer weaves. College life, as its comforts multiplied, did not call for the rugged clothes that had once been worn. Then one day Bill Roper, the Princeton coach, while giving his indolent athletes a piece of his mind, remarked that they were becoming as soft as their clothes and that they might better emulate their predecessors who wore corduroys and did work worthy of their attire. At once the challenge was met and within a week the campus was flooded with corduroy trousers, long ones and short ones, anything but a beauteous sight for they were a mustard yellow, the only color in the stock of the local tailors at the moment. Princeton's interest in corduroy trousers, no matter what the provocation, was all that was necessary, and the fad for them was launched.

THE Beer Suit, too, sprang from the same seat of learning, the result of quite another mood. It all happened at the Ivy Club, according to rumor, several seasons ago on one of those convivial occasions when imagination is allowed full flight. The somber business suit or even the lounging jacket did not do credit to lighter moments, they agreed, and then and there a few creative minds evolved the suit that is now adopted by the seniors each season. It is of white duck or flannel with a loose jacket and bibbed overalls, exactly like the blue denims of the farmer. The collegiate also popularized the lumber jacket that has now become the constant companion of the younger school boy.

The one outstanding example in recent years of an actor introducing a fashion is John Drew, veteran thespian, whose patterned shirts are now the vogue. For at least three years he had favored a vivid flowered design, a reminder of the prints that pinafores are made of, and this he has in all colors, of course, especially made. Several months ago Mr. Drew gave the best-dressed of the conservative men I know several of his particular favorites. But so far they remain in their virgin folds. Yes, he liked them very much and would surely wear them, he said, but not just yet. He went on to



Wales wore a bright colored sweater to help the impoverished people who made them, and at once they became the vogue everywhere.

predict that within six months, brightly colored patterned shirts would be marketed for general consumption. And they are.

This same connoisseur suffered disillusionment at the hands of a great London tailor who, until a few months ago, had been impervious to the siren song of commercialism.

"You've no idea the lengths that man went to be exclusive. Why, he had to know your entire history before he would even consider you as a customer," he complained. "A prominent American motion picture star was turned down flatly simply because he went in for extreme things that could be readily copied by movie fans. Again and again he said that he was interested only in dressing men of taste. One day I happened in while he was designing a waistcoat for Lord —, his favorite customer. My admiration somehow touched his vanity, whereupon he cut another saying that I should have it and that no more would be made from the bolt of cloth. It was a most unheard of happening.

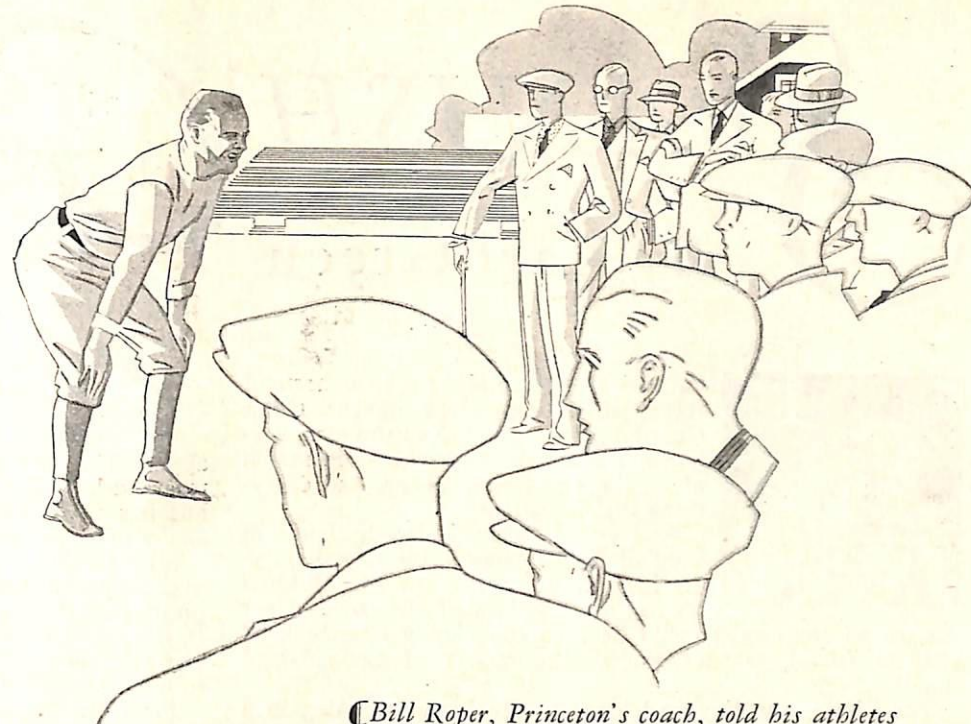
"Then, last winter along came a persuasive American manufacturer and, do you know, that tailor fell for the \$50,000 offered him for a waistcoat design that he had assured me a few weeks before would be seen on none but his patrons. Having the utmost confidence in him I bought several, this is one, (he pointed out the important features of the garment—the shortness of it, the double breasted effect, and the very wide lapels) and now that rotter is over here making them by the thousands."

In the production of new features in accessories, neckwear in particular, there is an even better liaison system between the Prince and the public than the "spies" have ever been able to effect in the other branches of clothing. Here again, social position and a knowledge of august tastes and fancies play a considerable part and make possible the disclosure of sartorial notes several months earlier than they would otherwise be had.

A certain gentleman of England began manufacturing neckwear as an avocation. His family has long been identified with the exclusive life of London and his friendship with members of the royal household dates from childhood. Being, in addition, a man of unusual taste and ability he readily established himself as the leader in his trade—if I may so designate the occupation of so exalted a personage—although few realize the extent of his influence.

He is practically the only one who has a hand in fashioning the ideas of the Prince in regard to his accoutrements. The others gently advise, but this designer prepared on his own accord his line of ties, scarfs and cravats. The articles de luxe of the offering, manufactured in extra-special silks, are made for the Prince and sent with a humble subject's plea that His Highness accept the articles that have been designed for his special needs. Time has taught the noble tradesman the value of action. Certain of success, he produced the ties by the thousands and a few select haberdashers, knowing the routine, obtained an abundant supply. Thus the cravat worn by His Highness at Ascot (the Grand Prix of Men's Fashion World) was within reach of all, for a price, the following day.

IT IS interesting how far the personal caprices of the Prince are carried into men's styles. You see, His Highness is not satisfied with his physique and his efforts to give the appearance of greater stature have played havoc with the once familiar silhouette. His particular problem is taken up by his tailors and lo, all the clothing industry picks up the cue and follows on. Broad backs have become broader everywhere all because the imperial shoulders, measuring several inches under the figure desired by their possessor, are made athletic by the use of padding; a "Clothier to His Highness," in an endeavor to make the royal chest seem fuller, designed the double-breasted coat and each season the buttons have spread further and further apart; then, to get the appearance of height the



Bill Roper, Princeton's coach, told his athletes they were becoming as soft as their clothes, and suggested the corduroys of their predecessors. Within a week the campus was flooded with corduroys and the fad for them was launched.

pockets, the lapels and finally the bottom of the coat has ascended. Why, even the angle at which the pocket flaps are adjusted is calculated to aid in the great undertaking be it ever so slightly. The result has been splendid, a positive boon to the small man and most acceptable to the stalwart figure. Even the fat man finds something satisfying in the present styles.

Impetus has been given to all sports clothes, too, because of the athletic tendencies of the Prince of Wales. For example, the vogue for "plus fours," now sometimes regarded as the great American uniform, can be traced straight to His Highness and his set. They found the old-time knickerbockers quite all right for certain occasions but something roomier was required for golf. So plus fours were introduced. American men at once appreciated the comforts of the loose fitting garments. Such a style was right in keeping with their tastes, and with the colorful touches that have been added by our British cousins, in the way of fabrics and design, they have become dear to the heart of even the most negligent dresser.

UNTIL very recently the political element in this country was glaringly indifferent to wearing apparel. The big, soft hat of Senator Borah with its unstudied dents, Roosevelt's time-worn Stetson and ill-fitting suits, Bryan's conspicuous dusters, and Senator James Ham Lewis' unusual vests, lent much to the charm of Washington. They were symbols of a rugged nation. Congress was occupied with more serious matters than dress.

But now styles are a frequent topic of conversation among the members of our law making body. Even the once scorned spats of Nicholas Longworth are no longer a novelty. In fact they, and other features that have been introduced by the dapper "gentleman from Ohio," who now presides in the speaker's chair, are seen on many of their erstwhile critics in Congress.

Prophecies have actually been made that before long Congress will give as wholehearted attention to clothes as does the New York Stock Exchange Lunch Club or the Stout Men's Club. The latter, headed by J. P. Morgan, is for men of more than medium girth and over fifty years of age. The tardiness of Washington had been attributed to the President and his economic clothes program. But that obstacle is now removed for Mr. Coolidge has at last declared that he never really meant to economize on clothes, he was simply too busy to get them. And to prove it he has at the present moment a wardrobe that would have gladdened even the heart of the late Warren G. Harding, our best dressed President.

SPANISH GALLONS

By Karl Green

Illustrations by
Charles Buckles Falls



PIRATES are scarce along the Connecticut shore. The gray ships of the Coast Guard put out from New London harbor and scour the narrow seas in search of derelicts and rum-runners and everything that is bad.

And yet, on a lonely beach almost in sight of New London a pirate was burying his treasure. The low sun glittered on the quiet waters of the cove. Over the sea to southward could be seen the cloudy blue bulk of Fisher's Island, which protects the mouth of Long Island Sound.

The pirate was tiny and tanned. He began crooning in a soft monotone.

"But one man of her crew alive.
"Who put to sea with seventy-five,"

tops on the hill across the cove. The skies seemed a little darker. A gray haze was rising from the waters. The deed was done. The figure of a man appeared at the outer end of the beach. The lone pirate regarded him with a menacing though tiny scowl. It was bad business for strangers to come poking around in the private affairs of Captain Flint.

Still, in this case the murder of the stranger might not be necessary. Strategy would serve to allay suspicion. The pirate picked up the rotogravure section he had brought down to the beach with him, and sat down and started studying the pictures. He loved the pictures after they had been 'splained to him, did the dashing Flint.

Presently the man took note of the little pirate sitting on the sand. "Hello, partner," he called carelessly.

"How do you do," said Flint with some reserve, as he looked up.



"Gee," said little Flint, "I know who you are!
You're the King of Spain! I've got your picture.
It was in the paper!"

he murmured with sinister meaning. Then he lifted his voice:

"Drink an' the devil done for the rest,
"Yo ho ho an' a bottle o' wum,"

pipled the pirate, who was not as yet quite sure of his r's. But his wicked song made everything clear. He was the red-handed Captain Flint, putting one over on Long John Silver and the rest of the pirate crew.

The hole was dug and the doughty Flint produced the treasure chest. It was a box of carved silver, and it looked quite like a cigarette case. He scraped the sand over it with his bare hands till the pit was level full.

He stood up. The sun had descended till it touched the tree-

Then his eyes widened. "Gee," he said with some emotion.

The stranger stopped his easy saunter and rubbed his nose.

"Well—have we ever met before?" he asked soberly.

"No, but I know who you are," said Flint with quiet conviction.

The stranger stood with his legs spraddled out and his hands in his pockets. He regarded the little boy with rather a bleak stare. "Don't keep me waiting," he begged. "Tell me who I am."

"Why, you're the King of Spain," said Flint.

The stranger stood looking at Flint for a moment more, and then he heaved a long sigh. "Caught again," he said wearily.

PIRATES and KINGS, TREASURE and LOOT —all on the Connecticut shore!

"But how did you ever guess it, partner?" he asked soberly.

"I've got your picture," said the child, jumping up on his feet. "It was in the paper. I brought the paper down here to the beach with me. That's how I saw your picture."

"Can you beat it?" was the answer, in a tired voice. "Only yesterday I made the newspaper men promise not to put my picture in the paper any more, cross their hearts and hope to die. An' now they've gone and done it again. I'm vexed about it, that's what I am. I'm so vexed I'll have to see the picture. Have you got it on you, old man?"

The goodly Flint had been called "young man" before, but nobody had ever called him "old man." That was what grown men called each other sometimes. And mighty few grown men ever stop and talk to you, and look right at you when they talk, and act as if what you said was worth listening to. Most grown men are just trying to crack wise when they're talking to you, and you know it of course and it makes you want to get off by yourself. But this grown man was different, thought Flint.

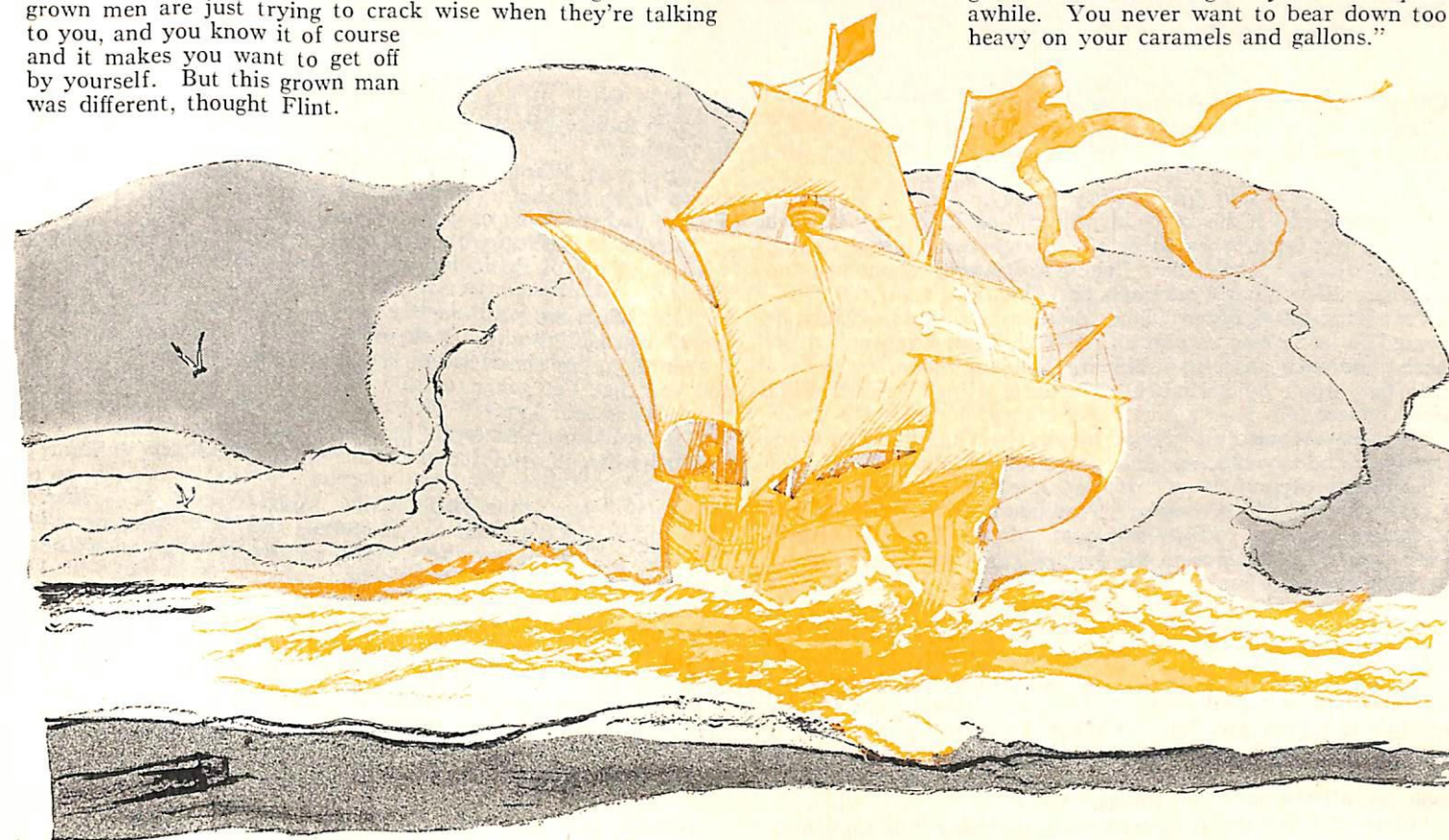
sick of 'em," said the King darkly. "They're all full of old stone stairways and daggers and cockroaches and things," said the King. "That's why me and the Queen take a flat and do light housekeeping sometimes."

"I never thought of that," said Flint sadly. The shattering of illusions is no joke, and Flint was a romanticist. "Anyhow," he persisted, "you have to stay around your castles to count your ingots, don't you?"

"Huh?" said the King of Spain rather blankly.

"Your gold," said Flint anxiously. "All the ingots and doubloons and things that the pirates don't get. My pirate book says you've got your caravels and galleons bringing your gold over the blue ocean all the time."

"Oh, yes," said the King sadly. "But my caramels and gallons ain't done right by me for quite awhile. You never want to bear down too heavy on your caramels and gallons."



"Let's see the picture, partner," said the stranger quietly, looking down at Flint.

Flint unfolded the paper and scanned the views. He could read a little already, and he had an eagle eye for captions. Directly he turned up the one he was looking for.

It was His Majesty Alfonso XIII, King of the two Castiles and Leon and Aragon, sovereign of Andalusia and Estremadura and lord paramount of the islands of the sea and a lot of other things which Flint could not remember.

King Alfonso was pinning a badge on somebody. In the mustached face and the lean, jaunty figure there was more than the shadow of a resemblance to the man who stood looking over the little pirate's shoulder. The man whistled, reflectively.

"Gee, it must be nice to be a King," said Flint respectfully. "You can whistle whenever you want to."

"Well—er—just outdoors, that's all," said the King of Spain hastily. "I'd never think of whistling in the house, you know, around the Queen. Not even in the kitchen. I hope you never whistle in the house," he said to Flint with dignity.

"Course I don't," said Flint thoughtfully.

"Sure? You musn't try to kid a King, you know."

"Well, not very often," Flint insisted. "But I thought you lived in a palace, or a castle anyway," said Flint, in a troubled voice. "You talk as if you just lived in a house."

"I've lived around in my palaces and castles till I'm just

"I know," said Flint with sympathy. It had never occurred to him to think about the King of Spain's troubles, and now he half regretted his own profession of corsair. He had also noted the true Spanish pronunciation of the words caravel and galleon. "The pirates get a lot of your caramels and gallons, don't they, King?"

"You're cock-eyed right they do," said Alfonso with emphasis. "By the way, partner, you needn't call me King if you don't want. Just call me Al. I'm not proud, not so very."

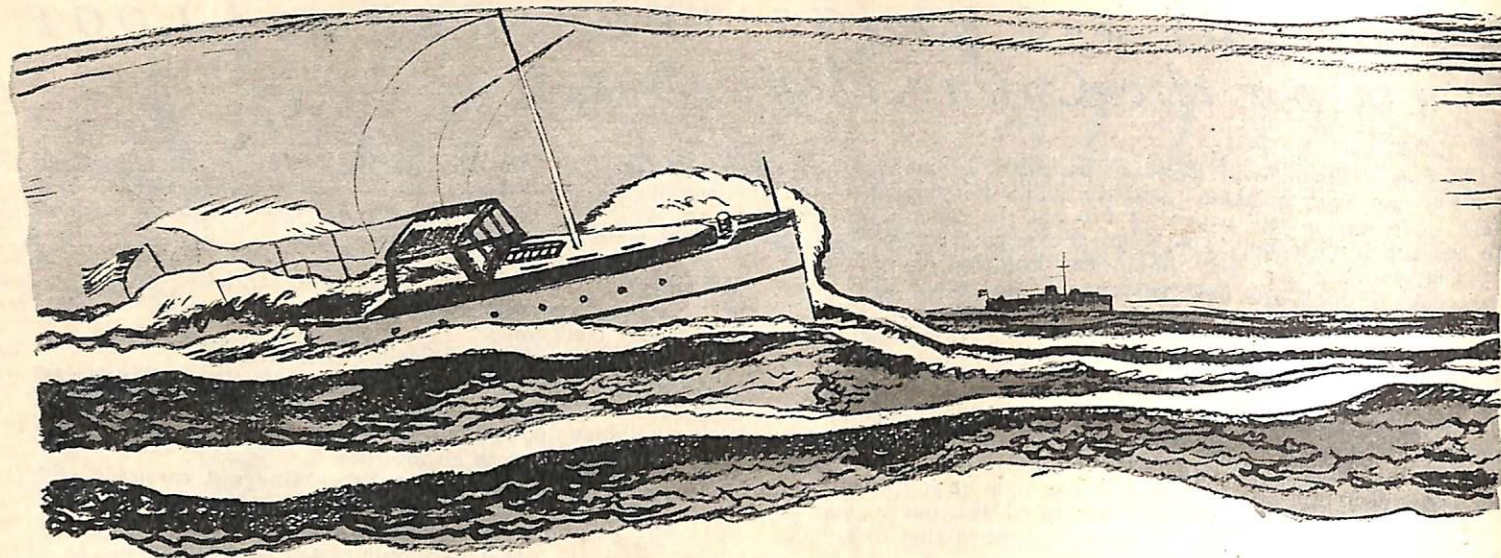
"All right—Al," said Flint with round eyes. But he felt he was taking a liberty.

The sun was sinking behind the trees across the cove, and the shadows were creeping up the beach. The King pulled out his watch.

"It's getting late, partner," he said carelessly. "And the fog's coming up." Only the extreme tip of a sunlit hill could still be seen of Fisher's Island. "I don't mean to hint that your folks sort of let you run loose, old top, but you must have a long walk home. I'll go along with you till you get over on the road." The beach was on the shore front of a ruinous old estate long tangled up in the law, and nobody lived in the old house.

"But I don't need to go, King," protested Flint. "Camp's just over the hill, along that path. I never go back till dark," said Flint proudly.

The King of Spain seemed to be worried all of a sudden.



"Camp?" he asked, looking around quickly. "Whose camp?" "Daddy's and mumsey's," said Flint wonderingly. "Daddy was the one 'at showed me your picture in the paper this morning."

"Hell's bells," said his majesty briefly. "Daddy works in his office all winter," said Flint. "So when we come out here to camp in summer time he just rests and tells me stories. That's how I came to know all about you and your caravels—I mean caramels and things."

The King of Spain sat and thought a minute. Then he seemed to be talking to himself. "Well, I guess it won't make much difference anyhow," said the King of Spain.

"What won't make much difference, King?" asked Flint with concern.

"Oh—er—I was just wondering if the Queen had remembered to send my blue speckled shirt to the laundry," said the King rather vaguely.

Flint made no direct reply. Sending shirts to laundries had no appeal for him, and he was just a little disappointed in a King who wouldn't live in his castles and would worry about his laundry. "I should think you'd have your ch-chamberlain tend to your shirts anyhow," said Flint crossly.

"Say, you've got about all the dope on the King business, haven't you, partner?" asked his majesty rather curiously.

"My daddy told me about the King of Spain when I got my pirate book," said Flint. "That was before your picture was in the paper, you know. When I got my pirate book I wanted to know how the pirates pirated, and he told me all about how they sailed around and boarded your galleons and took out all the cases an' things."

"Cases?" asked the King with rather a rising inflection.

"Cases of ingots an' doubloons," said Flint gravely. "The pirates take 'em out and bury 'em on islands and lone-deserted-shores. Didn't you know how the pirates were always boarding your galleons, King?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said the King of Spain in a tired voice. "They've just kept on doing it till I'm sort of used to it, that's all." He looked around again as if studying the weather. The sun was clean gone and wisps and streamers of fog were floating about the far end of the cove. Out to the south, Fisher's Island had disappeared. A blue, blurring shadow was creeping in from the southeast. The King spoke up again in a livelier voice.

"I'm going to put one over on those pirates anyhow, partner," said the King.

"At's good," said Flint with decision. He had forgot his sworn resolve to be a pirate and board galleons.

The fog thickened and they felt the chill air rising from the waters.

"Yes, sir, those pirates have been pickin' on me long enough," said the King in a somber tone. "They ought to be ashamed o' themselves. They come out of the river over in New London and board me all the time."

"Right over in New London?" asked Flint with surprise. "Are there pirates right over in New London?"

"Whole flocks an' herds of 'em," answered his majesty briefly. "They call themselves the Coast Guard, you know. They come out of New London harbor in those gray ships of theirs and go helling around—I mean pirating around all over

the high seas. But I'm going to show 'em up. They can't keep on monkeying with the King of Spain and get away with it, partner."

"Pirates in New London," repeated Flint absently. He had never dreamed there could be real pirates so close at hand. But he had the King of Spain's word for it.

Then he looked up with shining eyes, for his new friendship with the King of Spain had made a law-abiding personage of Flint.

"Gee, King, are you honestly goin' to put something over on 'em?" asked Flint with a look of adoration.

"Since you're slated to stick around here anyway, I'll just tell you that I'm going to make those pirates look the silliest that pirates ever looked," said the King of Spain. "When did you say you go up to camp, partner?"

"Jus' when it's not too dark to see," said Flint. "I know the path."

"You'd better go a little earlier tonight," said the King. "It's foggy and it's going to get stormy and dark right away."

"No," said Flint concisely. He wanted to stay with the King of Spain. And the thought of another thing he must tend to before leaving had flashed into his mind. That other thing was a duty not to be denied.

"Oh, very well," said his majesty. He had been walking back and forth, and now he turned and looked Flint serenely in the eye. "Partner," he said, "I'm going to bring a treasure ship right in a-past those pirates this very night. As soon as the fog's a little thicker my treasure ship's coming in and land my cases here on this very beach."

"BUT it's so close to New London," said Flint with a quaver of anxiety in his voice. "Those pirates must be all around an' around here everywhere."

"And that's the reason I'm bringing my treasure ship right in here," said the King with a royal gesture. "The pirates won't ever expect I'd bring my treasure in so close by. So they won't be on the watch for it. That's the way I'm going to show up the pirates," said the King of Spain.

Flint looked up dumbly worshipping.

"So now, partner, if you see a boat coming in here you'll understand what it's all about," said the King. "We're going to bring out the cases and hide them over yonder in the rocks. And I'll go signal some men on the road to come and get 'em. We've just got to put one over on those pirates, haven't we?"

"We just have got to," said Flint with utter decision.

"So if you see my ship come in you must never say a word about it, must you, partner?"

"Not when I get home?" asked Flint.

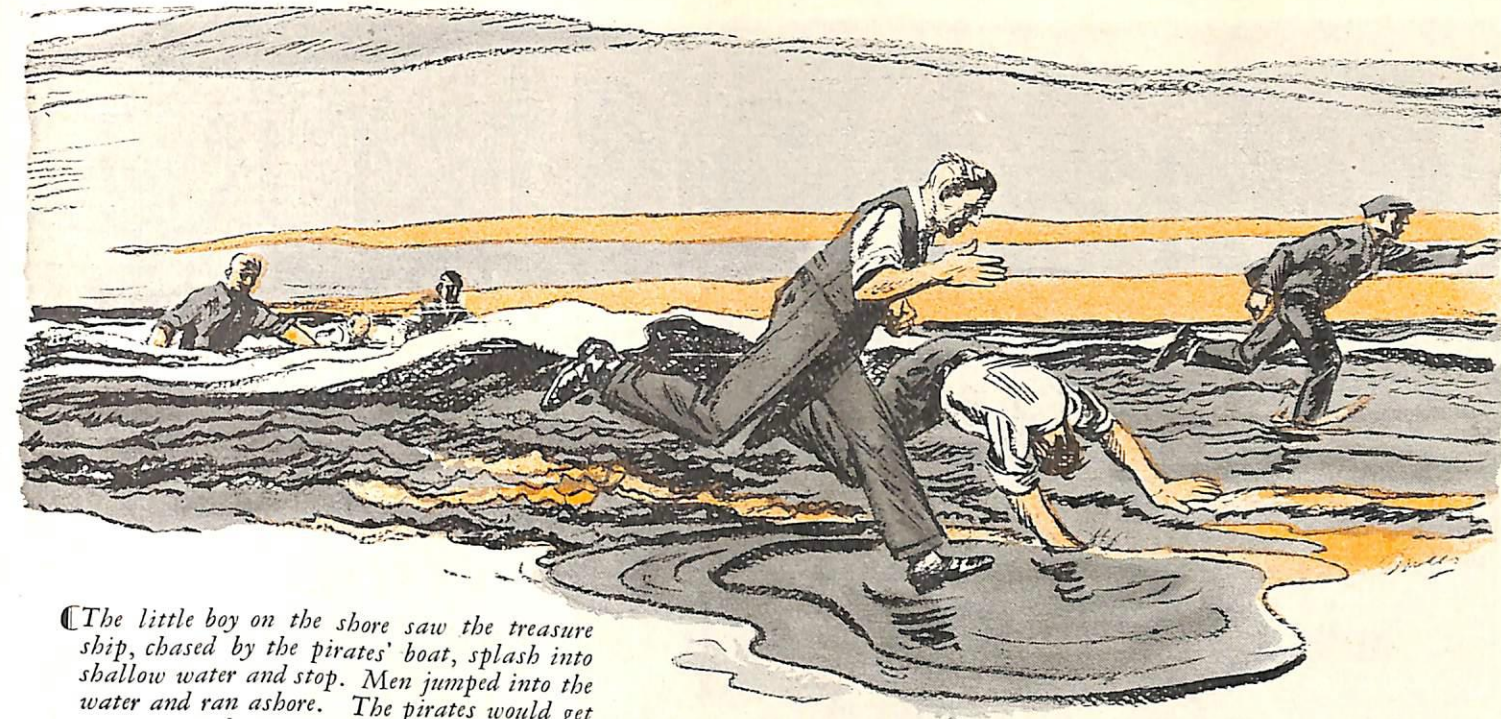
"Not one word before tomorrow morning," said the King of Spain firmly.

"Not even to my daddy?"

"No, partner," said the King gently. "Can't you imagine how proud of you he will be in the morning, when he finds out that you've kept a secret the whole night long and helped the King of Spain to fool the pirates?"

"Oh, yes," said the trustiest vassal of the King of Spain, "I won't even tell my daddy," he promised with a sigh.

The King of Spain walked a little way off and talked to



(The little boy on the shore saw the treasure ship, chased by the pirates' boat, splash into shallow water and stop. Men jumped into the water and ran ashore. The pirates would get the treasure after all!)

himself. Flint followed him with a look at once humble and proud. To him, the unworthy ex-pirate, had been given the privilege of entering into the service of the King of Spain. And he had been burying treasure himself not an hour ago.

Then the thought of that other duty came into Flint's little head again, and he sat down and began scooping up the sand with his hands.

"If I did shoot 'im along home his old man would be sure to get curious," the King of Spain was saying to himself. "If I don't send 'im along home he'll just see a boat unloadin', if he notices that much. Then he'll go home with a story about pirates, and his folks won't pay that any heed. And I'll have the hooch out o' here in an hour."

And then a gentle little breeze came along and fanned the face of the King of Spain, and the King of Spain looked up with a startled stare. Then the King of Spain began saying bad things such as little boys should never hear.

The fog was lifting, thinning, floating away in rags. A last red gleam from the vanished sun came up across the skies. The hills and trees and waters could be seen again plainly. And likewise a motorboat making for the cove might be seen plainly.

The flutter of the engine could be heard. The boat grew larger to the sight. Little Flint looked up and saw it, and his eyes grew wide and began to dance. Here came the treasure ship.

Then the little boy heard a sort of crack-crack-crackling that was different from the flutter of the engine. He stood up and puckered his eyes and stared. He saw a gray boat coming up from westward around the point, and it was chasing the motorboat.

And then the little boy felt sorry for the King of Spain. The pirates had seen the treasure ship stealing in, after all.

Now the treasure ship was heading directly for the beach, and the pirates' gray boat was right straight behind the treasure ship. He still heard that distant crackling, coming from the

pirates' boat. Then something fluttered and flicked up the sand, right by the little boy's feet.

That reminded him of his last duty for the day. It was fun to watch the pirates, but he had to dig up his daddy's cigarette case. He sighed and sat down again and went on scooping the sand up with his hands. Something flicked the sand again at his side.

Then the King of Spain came running over and picked him up as he went by. The King of Spain was going to carry him off the beach. But he must find that cigarette case. He gave a sudden squirm and flopped out of the hands of the King of Spain and ran back to where he had been digging.

The pirates' boat was still right behind the treasure ship, and still crackling away, and funny things were flicking up the sand all around. But the little boy didn't have time to pay any more attention to the pirates. He started scooping up the sand again.

And then the King of Spain flopped down in the sand beside him, between him and the boats. The King of Spain was acting queerly. He seized the little boy in his hands and held him down flat on the sand. Then the King of Spain lay flat on the sand too, between the little boy and the boats where the crackling was coming from.

The little boy wriggled and squirmed. He wanted to sit up and go on with his digging. Suddenly he seemed to feel a thud, and the King of Spain gave a little jump.

The hands of the King of Spain were loosening their hold. The little boy sat up. Something was shining, almost under his hands. It was the cigarette case, scuffed up out of the sand. He picked it up, and then looked over at the boats again.

The treasure ship had turned and was running for the inner end of the cove, which was getting dusky. The pirates' boat followed, still crackling away. The treasure ship splashed in the shallow water and stopped. Men jumped out into the water and ran ashore. Well, the [Continued on page 59]



(Little Flint, after starting off, looked back. The king had a funny way of going to sleep. His eyes were staring up at the sky and he never blinked at all.)



THE FIRE BRIGADE

CA STORY
FROM THE
SCREEN

Some interesting
INSIDE FACTS
on how the great
picture came to be.

By
Paul Thompson

(Left—Terry O'Neill (CHARLES RAY)
the rookie fireman who comes from a
family of fire-fighters.

(At the Corwins' party
Terry manages to blurt
out his love to beautiful
Helen Corwin.



NO PRESS agent could ask for a moving picture more susceptible to superlative adjectives than "The Fire Brigade." "Swept the cinema world like a conflagration" would be one of the most obvious. And that is just what will happen when many road companies are organized during the run of the picture at the Central Theater, New York, and it is released as a special program picture for the rest of the country to see and applaud.

Fire chief Kenlon of New York indulges in an understandable bit of hyperbole when he says: "This is the greatest moving picture I have ever seen."

That is most generous praise but the hypercritical are apt to counter with: "Yes, doubtless the grey-haired head of New York's fire department may honestly think that. Is it not perfectly natural to pre-suppose that his extravagant praise is due to the fact that no picture quite so near to his heart has been or even can be filmed?"

I personally disagree with Chief Kenlon but I will grant that "The Fire Brigade" does represent a thrilling and at all times engrossing moving picture with the most effective and convincing fire-fighting background that can possibly be imagined.

Quite apart from and of even greater interest than the academic questions of whether it is the finest type of drama, whether the players realize the scenario possibilities of Robert Lee's adaptation of Kate Corbaley's story, or whether director William Nigh and supervisor Hunt Stromberg have justified the encomiums heaped on their respective heads by the metropolitan critics of the cinema, is the subject of the story.

To Louis B. Mayer, in charge of production for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer corporation, goes the credit for the idea of a film based on the lives and exploits of the fire fighters of the United States. As long ago as November, 1925, Mr. Mayer notified the annual convention of fire chiefs at Louisville of his intention of doing such a picture. He said that he naturally would look to the organization and the men in it to co-operate in every possible way so that there would be no such thing as a technical flaw. This assistance was joyously promised and

as generously and wholeheartedly given.

Returning to Los Angeles with this promised co-operation Mr. Mayer gave to Kate Corbaley his sketchy, fragmentary ideas of what he wanted the story to be. Duty with mother-love and sacrifice were to be the intertwined themes of a play which should glorify the heroism of the fighters of peace in as full measure as numerical war plays and pictures had the soldiers, sailors and marines in the world war. Robert Lee adapted the story, he and the author at all times working with the originator of the idea, Mr. Mayer, the director and the supervisor.

One of the most human of the younger generation of actors, Charles Ray, was selected for the leading male rôle, that of a rookie fireman, while for the feminine lead May McAvoy was chosen.

Before and after the painstakingly careful selection of players, consultations were constantly being held with fire marshal Jay Stevens of the State of California and with fire chiefs Ralph Scott of Los Angeles and Murphy of San Francisco.

Then started the filming of the story. Practically six months were devoted to the task. The three California fire authorities, with the most complete co-operation of the men in the departments, supervised the important fire sequences. Practically the entire Los Angeles fire department took part in several of the sequences. A whole city block was erected and burned up. Thirty-two pieces of fire apparatus rushed to the scene to be photographed under a battalion of studio lights and cameras trained on the conflagration. The firemen outdid themselves in their feats of bravery and daring.



(Terry O'Neill (CHARLES RAY)—decorated with the floral tribute of the aristocratic Helen Corwin (MAY MCAVOY) proudly escorted her through the old recruiting fire-house.

In another scene three hundred children were rescued from a burning orphanage either being carried out, down ladders or tossed into fire nets. Supplementing these scenes were others to complete the whole, such as the parade of fire chiefs at the Louisville convention and a typical field day or graduating exercises where the neophytes showed their admiring friends what their training had taught them in the matter of wall-scaling, jumping into life-nets from great heights and all the theoretical knowledge so soon to be used for actual every day duty.

Broadway at Times Square stood agape one night a year ago as more apparatus than probably had ever been assembled for anything but a four alarm fire turned out to save the theoretically burning Hotel Astor. Playing on the front of the hostelry were many powerful lights while innumerable cameras placed on roofs opposite ground hundreds of feet of film to picture the scene.

The story itself is of the most simple and elemental character, yet I cannot conceive of one which would drive home more effectively the heroism that characterizes the fire-fighters of the United States. There may be and are long periods of inactivity, but the moment the fire siren shrieks it means that this may be the fire from which the father, brother, husband or son will return no more. Or, if he does return, he may be blinded or crippled. Disregarding the pitifully inadequate monetary reward the thing that counts with the fire brigade is the service to be rendered; the lives that are to be saved, the property salvaged from the greedy flames. The fire-fighter's profession is one of the finest and most heroic in modern civilization.

Charles Ray is the youngest of the three sons of Eugene Besserer. (I am using real names instead of those of the characters in the picture.) There has been a family of fire fighters for generations. His grandfather, Bert Woodruff, is still in the service in charge of a sort of training fire-house for recruits. It boasts probably the only surviving horses in an era of motor-driven apparatus. Charley's screen father died in the service. His two older brothers, Tom O'Brien

("Bull" of the soldiers-three in "The Big Parade") and Warner P. Richmond, are inevitably fire-fighters too. Ray is serving his apprenticeship when the picture opens. At the graduation exercises he meets May McAvoy, daughter of Holmes Herbert. Her father is a philanthropist famous for his charities but his money comes from crooked building contracts secured through political debauchery. He understandably does not appear in these deals, Erwin Connelly, a political boss, assuming in the public eye the sins of the "humanitarian."

Ray's two brothers lose their lives because of the rotten construction of two Herbert-owned factories destroyed by fires to which they have responded. The younger brother discovering that the father of the girl whom he loves is really the murderer of his brothers and is also back of the faultily built orphan asylum threatens to reveal the truth to the fire-chief who is fighting the crooks. This results in Herbert taking his own life, because he realizes that his daughter, May McAvoy, unintentionally eavesdropping, also knows the truth. Then comes the orphanage fire in which Ray and the other firemen do yeoman work and feats of astounding valor in rescuing the children and nurses. The structure because of rotten politics is cardboard for the hungry flames.

Incidentally the picture does drive home for possibly the first time the bravery of these hitherto unsung heroes. And it also does a bit of effective missionary work in telling of the sinister connection which exists in many cities between building contractors, political bosses and building-permit boards. For the sake of dollars diverted into the pockets of the unscrupulous the lives of countless thousands resident in badly constructed buildings and of firemen called to conflagrations have been and are daily endangered. Lessons such as that of the Chicago Iroquois Theater fire are [Continued on page 71]



Carrie Callahan (CLARE EAMES)—whose few ups and many downs have left her unscarred.

A STORY FROM THE STAGE

NED McCOBB'S daughter, Carrie Callahan, is the equal of any man.

In Merrybay, Maine, where her father runs the ferry across the Kennebec, and where her Irish-American husband is the Captain's "First Mate," collecting ferry fares, Carrie runs—in connection with her home—a Spa, made famous by her good cooking. Now she wants to enlarge her business. A bridge is to be constructed and she must be in a position to feed the army of bridge builders—a good idea which is encouraged by the friendly neighborhood Federal men who frequent her little restaurant. And the twelve hundred dollars which she must pay Nat Glidden to build her a new kitchen will have to be part earned by Carrie and part raised by her father on the old house.

Comes Babe Callahan, snappy, tough, the "perfect flower of New York's East Side," in search of his brother George, Carrie's husband.

Babe—I kind a lost track a George lately, but I hoid about him bein' up here, an' you know how it is about blood bein' t'icker'n water.

Carrie—I do declare! Won't George be pleased t'see you, though.

She is, however, not desirous of taking any chances concerning certain chapters in George's life of which she has never told her father. That time, for instance, when he was in prison for complicity in a Boston hold-up when they were first married. No good letting the Captain know about that. Babe will be careful, won't he? Babe will.

During dinner George says to his brother, Babe: How'd you find out I was livin' here?

Babe—I found out.

George—That your car out in front? Fine. If you paid for it.

Babe—(Bridling)—Who d'you t'ink paid for it. Maybe I got it savin' kewpons.

Carrie's brother Ben, headed for a political career, enters with a lawyer who brings about a disastrous disclosure.

Captain McCobb—Something wrong, John?

Lawyer Grover—Afraid so, Ned. Suppose you tell me, George, how much money you've robbed the ferry of.

The First Mate's denials are useless. He has been holding



Ned McCobb's

By
SIDNEY
HOWARD

(The stark
does battle
sidewalks

out fares systematically for a long time. The warrant for his arrest, however, will not be served, says the lawyer, if George can pay the Ferry Company the sum of two thousand dollars by noon tomorrow.

Carrie and her father rally to meet the situation like thoroughbreds.

Carrie—You kin mortgage the house, Pa.

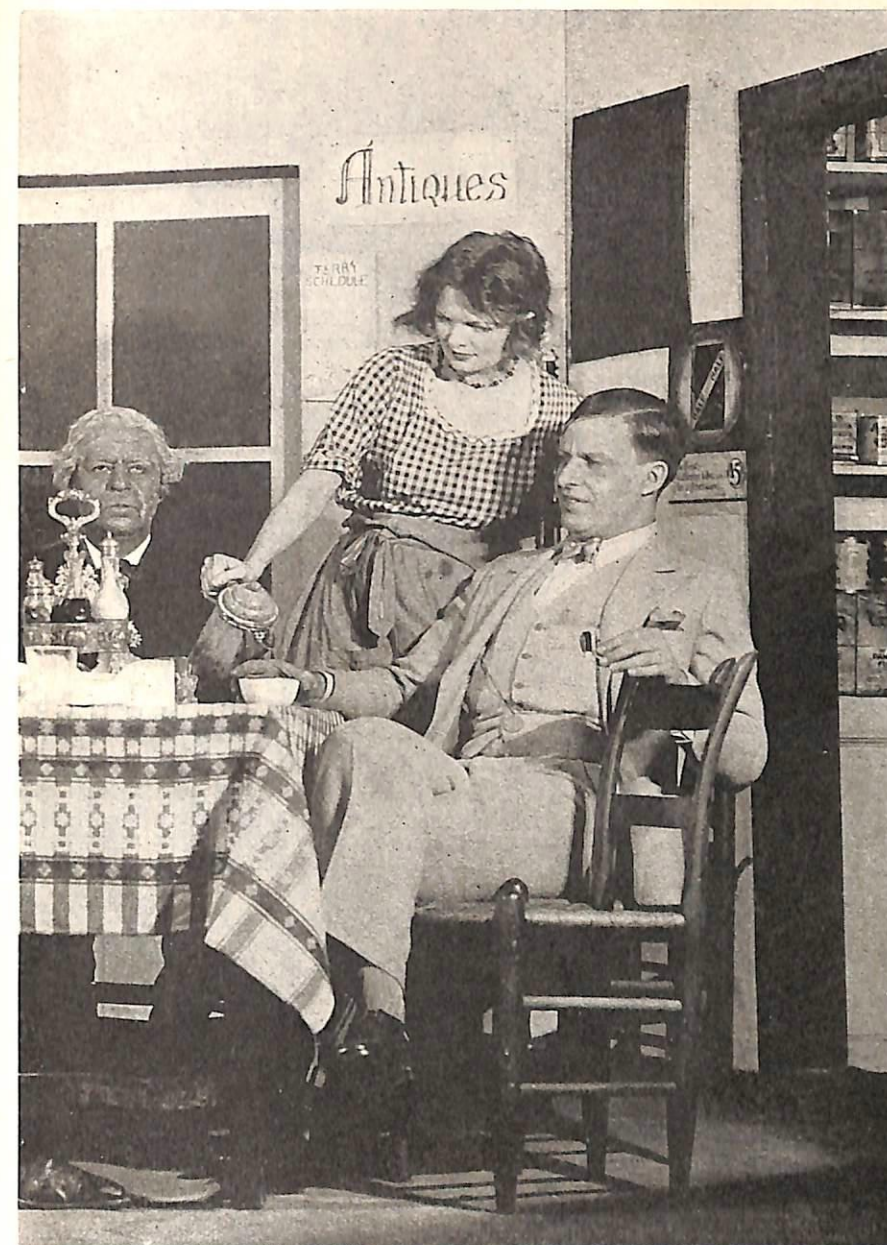
Captain McCobb—Eh?

The young husband attempts to drag them all down with him—they have been living on his ill-gotten money—riding in his car—"If I go to jail," he cries, "there's three more goin' with me as accessories."

Captain McCobb—I'm goin' t'hurt you, daughter. Fer your own good. A year ago this time your husband come t'me fer one thousand dollars.

Carrie—What did you want with it, George?

Her fine old father starts to tell her, then—suddenly—he



DAUGHTER

upright New England character
with some unruly material from the
of New York

topples over, falling full length on the floor. A fatal stroke.

So the Captain dies with his accusations unuttered, but the turmoil goes on while he lies in his coffin.

George begs Jenny, the pretty young servant of the household, to slip away with him—and it would not be for the first time. In fact, the mysterious thousand dollars had been procured by the Captain to aid Jenny in the trouble that ensued.

Carrie has scant time to grieve for her father. George's thefts must be made good. But Lawyer Grover quenches her hope of mortgaging the house. Didn't she know it was mortgaged already? Mortgaged by the old Captain, for her sake.

Carrie—I don't understand one word of this, Mr. Grover. Oh, God, Mr. Grover, if I can't raise money on this house where am I goin' t'git it from?

Babe places a tentatively steadying hand upon her rocking world. He might provide the money. Indeed, he even draws two thousand dollars from his pocket—counts it. It was made



Babe Callahan (ALFRED LUNT)—George's long lost brother; snappy, tough, perfect flower of the East Side.

Left—George Callahan (EARLE LARIMORE)—That your car outside? It's fine if you paid for it! Babe (bridling)—Who d'you t'ink paid for it? Maybe I got it savin' kewpons!

in "liquor" he explains. But Carrie doesn't mind. "Pa and I never did hold with prohibition. It's awful nice of you t'lend this t'George."

Babe is not lending it. He's investing it. Fifty thousand dollar's worth of bootleg stock lies down the river. Carrie's barn, presided over by Carrie and her sterling reputation, will make an ideal place to land it.

Babe—I'm offerin' to lease dis joint indefinite for de sum a two t'ousand dollars and it's a high rent, too!

The next morning, Babe's two thousand are safe in Carrie's desk, for what can she do but promise to help him? George must be given one more chance. But George, true to his nature, attempts to steal the money and break away. In the battle that ensues the tragic story of Jenny's affair with George reaches Carrie. Wild rage clutches her. "Git out of my house!" she cries. "Git out of my house!" And George goes, hurriedly. The righteous Ben, who aims t'be governor of Maine some day, becoming cognizant of the new use to which his home and the Spa are to be subjected, declares that he can no longer associate with his sister "in public."

Father—husband—brother—home! Poor Carrie is indeed pretty well "cleaned out."

She asks, pleadingly, for a little time to think—some of the details of Babe's bootleg gang are mighty distasteful. Captain McCobb's brave daughter makes one last stand, when Babe, with dastardly threats, crushes her.

Voices are heard in the Spa. "Business as usual, now!" admonishes Babe.

Carrie—"And I was thinkin' how much . . . better it'd be . . . if I could build my new kitchen like I wanted to . . . I was thinkin' how folk'd notice your rough men hangin' 'round here . . . and . . . how your men wouldn't be so noticeable, would they? . . . if . . . I was feedin' a couple of hundred bridge workers every day . . ."

Babe—Twelve hundred bucks? When I already give you . . .

Lost in admiration for her "come back" Babe gives her the money and Carrie writes out an I. O. U. for the whole three thousand.

Babe—What do I want wid it? [Continued on page 71]

SOFT WORDS to them that listen but— A DOG-WHIP for A DOG!



JEAN BAPTISTE was never one to believe in violence and the use of force to gain an end. Nor did he display a savagery in breaking his victim as the man Becker claimed. I understand my son and I can explain it all.

The years that are behind him when he thought himself an orphan and when I had long since despaired of ever finding my son; they have made him what he is. No more harsh and callous environment could be imagined than the life of the lumber camps and the spring drives along the Ottawa when Jean Baptiste was a stripling there seeking his way among men. Hardship, danger, bad liquor and bad blood were compounded to make bullying and brutality the common thing.

Men fight naturally from excess of spirit seeking a vent for the astonishing deviltry that is in us all. But a sporting combat was not considered among the axe-throwing, knife-wielding habitat lumber-jacks of that time. Let a man but go down under the assault of one or a score of enemies and he was stamped and kicked to shreds. Now Jean Baptiste served his apprenticeship to manhood in such a lot and he bears the scars on his fine lean body. But his mind remained steadfast for he is gentle to the weak and he is never domineering.

Concerning such things as violence and the use of a brutal hand in having one's way, Jean Baptiste has his own philosophy. They are not for him for he holds no faith in them. But my son is broad-minded you understand and will contend with no man over the virtue of their different ways. And if a man of violence runs foul of Jean Baptiste my son but speaks in a language he can comprehend. All things to all men he means to be. 'Twas in this wise he once stated it to me: "Soft words to them that listen," said Jean Baptiste, "but a dog-whip for a dog." Nothing more than that was in his treatment of Becker as you will see.

"Now tell us about it," commanded the Constable. "We're finding this woman and you'd do well to understand that first. These Indians don't read our talk but they can read from your trail just when you shifted your pipe from one side of your mouth to the other. So tell your story and stick to it!"

Peace River Landing, where I finished my service as factor for the Hudson's Bay is a most important post geographically. It stands as a kind of outer gateway to that vast hinterland away to the north and west of it. The Peace comes down from the westward bearing a flood of waters from the great mountain range. At the Landing is added Big Smoky coming from the south and from this junction it bears away north and east. It is the Peace with the Athabasca that empties the great north Basin from Edmonton to the Arctic by way of the Great Slave and MacKenzie.

Through the Landing there passed that treasure-seeking horde who imagined a safer overland route to Klondyke. And there passed too those strange gaunt men who later groped along the nearer mountain ranges in quest of minerals. Peaceful men enough they were and courageous whether following the lure of their great dream or plodding out-bound under the burden of defeat. And indifferent alike I may say to my good advice on the one hand or my sympathies on the other. Gathered from all the ends of earth yet strangely of a kind they seemed; all but Becker as we learned his name to be.

His was no common outfit I observed when it came into

Another of the JEAN BAPTISTE MACDOUGALL Stories of the NORTH

By ZACK CARTWRIGHT

Illustrations by Frank B. Hoffman

sight. Ten packed ponies filed out of the scrub along the summer trail from Grouard way. 'Twas into the autumn then as I remember and that is but a brief season in the north. I was thinking that the man was late if he meant to make a winter camp in the foothills before the cold and snow set in. And I gaped in astonishment when there appeared at the end of the string a woman! It may seem nothing to you I know; we sitting here in this fine club and not even our own fire to tend. Hardship is so remote from all this elegance. But I had long been factor there and till that time I had seen no woman in a party in-bound, as this appeared, for a long stay in that desolate wilderness. Indian women, yes, for they

eluded her and she seemed not to know it till a sharp word from the man roused her. He had stopped and turned his horse about posing like an overseer and I fancied she flushed the least bit at his peremptory command.

The young wife of Jean Baptiste came to the door as I watched after the party.

"Did you observe the woman?" I asked her. "She appeared as though she might be ill."

"Her health is good," said the wife of Jean Baptiste. "It is her spirit that is in distress. Did you note the man?"

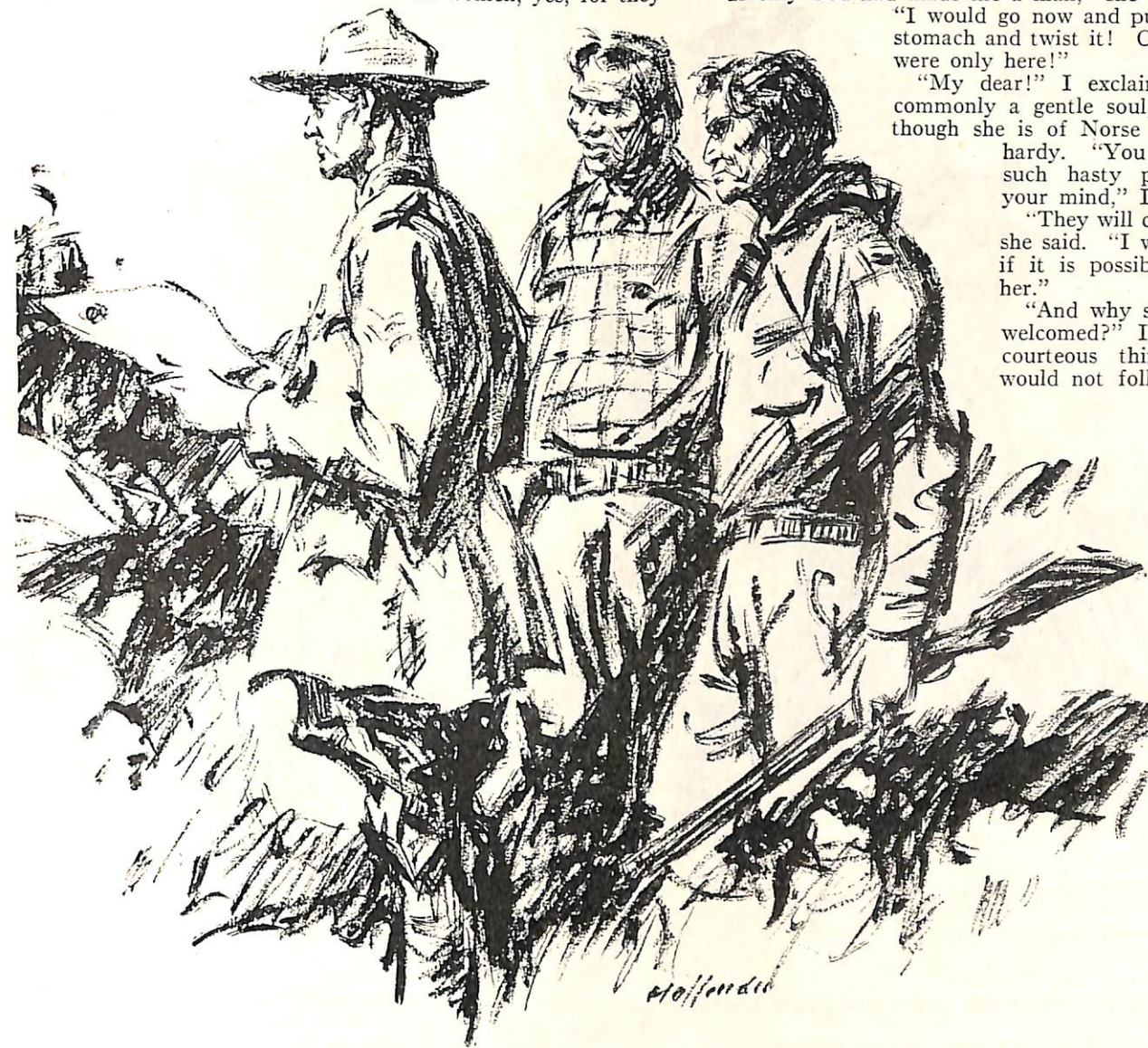
"Not especially. Why?"

"If only God had made me a man," she exclaimed fiercely. "I would go now and put a knife into his stomach and twist it! Or if Jean Baptiste were only here!"

"My dear!" I exclaimed. For she is commonly a gentle soul, fair and slender though she is of Norse descent and very hardy. "You should not allow such hasty passions to enter your mind," I chided her.

"They will camp at the river," she said. "I will follow and see if it is possible to speak with her."

"And why should you not be welcomed?" I asked. "'Tis a courteous thing to do. She would not follow the man into



are born equal to solitude, and the wives of factors and the women of the mission schools. But this woman was slight and fair and I thought, in the glimpse I had of her she had been but lately young and beautiful.

Neither the man who rode well-mounted at the head of the column nor the woman, trailing the rear on a dejected pony gave a glance to me as they passed the post. That, notwithstanding my being in sight there in my door. And I was factor, mind you. But one's mind is sharp at first impressions I think and I had the sense there was tragedy about the woman somehow. 'Twas in the way her eyes stared ahead of her and the pitiful despondency of her manner of sitting the pony. She brushed feebly at the straggling pack-animals with a switch when they sought to scatter and graze in the clearing about the post. And so apathetic was she that one

the wilderness if she were unhappy over it," I told her.

"You are an old man grown wise with much thinking," said the wife of Jean Baptiste, "and your understanding is very great indeed. But you have no knowledge at all of these things. The woman goes against her will, I am sure of it. Does she not follow the string? A woman in happiness and hope would lead and a decent man would take for himself the wielding of a club on the straggling ponies. This man is a beast! I will take a pail of the wild berries we got yesterday."

The man made camp by the river and loosed his animals to graze on the abundant pea-vine along the narrow flat. I busied myself about the post and had no further thought of it till my son's wife appeared.

"As I thought!" she told me. "The man claimed she was sleeping and would not wish to be disturbed. They do not

eat berries, he says. And all the time I could see her fear-stricken eyes peeping at me from under the tent. The mean devil!"

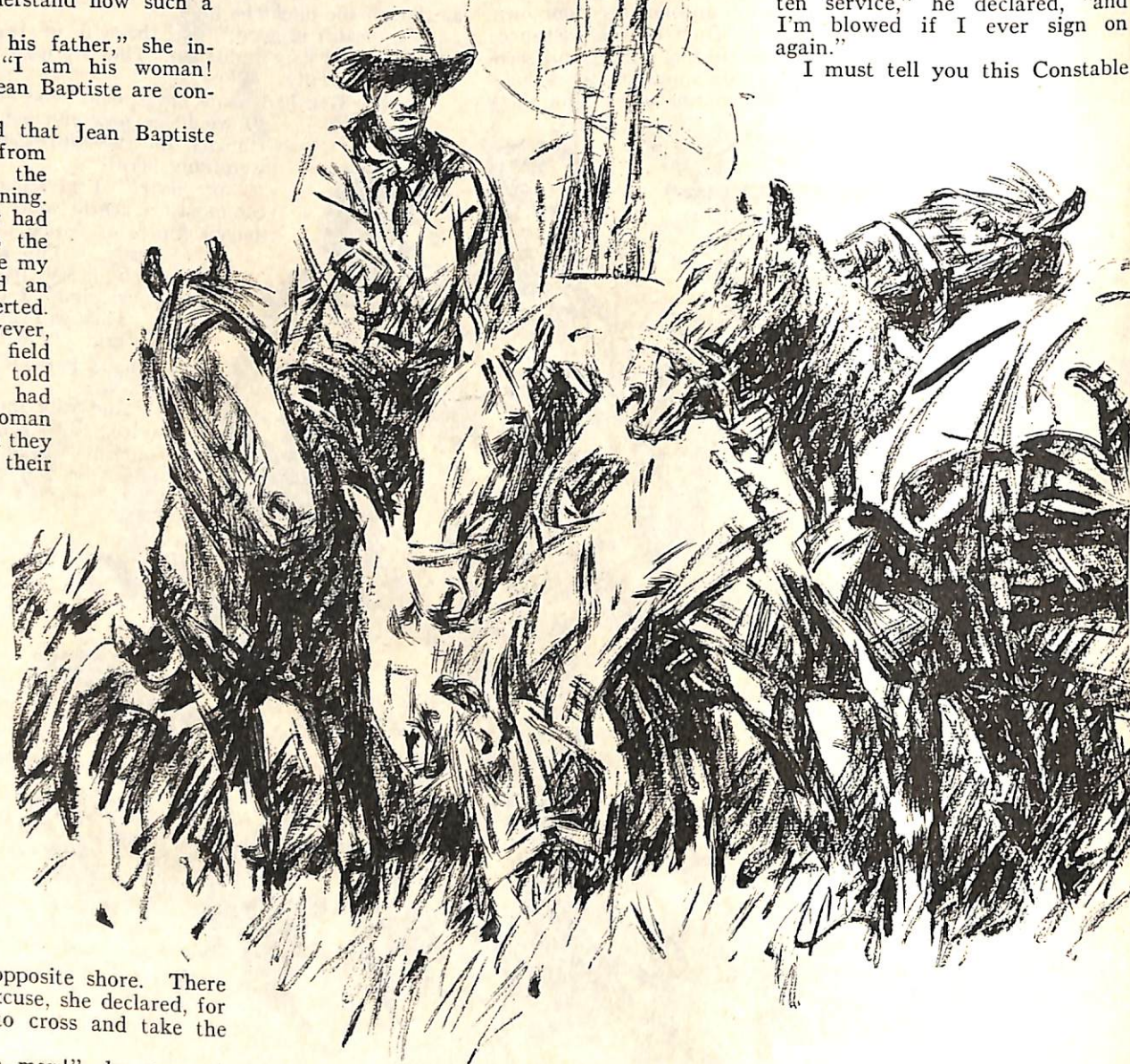
"Was he rude to you?" I asked. "I will see that he gets no boat to put him across the river then. And if he was very nasty I will have his horses scattered tonight."

"You will do nothing. On her it would fall if you did. Tonight will Jean Baptiste come home from goose-hunting among the islands. I will make love to him and rouse him, then he will go and take the head of this bully away from his neck and none will need fear him again. That is better!"

"My son is slow to wrath," I warned her. "But you must beware of kindling his anger against any man. You do not understand how such a man—"

"You are but his father," she interrupted me. "I am his woman! The secrets of Jean Baptiste are contained in me."

I was relieved that Jean Baptiste did not return from his hunt until the following morning. The man Becker had been put across the river by the time my son arrived and an encounter averted. His wife, however, watched with field glasses and she told us the man had abused his woman shamefully when they were repacking their



ponies on the opposite shore. There was sufficient excuse, she declared, for Jean Baptiste to cross and take the man's life.

"If I were a man!" she stormed. But Jean Baptiste seized her by the elbows and swung her to his shoulder.

"If you were a man," he told her, "you would understand the perversity of women and not concern yourself with more than one. If you would arrange a battle now, set some honest food before my jaws and I will challenge it." And he bore her only faintly protesting to their own cabin.

For my own part I let the matter of Becker and the woman's plight drop from my mind. There is often so much that does not appear on the surface of such things as I well knew and I was prepared to discount the fierce antipathy my son's wife had toward the man. And Jean Baptiste he had long since turned to the way of peace as I have said and had no regret that the conflict had been avoided. But not a week later the people were sharply recalled to our mind by an Indian appearing in the little settlement bearing an urgent appeal to the constable of Police on detachment there. The wife of Becker was lost, so he related, somewhere in the Spirit River country.

In a few minutes there was the Constable Cassels come to look for Jean Baptiste to help make up a party. The Constable was resenting this interruption of his routine.

"Why couldn't the fool have lost a horse?" he demanded of me. "A dozen horses and only one woman to keep an eye on and he must lose her! Damn criminal negligence I call it! Now I must feed my neck to the mosquitoes helping him find her. It's a rotten service," he declared, "and I'm blowed if I ever sign on again."

I must tell you this Constable

Cassels was a fine old soldier and a satisfactory Policeman. He had a gift for attending to his own business that was remarkable and he wore his brilliant uniform with the dash of an old cavalryman though 'tis true he appeared in it but seldom. "Weekly inspection," as he referred to it would bring him on parade in front of his lone barracks cabin. And there he would hold his ceremony; playing with equal gravity and dignity the parts of commanding officer, troop sergeant-major and the inspected troop itself. Inspection over, he would salute smartly and dismiss himself.

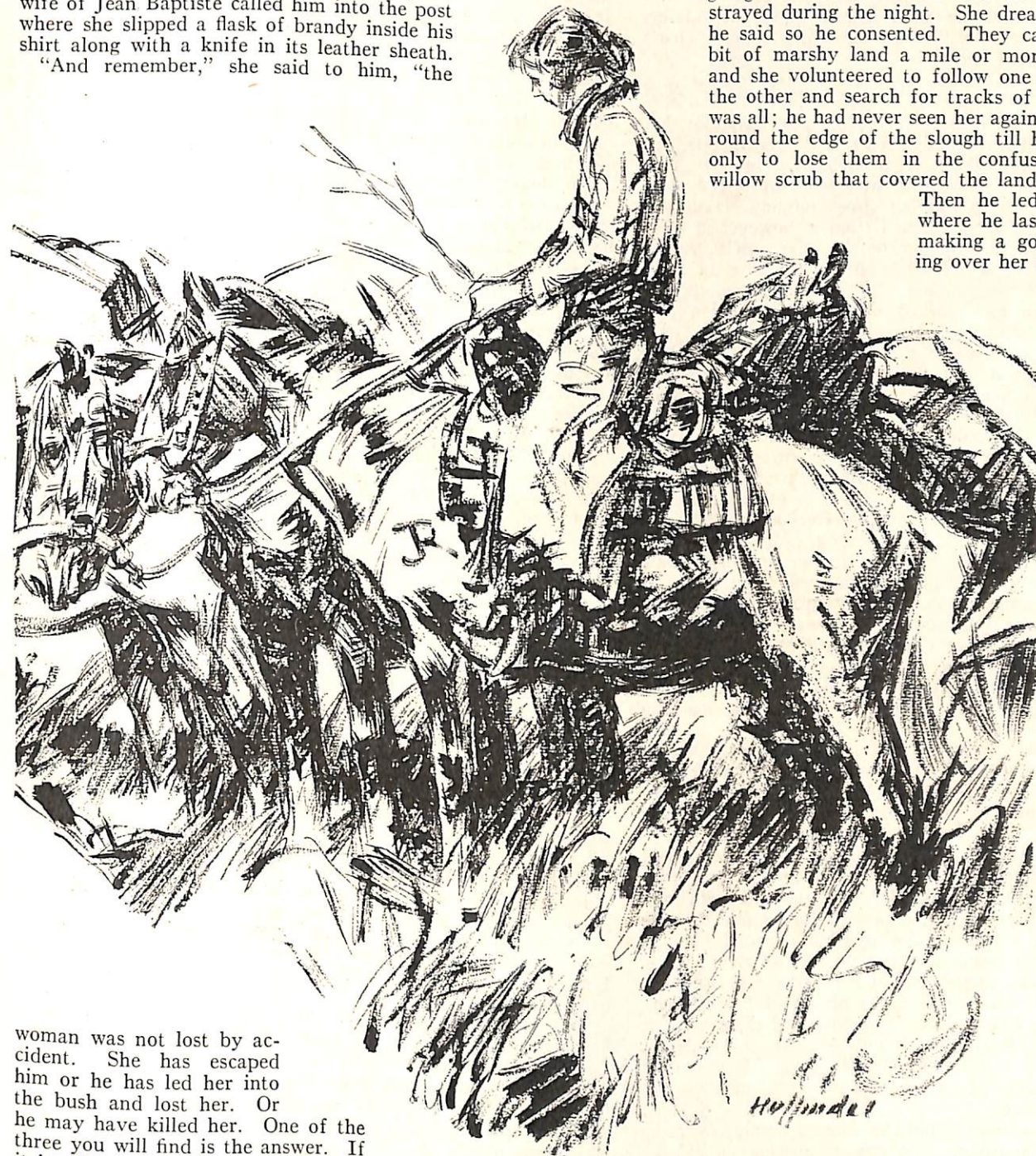
I liked the man and I often attended his parades for I comprehended the necessity he was under of maintaining discipline with himself. I could never even bring myself to object to his use of the bugle during his service there. For he would always call himself by blowing reveille outside his door in the morning. And even the dogs in the place came in time to await the final clear cry of "last post" with which he put himself to bed. As he explained, he was no blooming lone Policeman but a military unit on detachment.

"I am deputizing you," he told Jean Baptiste, "raise your hand, solemnly swear faithful execution duties help you God, put it down. Now then, get out half a dozen or so sharp-eyed lads while I get some packs together."

Between the two of them Jean Baptiste and the Constable Cassels had a party ready to go inside an hour. Six ponies they had to carry the food and a little bedding. Eight Indians were there, all friends of Jean Baptiste. At the constable's insistence Jean Baptiste was to ride the relief Police horse. "Second in Command," he explained. When they were ready to go the wife of Jean Baptiste called him into the post where she slipped a flask of brandy inside his shirt along with a knife in its leather sheath. "And remember," she said to him, "the

leave out anything. We're finding this woman you know and you'd do well to understand that first." He motioned toward the group of Indians who were standing nearby. "These lads don't read your talk and mine but they could read from your trail just where you shifted your pipe from the right side of your mouth to the left. So you tell your story and stick to it."

BECKER'S story was that the woman had insisted on going with him to seek out their horses that had strayed during the night. She dreaded being left alone he said so he consented. They came to a slough or bit of marshy land a mile or more from their camp and she volunteered to follow one side while he went the other and search for tracks of their horses. That was all; he had never seen her again though he followed round the edge of the slough till he found her tracks only to lose them in the confusion of poplar and willow scrub that covered the land in every direction. Then he led them to the spot where he last had seen her and making a good display of feeling over her loss as he did so.



It was a strange sight to see a young woman in a party in-bound, as this appeared, for a long winter's stay in the wilderness, and as she trailed the rear on a dejected pony she seemed to be following against her will.

woman was not lost by accident. She has escaped him or he has led her into the bush and lost her. Or he may have killed her. One of the three you will find is the answer. If it is either of the first two you have the knife there. If he killed her let the law have its say."

My son laughed at her fierce prejudice against the man and then he rode on to overtake the party.

The Constable Cassels placed full confidence in Jean Baptiste from the moment they reached Becker's camp beyond the Spirit River.

"Fall out the party," he ordered. "Let 'em rest and slap mosquitoes till we see what kind of a tale this blighter has worked out."

"A proper swine," Cassels described him later. "Little pig eyes the color of flat beer and a mouth that made your fist itch."

Irregular I have no doubt as a formal description but adequate as from one man to another.

"Now tell us about it," he commanded Becker, "and don't

Jean Baptiste summoned the Indians to him and pointed out the tracks the woman had made beside the slough. Two of the men he drew aside for a moment. One was Matu, a particularly close friend of Jean Baptiste and the other a cousin of Matu called Big-Nose. These Indians he then put on the separate tracks of Becker and the woman and directed them to come to him when they had something to tell. The remainder of the Indians he ordered to advance on the woman's trail as far as possible since it was then nearing nightfall. Then he rejoined the constable who was patiently questioning Becker concerning himself and the woman.

They had come from one of the States, Chicago, I believe it was Becker said, or maybe 'twas Texas. He was a mining man bound on an exploration trip and regarding

the woman he related several important untruths. He gave her age as twenty-eight which she was not, as we learned later. They had been married eight years and he arranged to bring her on this trip in spite of his better judgment because she wished it. He bore the questioning of the constable and Jean Baptiste for a time with perfect composure but at length he betrayed irritation.

"This is not getting us anywhere, is it? Why not put in your time trying to find her instead of chattering about her."

"Oh, they'll find her right enough," said the constable confidently, "but you and me we'll get on with the talking. We'll go back to camp now and talk about her more. That's all you'll do till we find her."

MATU and Big-Nose came to report to Jean Baptiste that evening. The woman was running, they read from her tracks, the moment she was hidden from sight of Becker. And Becker must have had a glimpse of her through the close undergrowth for he fell to running also, rounding his side of the slough to intercept her. He had stopped however in what would have been the line of her flight. Her tracks veered abruptly away from the slough when she was nearing the place where he waited. It was there that Becker had shot at her. Matu and his cousin had worked well. They found a tree twenty yards beyond her trail that bore a bullet mark.

When night came on the other Indians returned from their search bearing the word that her tracks led east and north generally in the direction of the junction of the Spirit River with Big Smoky. But 'twas the hand of nature raised against them that defeated the Indians in their search. Sharp frost laid hold of the land that night and all that sweep of country between the Peace and the Saddle Mountains which is the Spirit River country felt the sting of it. The sap-laden leaves of poplar and willow swelled free in that frost and took wings on the breeze when the sun was strong next day. They carpeted the ground and hid from the Indian's sight all signs the woman might have made in her wandering flight.

There was room and to spare in any quarter of that bewildering region for a frail woman, foodless and unsheltered against the chill of night, to have perished in the days that had passed, through fatigue and exhaustion. There were mosquitoes too, incessant swarms dinning their threat into the stricken senses of the wanderer. And there was the terror!

In a man like Jean Baptiste there is a sense near akin to the animals; they have the fortitude to deny the panic that beats upon the mind at such a time. And they have determined patience to read the compass point that lies before their feet.

He knew from his wife that the woman of Becker would have but little strength and nine days she was now gone into the oblivion of that waste. Jean Baptiste faced his eight men toward the east next morning and toward Big Smoky he bade them journey; their courses radiating from the spot like the extended fingers of a hand, and to end at the river's edge. Arriving at the river they were to turn upstream or down as the case might be and meet at the mouth of Spirit River. Did the woman still live and continue to travel there was the possibility that she might be found somewhere along the precipitous banks of Big Smoky. The young Matu he put in the center with himself to take the shortest course to the proposed meeting-place.

And 'twas Jean Baptiste found the woman within two miles of the end of their journey. She was unconscious, a helpless wasted object, lying in a tangle of young willow growth when they came upon her. Jean Baptiste and Matu carried her out and I have it from my son that she seemed then less like a living woman than some distorted thing from which the pulse of life was already gone. Her shrunken figure and the swollen face and hands where swarms of poisonous mosquitoes had preyed, these told in part of the horror and suffering she had endured.

They poured brandy in minute doses between her disfigured lips, and made her warm in the blankets they carried in their pack. When she stirred they gave her hot tea and other restoratives and Jean Baptiste, being a married man with proper knowledge of such things, he loosed her tattered clothing till she was in comfort. It was in the act of this considerate attention that he came by accident upon a shocking

thing. The woman had been brutally beaten! Great purplish bruises such as a man's clenched fist might make were on her slight shoulders and her chest and arms.

From that moment Jean Baptiste dismissed all doubt of Becker's infamy. The woman was in direst need of care and medical attention; hysteria he knew would mark the first return of consciousness. On a stretcher devised of poles and blankets they carried her on to the Big Smoky and there they fell to the building of a raft of logs.

Matu and his cousin that was called Big-Nose manned the raft that carried her away down-river to the Landing. Jean Baptiste knew the rate of the current of Big Smoky and the distance he shrewdly reckoned. He timed their departure to bring them to the Landing after nightfall, and under cover of such darkness as the northern nights afford, he bade them deliver her to his wife unseen by any other person. He stood before the six Indians who remained with him and said: "I am not the law but Jean Baptiste. There was no woman found."

No doubt it was the certain knowledge that Becker had some time to answer to him made Jean Baptiste unwilling to tell a plausible lie about the absence of two of his men. They had returned to the camp and he had reported to the constable the failure of the search. But this Becker he was a very cunning one in his animal way and he was concerned over his own position with the law.

"Where are the rest of your men," he demanded of Jean Baptiste, "if you did not find her? Eight men went out with you and six came back. How is that?"

My son gave him a thoughtful look.

"Six men I had," he said.

"Say, what are you trying to do?" Becker blustered. "I counted them I tell you!"

"Now see here, my bucko," the constable interposed, "you can stop that chatter! The orderly sergeant has reported 'all present and correct.' The report is in and filed; six men. What if you counted a hundred? Six it is!"

But the constable did call Jean Baptiste aside at that for a confidential report.

"WHAT about it now?" he asked. My son told him then of finding the woman and of sending her to his wife with Matu and Big-Nose. He related to the constable the signs of violence he had noted on the woman's person and for the first time he mentioned the bullet marks Matu had found in the tree at the beginning of the search. He suggested the wisdom of keeping Becker in ignorance of the woman's being found alive.

"Good idea," agreed the constable. "I'll keep this blighter guessing and watch his nerves while I check up on him. When the woman's fit again and able to talk we'll see if it is a job for the Police."

Jean Baptiste shook his head at the constable. "It will be a job for me," he said.

"Now mind yourself! I forbid your harmin' the man or murdering him till the end of the quarter. This is one report I must write up and I will not do two in one quarter you understand."

"What kind of a game is this?" Becker demanded when he was told that he must return to the Landing with the Police. "Am I under arrest?"

"No, hardly that," explained the constable. "Detained by the Police' is the proper term. You are merely coming back with me and answer your name when I call the roll till I look things over a bit."

"Of all the damned outrages!" Becker snarled. "Say I'm an American citizen I'd have you know and you're going to find yourself in trouble over this! I'll not go a step unless I'm under arrest, and you're afraid to arrest me. I dare you to put me under arrest!"

"Quiet on parade!" ordered the Constable Cassels in the thunderous voice of a sergeant-major. "It'll be all the same to you my lad whether I arrest you or not. You won't know the difference. And you'll go, no fear."

So Becker came back to the Landing with the party as the constable had promised he would. His baggage and personal effects had been searched for anything that might assist the constable in tracing the man's past history. "Strikes me a mug like you would be wanted somewhere," Cassels told him flatly. "I'm passing word to head- [Continued on page 61]

A FEW MINUTES with the FAMOUS

Intimate Close-ups of
Outstanding Personalities

By Fred C. Kelly

LACK OF KNOWLEDGE AN ASSET

HARRY M. CRANDALL is the former "movie" king of Washington, D. C., and one of his theaters there is said to be the largest and costliest movie palace in the world. Though he has been amazingly successful in business, Mr. Crandall is not a man of much schooling. In fact, he once told me that he had left school in the sixth grade and had never read a book in his life except *Black Beauty*. But his lack of book knowledge appears to have been a great asset to him. He didn't know of various things that couldn't



Harry M. Crandall, former movie picture king of Washington, D. C.

adding too much to the weight."

"I know there are plenty of difficulties," agreed Crandall, "and I don't know how they'll get around them, but I just know that they somehow will."

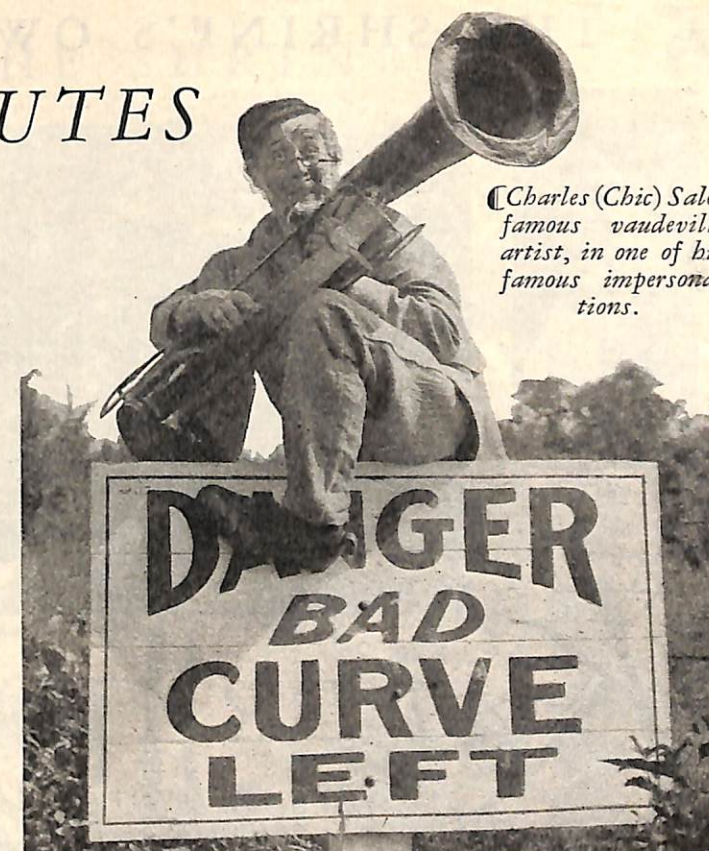
He disposed of his livery business and it wasn't many years after that when, against the advice of his friends, he invested money in a lease on a building in which he proposed to open the first moving picture show in the national capital.

As soon as his theater was opened, the crowds he attracted enabled him to rent other rooms in the same building for stores at advanced prices which gave him his picture show space free.

The chances are that if he had been a scholar he would have philosophized over the obstacles, considered the unhappy history of most new enterprises and been afraid to invest in so untried a field.

"CHIC" SALE, HUMAN NATURE STUDENT

ONE of my favorite actors is Charles (Chic) Sale, vaudeville star. I like him not only because I think his impersonations of rural characters make



Charles (Chic) Sale, famous vaudeville artist, in one of his famous impersonations.

him one of the real geniuses of the stage, but because he is an all-around decent citizen.

Only a few years ago, Chic Sale was discharged from a moderate-priced restaurant in Indianapolis where he was employed behind the counter. What worried the proprietor was the fact that Chic could tell almost as soon as a customer came up to the counter whether he wanted coffee, tea, or milk.

I once asked Chic to tell me how he was able to do this.

"Oh, easy enough," he said. "A man who's going to ask for coffee, is a positive kind of fellow. He knows exactly what he wants and says right out: 'Gimme a cup o' coffee!' But the tea fellow is more mild. He's more apt to say: 'I'd like a cup of tea, please!' The man who's going to ask for milk is more quiet than the others and sort of swallows as he orders simply, 'Milk.'"

CAN ODD ASSIGNMENT

WHEN Ambassador Morgenthau was about to leave Washington to return to his post in Turkey, during the Wilson administration, he went to Mr. Bryan, who, as Secretary of State, was his chief, to ask if there were any special instructions. Mr. Bryan said:

"Yes, I wish you would have the Turkish government provide a better road up to the Mount of Olives."

And the story is that Mr. Morgenthau went out thinking to himself: "What an assignment for a Jewish ambassador!"

CA DEMOCRATIC KING

WHEN Alexander P. Moore was United States Ambassador to Spain he got so well acquainted with King Alfonso that the pair of them used to sit about and chat as informally as two retired farmers.

Moore always called the King "Chief." If Alfonso happened to do any odd bit of reigning that didn't suit his friend Alex, the Ambassador frankly told him so. [Continued on page 61]



Alexander P. Moore, former U. S. Ambassador to Spain.



Henry Morgenthau, who was U. S. Ambassador to Turkey during Wilson's administration.



Rollin W. Meeker, Past Potentate, Kalurah.



Samuel J. Bailey, Kalurah's Potentate for 1926.

KALURAH TEMPLE— ITS MOSQUE AND CLUBHOUSE

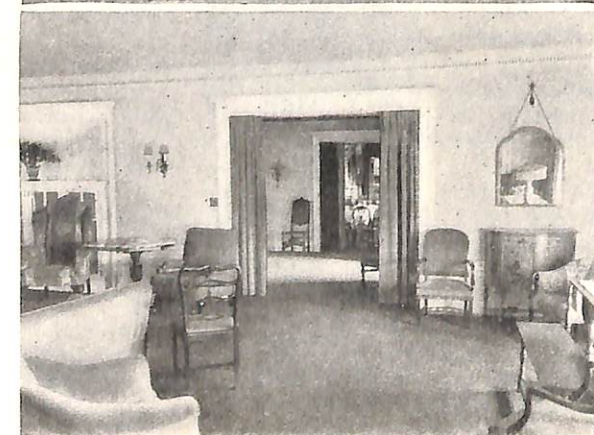
By Rollin W. Meeker, Past Potentate, Kalurah

KALURAH Temple, Binghamton, New York, with a total membership of 2,940 Nobles, completed the construction and furnishing of its beautiful Mosque in June, 1918, at a cost for the building proper of approximately two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with furnishings and fixtures costing thirty thousand dollars. It was dedicated on June 13th and 14th, 1918, under the direction of Illustrious Elias J. Jacoby of Indianapolis, Indiana, who was then Imperial Potentate, with the assistance of other members of the Imperial Divan.

The building of a Mosque was first projected in 1911 by Noble Frank E. Harris, Potentate of Kalurah at that time, and the construction and furnishing was carried on after his death under the direction of Amos M. Johnson, Potentate in 1918. The Mosque is one of the finest in the whole of Shrine-dom.

On April 9th, 1925, Samuel J. Bailey, Potentate of Kalurah Temple during 1926, procured an option upon four hundred and thirty-four acres of land, with the buildings thereon, situate about four miles from the city of Binghamton, which was built by Eliot Spalding as a private residence and country estate. At a subsequent meeting of the Temple held on April 24th, 1925, it was unanimously voted to purchase the property for a clubhouse at a cost of \$100,000.00.

(Above) A glimpse of the ball and reception room of Kalurah Temple's attractive clubhouse, of which its membership is proud. It was formally opened Sept., 1925.



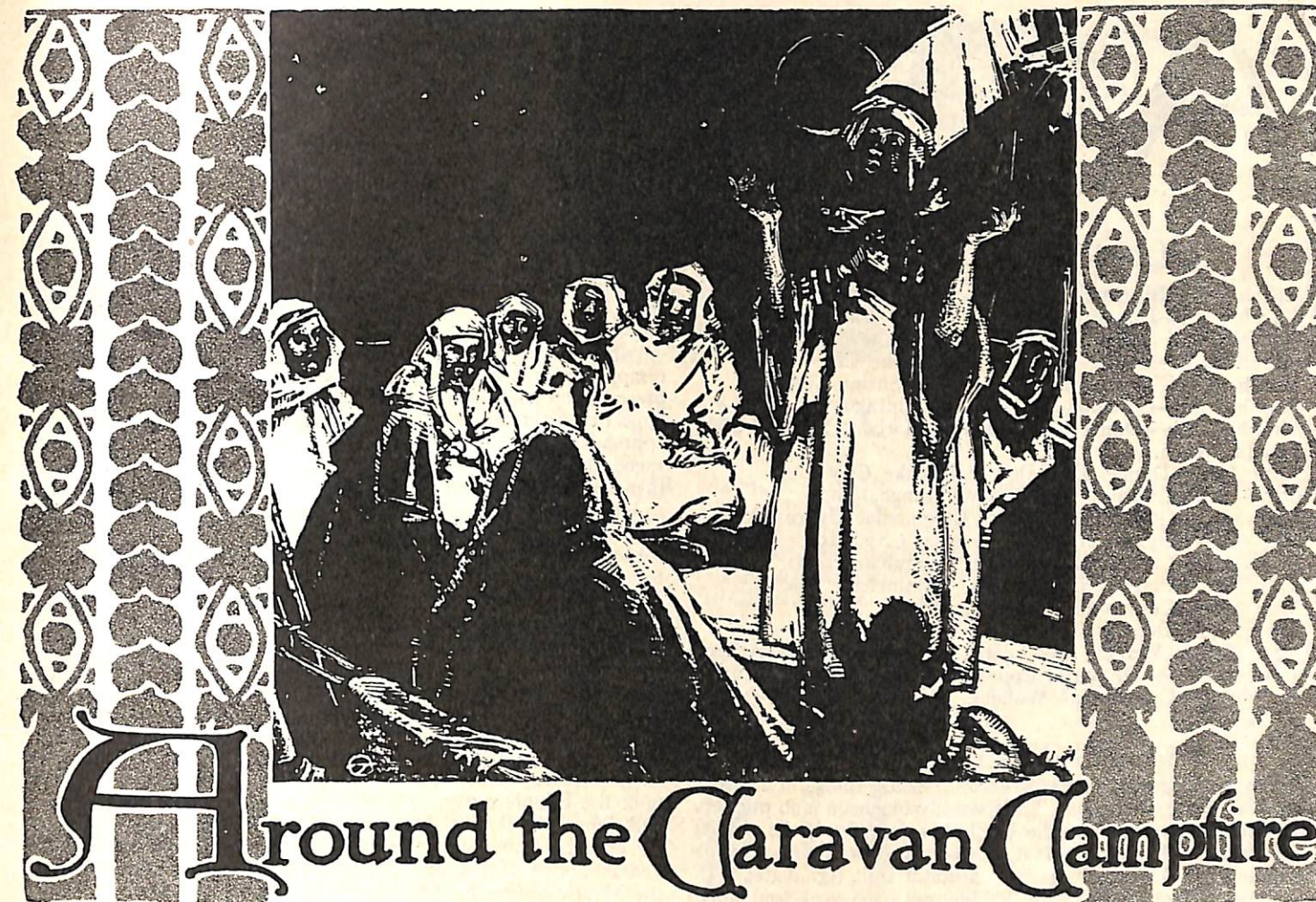
The club was formally opened and dedicated on September 25th, 1925, in connection with the ceremonial session of the Temple; the dedicatory address being delivered from the steps of the clubhouse in the presence of the uniformed bodies, and the newly organized Legion of Honor, concluding with the acceptance and raising of a beautiful silk flag presented to the Temple by Mr. Spalding from whom the property was purchased. The dedicatory address was delivered by Rollin W. Meeker, Past Potentate of Kalurah.

A bond issue for \$200,000.00 was quickly subscribed, and the moneys paid. The Temple has constructed a new road leading from the highway to the clubhouse proper and connected with the existing highway, so as to make a one way road to and from the clubhouse, and it has in the process of building and nearly completed, one of the finest nine hole golf courses in the country.

The Temple has a total investment in the Country Club property of \$178,898.03. It is managed by an efficient house committee and grounds committee, under the general direction of the Trustees of the Temple.

(Center) Kalurah's magnificent clubhouse was originally a private residence and country estate. It is situated about four miles from the city of Binghamton, New York.

(Left) Another charming interior of the clubhouse showing the beautiful simplicity of its furnishings.



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

NOBLES, let me make you acquainted with Bony Canis. Bony Canis—Nobles—Nobles—Bony Canis!

I knew Bony Canis when a small boy in a college town. Bony Canis was a dog-at-large; like a Congressman-at-large who belongs to nobody in particular, worthless but friendly. The first year Latin class, desiring to air its knowledge of the ancient tongue, named him Bonus Canis which soon degenerated to Bony Canis.

Bony Canis went through life trying to find his folks. As all other dogs in the village had folks Bony felt that he was entitled to folks, too. So he wandered from one person to another with a beseeching look in his eyes, his ball-bearing tail ready to wag at the slightest encouragement.

Bony Canis was a deal of a puzzle to himself. He was not real certain whether he was a watch dog, a lap-dog or a hunting dog. As a natural result of this puzzled condition of mind Bony Canis would try to climb into your lap if you sat down and snapped your fingers encouragingly. His legs were long, so most of him hung over in a most discouraging way. If he was allowed to stay in your back-yard without half a brick being heaved at him he would decide that maybe after all he had found his folks and proceed to watch the premises, keeping out every one who was not in when he came, even other members of the family. If a group of boys went hunting, Bony Canis always went along. As he hunted anything from field sparrows to a cow he was a source of much anxiety to those with whom he hunted. He expected you to kill whatever he found, no matter whether it wore feathers, fur or scales. He was wildly excited one day when he found a box terrapin and seemed really heart-broken when I failed to shoot it.

But Bony Canis was a kindly dog. One need only look at him to have him fall in three paces to the rear and follow dutifully to church, to see a girl, or to the garden where your

mother forced you to weed onions. He would dig quite as busily as you did, but to no purpose.

Bony Canis had an especial weakness for boys. He liked to play around with them because they understood him better. He was a part of many a robber's den, dug under the side of a hill, and of many a sausage roast, around the boys' campfire on the river bank. The boys didn't seem to mind his fleas as much as grown people, and there was a certain sympathy between him and the boys. Both were frequently chased out of the house because of the muddy footprints they left on the kitchen floor.

Bony Canis had an unsatisfied look. His big yellow eyes were as sad as those of a professional mourner. He seemed to be always searching and searching in vain. He searched for company, for sympathy, for a kindly word or a friendly act. He didn't expect much. All he asked was to be tolerated. He realized that he lacked the fine lineage, the house-broken manners and the great value of dogs whose folks fed and loved them. But he went on earnestly seeking, ready to wag his tail or run as the occasion might require and his advances be met.

At a Ceremonial session of my Temple last night I saw Bony Canis. He had changed his form a bit, it is true, but Bony Canis is at every Shrine meeting. Look for him at your next session.

I went down a bit early. I rather like to be there with the gang as they loaf around and kid each other like a lot of small boys early to school. Quite a few of us were out in the lobby of the mosque milling around and exchanging greetings. Bony Canis was in the lobby. When I first noticed him he was wandering from group to group with that same pathetic look of longing in his eyes, just looking for his folks. When he joined a group with fezzes on, he put his on his head and laughed heartily at some jest. Then, as no one paid any particular attention to him, he wandered [Continued on page 59]

WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES

OF THE TEMPLES and Other News

COMING EVENTS

March 4th—Informal dance, Aladdin, Columbus, Ohio
 March 11th—Dance of Gray's Harbor Shrine Club, Hoquiam, Wash.
 March 19th—Dance, El Kalah, Salt Lake City
 March 19th—Dance of Orlando, Fla., Shrine Club
 March 25th—Ceremonial, Ararat, Kansas City, Mo.
 March 25th—Dance of Gray's Harbor Shrine Club, Hoquiam, Wash.
 April 16th—Dance, El Kalah, Salt Lake City
 April 18th—Charity ball, Kalurah, Binghamton
 April 30th—Golden Anniversary Ceremonial, Cyprus, Albany
 May 6th—Ceremonial, Ararat, Kansas City, Mo.
 May 11th—Ceremonial, Alcazar, Montgomery, Ala.
 May 12th—Ceremonial, Zamora, Birmingham, Ala.
 May 19th—Ceremonial, Wahabi, Jackson, Miss.
 May 27th—Dance, El Kalah, Salt Lake City
 June 13-14—Meeting Recorders' Association, Atlantic City
 June 14-15-16—Imperial Council Session at Atlantic City
 Nov. 17th—Ceremonial, Wahabi, Jackson, Miss.

ISLAM AS A PACEMAKER

Islam, San Francisco, has a habit of doing things in a rather large and impressive way. Their weekly luncheon club presents the best attractions that the local theaters afford, the annual game between East and West, staged on New Year's day for the benefit of the San Francisco Hospital Unit terminates with a surplus of from \$25,000 to \$30,000 net each year, and when the question came before the Temple as to whether Redwood Shrine should be abandoned or fostered, the vote stood so strongly in favor of continuing the project that its future is now made certain.

Redwood Shrine comprises 1,640 acres in the mountains, near La Honda, and its formal opening was celebrated last year by a week-end program for the Nobility and their families. Included in the plays that were presented were The Renewal of the Kisweh, A Night in Funland, Al Hotama, in which 100 Boy Scouts participated, and The King and the Cripple.

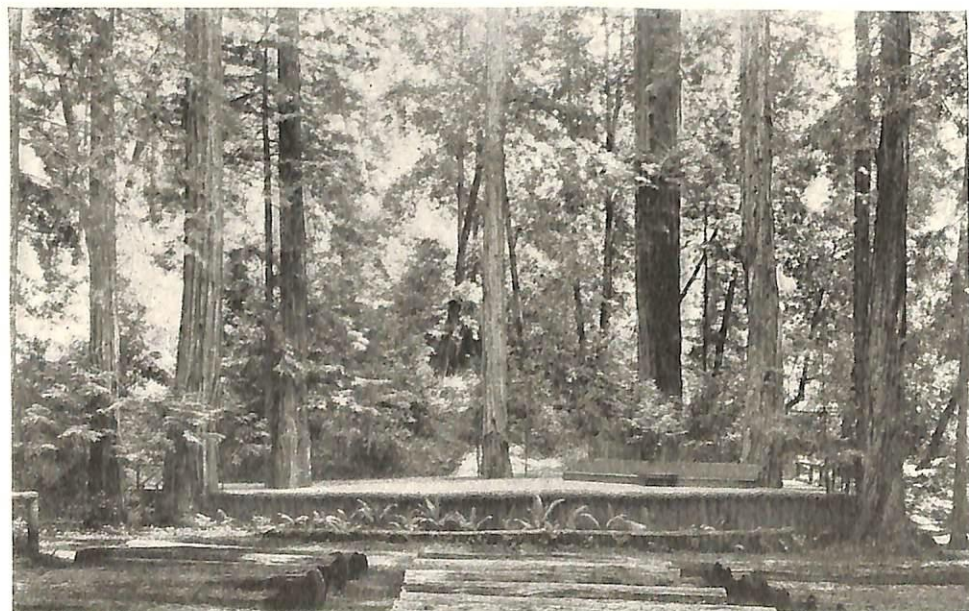
In the story of The King and the Cripple, King Mohab of Mohrana came to ill health and he and his court visited the

forest, where Agog, their idol, held forth. The forest was inhabited by elves, invisible to mortal eye, except one Bohun, who was possessed of an evil spirit and used his ability to see the Elves to their detriment at all times. The Elves were at play when Bohun appeared and seized one of them and it was only after an appeal to Agog, that Bohun became frightened and disappeared in the woods. Then came the King and his escort, preceded by the Chanters singing his glories. The King made appeal to Agog for health and just then, Jogan, a crippled child, approached him. Bohun struck the cripple down. This so enraged the King that he hacked Bohun to death. The Elves then had jubilee about the body of their fallen foe.

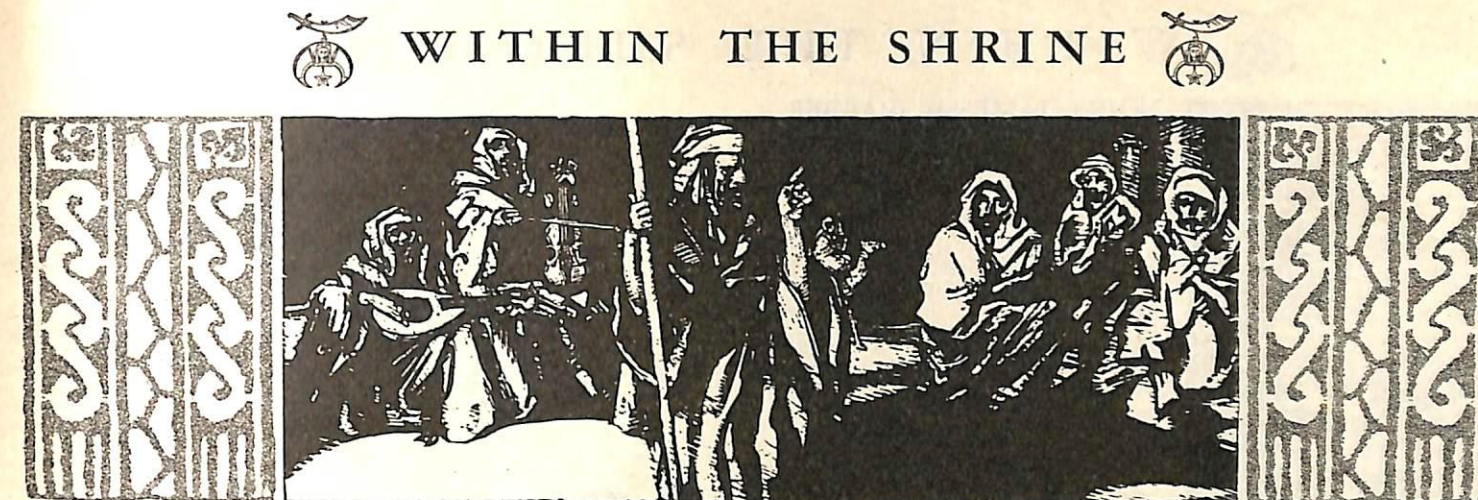
Jogan came to pray to Agog to help him that he might play as other children do. Agog answered his prayer, but the child sobbed himself to sleep not knowing of the miracle that had been performed. The King came to make his supplications and the king of the elves in gratitude for the destruction of Bohun conferred upon him the power to see the elves. At the request of the elves the King was restored to health and, arising, saw the crippled child, still sleeping. Dancing girls appeared to celebrate his recovery, the court made merry but the King asked for the children saying that there can be no real happiness without children. Children appeared and the cripple awoke and dragged himself forward to enjoy the sight. The King asked for someone to cure the child. Elves came forward, took the cripple away. He shortly returned without crutches and joined in the celebration. The King thereupon pledged his household to the future care and cure of crippled children and in honor of the miracle performed created the Order of the Mystic Shrine in the following edict:

Hear ye, hear ye, my people
 The Gods have smiled, and a crippled child
 Now lives and plays as other children do.
 To commemorate this day
 This miracle you yourselves have seen,
 Beneath these trees,
 Whose lofty pinnacles reach unto the skies,
 I pledge you and all my household
 To the care of crippled children,
 No matter what their color, race or creed.
 Let our name be known to all mankind,
 And softly whispered when loving parents meet.

[Continued on page 54]



Redwood Shrine, Islam Temple's grove in the California Mountains.



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

A MASON CAN NOW ABSORB HIS MASONIC EDUCATION FROM THE JOURNALS DEVOTED TO THE CRAFT

SOME wise old owl promulgated the theory that a man can think only to the limit of his vocabulary. Half a truth, like half a brick, often can be thrown with greater accuracy and is more killing in its impact. Nobles often neglect their duty attending their Blue Lodge. Lodge attendance, like wearing spats and kissing one's wife on leaving the house, is a matter of habit. If we once get out of the habit of attending our Mother Lodge we are likely to become a permanent back slider.

When a man belongs to all the various bodies of Masonry there is an excuse, not a reason, for his non-attendance on the meetings of his lodge, but there is no longer any excuse or ignorance on the subject of Blue Lodge Masonry.

Masonic journalism has gone forward with leaps and bounds in the last few years. There are at least seventy-five Masonic journals published on this continent of which many are high class, well edited, informative journals worth any man's time.

No Mason is doing his full duty to himself or to the Craft who does not read at least one Masonic journal. The traditions, the history, the activities of the organization are manifold; the general ignorance of its members is deplorable.

No longer need a Mason sit for an hour in an ill-ventilated room alternately listening and dozing as some well-intentioned brother drones out the history and ideals of the Order. In the comfort of his own home, over a well-filled pipe he can absorb his Masonic education from the splendid journals devoted to the Craft.

NOBLES, IF YOU VISIT A SHRINE HOSPITAL YOU WILL BE "SOLD" ON THE WHOLE PLAN

THAT Noble who would get the most out of membership in the organization should get into personal touch with its activities. Every one of us contributes two dollars per year to the children's hospital work, but it is not likely that one in ten has ever visited a Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children.

There is a Shrine Hospital near you. If you will take the trouble to spend half an hour in it you will be "sold" on the whole plan.

Various Temples have different local charities. One distributes baskets to the needy poor at Christmas. One Noble happened quite by accident to pass the point of distribution last year and paused for a moment to watch. Never again will he be absent from that ceremony. Never again will he fail to contribute to it and never again will he be satisfied with "Check Charity."

The president of a great railroad was asked where he learned the railroad business. His reply was "By exposure to it." That Shriner who has been exposed by personal contact to the

charitable activities of his Temple will ever after be a participant in and a strong advocate of them.

Truly it is more blessed to give than to receive. Who has seen wan-faced children and aged women with trembling hands gladly accepting the charity of his Temple gets a new slant which makes him a better Shriner.

ALL GOOD SHRINERS ABIDE BY THE DECISIONS OF THOSE SELECTED TO REPRESENT THEM

IT HAS been but a few months since thousands of wildly partisan baseball fans sat at the classic World Series watching the games. Nowhere else does enthusiasm carry men to greater bias and prejudice for their favorites.

In each of these games decisions of greatest importance, which might sway the coveted championship from one team to the other, were rendered by the umpires. When the umpire says a man is out he is out. If the umpire says a pitched ball is a strike it is a strike. The wildest fan on the continent would not have it otherwise. Someone must rule.

This is the essence of the representative form of government under which the members of the Mystic Shrine in Canada and the United States live; a system in which a qualified expert is selected to decide problems which no interested partisan could decide.

This is the spirit of Shrine elections. We pick for our presiding officer as Potentate a man we believe will decide for the best interest of the Temple. What he says is law. His decisions are final and all good sportsmen in the Shrine—all good Nobles are good sportsmen—take that decision in exactly the same spirit in which they abide by the decisions of the umpire and the referee.

When we select our representatives to the Imperial Council we say to that body, "Here is a group of men who represent our Temple. We have absolute confidence in them. They will represent us. Whatever they decide for us is law and gospel. They are the best we have to help you legislate for the best interest of all concerned."

When the Imperial Council, made up of our representatives and other men of the same type and caliber from other Temples, passes a law, or decides a close point of legislation, all good Nobles know that the decision was to the best interest of the Shrine game. Like the good sportsmen we are, we abide by the decision.

No man is always as mean as he generally is.

Thackeray said that to love and win was the best thing and to love and lose the next best.

If it's gone, let it go. No post mortem ever helped the patient.

Who should keep up the instalments on the ring after the engagement is broken?



NOBLE JAMES W. BARBER
Syria Temple
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Recorder James Walton Barber, of Syria Temple, Pittsburgh, is one of the outstanding business men of the Order. It was he who so ordered the affairs of Syria that he was once able to report that not one of the more than 15,000 members of the Temple was in arrears—probably a record for all fraternal bodies. He was one of the founders of the Recorders' Association, and its first vice-president—he was president of the Recorders' in 1923-1924.

As well as being Recorder of Syria, he is Secretary of the Syria Improvement Association, the holding corporation for the Mosque. He has complete charge of all its affairs and of the administration of the building. He is a director of the Children's Hospital of Pittsburgh.

Noble Barber came to America from England in 1880. At first a railway telegrapher he became interested in coal, and was secretary of the River Coal Co. for twenty years. For recreation he plays golf and tries his skill against clay pigeons at the traps. He has been treasurer of the Western Pennsylvania Golf Association since 1911.



NOBLE OSCAR HALLAM
Osman Temple
St. Paul, Minn.

Noble Oscar Hallam, of Osman Temple, St. Paul, is one of the distinguished jurists of the northwest. First a District Judge, then elevated to the Supreme Bench of Minnesota. Judge Hallam resigned office to contest—though unsuccessfully—for the last Republican senatorial nomination. There is a feeling, however, that if he really wants to go to Washington he'll get there yet. He is a quiet man, not given to positive statements, but something in his manner

carries conviction.

You can't coax a positive statement out of him, though. One day he and a lawyer were looking from a window as a flock of black sheep was passing. The lawyer looked out, and said: "Well, Judge, here's a fact that's beyond dispute! You'll admit those are black sheep, won't you?" The judge looked out. "Well," he said, "yes, they're black on this side."

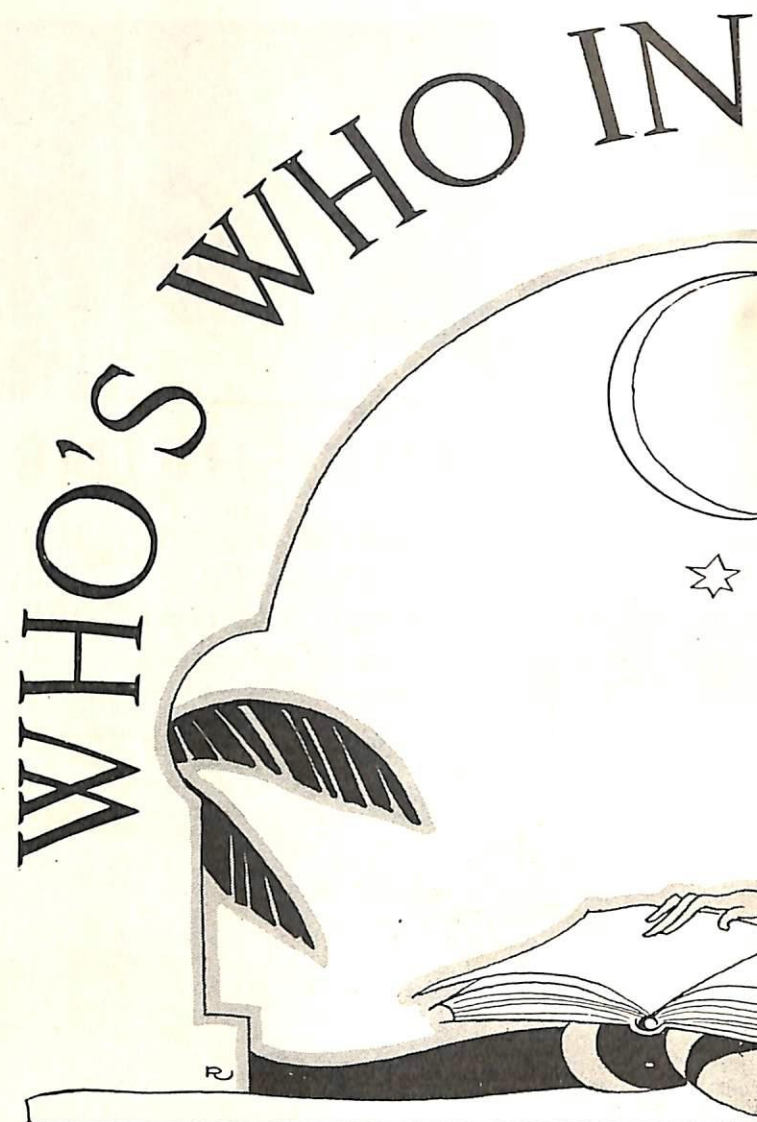
Judge Hallam was a Representative at the Imperial Council Session that established the Shrine Hospitals, and is vice-president now of the Twin City Hospital and an incorporator of the Convalescent Home Corporation. Most of the time he can spare for fraternal work is devoted to the two institutions. He has been Dean of the St. Paul College of Law since 1919.



NOBLE W. G. GIBBONS
Bedouin Temple
Muskogee, Okla.

They had a hard time, in Bedouin Temple, out in Muskogee, Oklahoma, in persuading Noble Walter George Gibbons to hold office. He was willing to work—he was always prepared to attend the Imperial Council Sessions, and has been one of Bedouin's Representatives for thirteen consecutive years. But except for being Master of his Blue Lodge, long ago, when Oklahoma was still part

of Indian Territory, he always dodged office. Then, in 1919, he was ill, and while he was in hospital, and



couldn't do anything about it, his temple made him Chief Rabban. Then it was easy, and he was Potentate the next year.

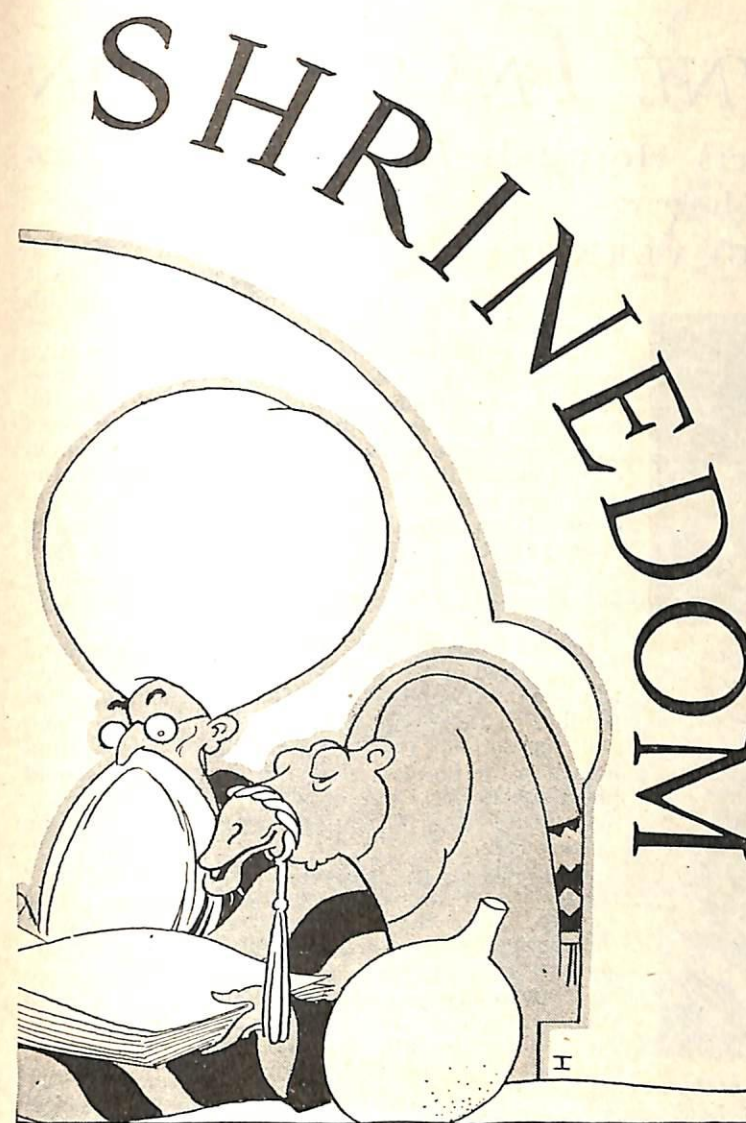
The Masonic Temple in Muskogee was built largely through his efforts—he was Chairman of the Building Association. A busy wholesale grocer, Noble Gibbons has always found the time to meet any call from his Order and from his community.



NOBLE G. T. MATTHEWS
Moolah Temple
St. Louis, Mo.

Past Potentate George T. Matthews, of Moolah Temple, St. Louis, is a dealer in lubricating oil, and they say, in Moolah, that he is the greatest peacemaker ever known in those parts. He has always been active in Masonic affairs—the fact that he is an Honorary 33rd. attests to his Scottish Rite work, and he is an Emeritus Member of the Imperial Council.

He attended his first Imperial Council Session about a quarter of a century ago, and decided then and there that some member of Moolah should, some day, sit on the Imperial Divan. Being a modest man his choice fell on another member of his temple, and he never stopped working until he saw Noble Henry F. Niedringhaus installed as Imperial Outer Guard. Then he watched his rise until Mr. Niedringhaus became Imperial Potentate.



arrested them—and brought them in, single-handed, in three days and nights of traveling. No small feat, that. Try keeping awake so long some time yourself!

A real pioneer, Senator Cameron grew up with the territory, and was territorial delegate in Congress until statehood came. He was one of the early exploiters of Arizona's mineral wealth, and is heavily interested in silver and copper mining properties. His success as a Republican in a state normally Democratic in politics speaks eloquently for his personal popularity. But the people of a state like Arizona, one of the passing frontiers, have both respect and liking, inevitably, for a man who won his spurs as Cameron did.

NOBLE E. LEE TRINKLE
Kazim Temple
Roanoke, Va.



It is a little difficult to stir up much excitement about a gubernatorial election in Virginia. But Noble E. Lee Trinkle, of Kazim Temple, Roanoke, did create something of a stir when he was chosen governor of the Old Dominion—for his was the largest majority ever recorded. Governor Trinkle's most conspicuous work has been in prison reform, a work in which he has long been interested—especially on the side of convict labor. The National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor awarded him a gold medal in recognition of his services along this line. Retiring from office this year Noble Trinkle became a life insurance executive.

NOBLE WILLIAM HORLICK
Tripoli Temple
Milwaukee, Wis.



If there is one thing of which Tripoli Temple, of Milwaukee, is proud, it is its band. And much of its pride in its band arises from that band's mighty drum major, Big Bill Horlick—who, when he isn't busy twirling his baton, is vice-president of the Horlick Malted Milk Corporation. Noble Horlick rather fancies himself in Arab costume, and it is told of him that he attended a dinner in Cairo, once, in full Arab costume, to the complete mystification of his host, the American consul. That is as it may be—his band speaks for him now, and proclaims him a real Arab.

NOBLE J. H. MACLAFFERTY
Aahmes Temple
Oakland, Calif.



Noble James H. MacLafferty, of Aahmes Temple, Oakland, California, sits at the right hand of Herbert Hoover, in the Department of Commerce, in Washington, and helps to run things. And anyone who knows Hoover knows too that being his assistant is quite a job—for Hoover is much the same human dynamo he was when he fed Belgium during the war. Having served two terms in Congress, Noble MacLafferty knew something about politics when he went to work with Hoover—and a knowledge of politics as they are played in the executive offices of any of the government departments.



NOBLE R. H. CAMERON
El Zaribah Temple
Phoenix, Arizona

Noble Ralph Henry Cameron, of El Zaribah, Phoenix, has another title. He is also United States Senator Cameron, Republican, of Arizona—elected to the Senate in 1921. Of old New England ancestry Senator Cameron went west when very young—but not before he had made three cod-fishing trips to the Grand Banks. On the last of these his schooner was sunk—either in a storm or as

the result of the blithe and cheerful way liners used to poke their way through the fishermen in a fog. He and a pal stuck together, and lashed themselves to a spar. Hours later they were picked up—but his friend was dead.

It took a lot to kill Noble Cameron, though. Out in Arizona, in the old gun-toting days, a good many attempts were made to find out just how to do it. He was Sheriff of Coconino County in the wild days before statehood, and he carried two guns himself. Once he surprised three murderers, red-handed, and



HAWAII'S SUNSHINE INSTITUTION

(The First Mobile Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children)

By Dorothy Musgrave

KA LOKOMAIKAI o Hawaii," the good spirit of Hawaii, and its perpetual sunshine are the Shriners' pot of gold in the Honolulu Hospital for Crippled Children. This was the first mobile unit to function and the remarkable work done since it opened in January 1923 has earned for it the support of one of Uncle Sam's most unique communities.

Hawaii is essentially a land of sunshine and flowers and little children. With these three precious elements the Shriners Hospital is richly endowed and with the gratitude of youngsters' smiles it is paying golden dividends. Perhaps you may wonder why the 600 children who have been discharged in the past four years did not want to leave. The hospital itself is one, but not the only answer.

The ward work is carried on in buildings provided by the local Shriners on the grounds of an endowed hospital for children. These buildings are constructed with walls of screen so that the patients practically live in the out-of-doors. Every morning the 28 beds are wheeled on to the big "lanai" (porch) where the children bask in the sunshine until dinner hour. Even the gymnasium where the physio-therapist works has the same open air construction. Giant monkey-pod trees scatter their pink blossoms in the yard of the hospital where the patients who are able to play have swings and a merry-go-round.

The equipment of the hospital includes X-Ray, plaster-cast room and the best operating room in the Islands. This was furnished and newly fitted-up by the Children's Hospital for the exclusive use of the Shriners Hospital. In the Clinic where out-patients are brought for treatment and examination, all cases are registered and photographic, X-Ray and motion pictures are taken for record.

When I first visited the hospital with Noble Harry N. Denison, chairman, who is "Uncle Harry" to his admiring little friends, I received with him a royal welcome. Calls of "Hello, Uncle Harry" were echoed all along the rows of beds.

Every day is a happy day for these kiddies but there are special days too. On Christmas, Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July there are parties.

In the work of recruiting as well as in the fun of entertaining, the community is whole-hearted in its "kokua" (help). The wonderful support which it is according the Shriners is evidence of the high esteem in which the institution is held. In addition to this the Hospital is aided in its recruiting work by a number of organizations. Among these are the Humane Society, the Junior

The BOARD of GOVERNORS

League, Daughters of the Nile, the Palama Settlement nurses, the Social Service, and Board of Health nurses.

The organizations which have been so effective in recruiting are also an important factor in follow-up work. Every case which is discharged from the hospital is kept under observation. Regular visits have been made to the various islands to keep in close touch with the discharged cases and see the new ones that are continually cropping up. Because of the difficulty in transportation from the more remote districts procedures are employed which tend to minimize the necessity for braces and allow the little patients to be independent of apparatus.

In this connection a request has been submitted to the Board of Trustees for a professional worker who can investigate the financial condition of families to determine the eligibility of cases; who will superintend the transporting of cases from homes to the hospital and visit cases which should be in the hospital but have to make way for the more acute cases. Eighty-nine patients are on the waiting list.

Follow-up in the Honolulu Unit also embraces the placing of discharged children who were public charges before they entered the hospital. With the assistance of interested individuals every boy and girl after discharge from the hospital is given an opportunity to attend school or to learn a suitable trade. Clyde Wilson, who is now the brace-maker for the hospital, and his assistant, Ah Wah Chang are both former patients. Following the visit of Dr. Oscar Lanstrum and Forrest Adair it was recommended that Mr. Wilson be given an opportunity to observe and study the most up-to-date methods of brace-making. With this object in view he was sent to Atlanta, Georgia, where he is just finishing a four months' course in the Martin Brace-making shops.

The generosity of Queen's Hospital with endowed beds for children over 14 and the co-operation of Leahi Home in caring for children with bone or joint tuberculosis whose lungs are also involved are manifestations of the local appreciation for the work being carried on. A resident of Honolulu and a friend of the hospital unit, Mrs. Mary W. Deering, recently died, and in her will a trust fund was created which is to be devoted to a continuation of the Shrine work at Leahi Home which is an up-to-date grade A hospital for the care of tuberculosis.

The sympathy and understanding with which Miss Frances A. Page [Continued on page 88]



Harry N. Denison,
Chairman
of the Board.



Past Potentate
Lawrence M. Judd,
Trustee.



Hugh B. Spencer,
Secretary
of the Board.



James S. McCandless,
Past Imp. Potentate.



Kirk B. Porter
Vice-President.



Guy H. Buttolph
Trustee.



Chas. G. Heiser
Trustee.



Harry S. Hayward
Trustee.



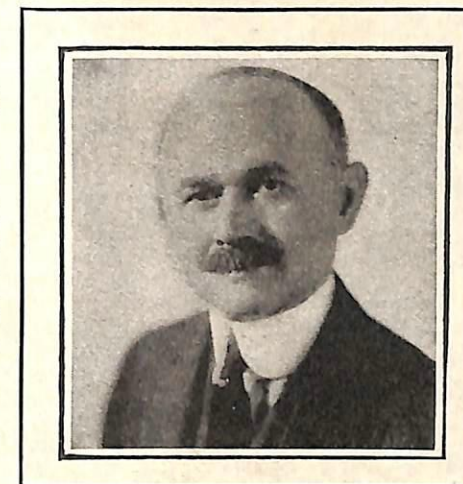
John A. Young
Trustee.

MARCH, 1927

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WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM

by Judge Ben B. Lindsey



Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. Years ago his vision and courage lifted children out of the cruelities and stupidities of the criminal law, and forced society to recognize its duties and responsibilities in connection with the "citizens of tomorrow."

Other comments by

T. P. O'Connor

Father of the House of Commons

Jerome K. Jerome

Distinguished Author

H. R. H. Prince Charles
of Sweden

life's work. He carries it in his brain. It contains Concentration, Observation, Imagination, Organization and, above all, Memory. Properly employed, they will enable him to accomplish any task to which Fate may call him. But nobody shows him how to use them.

"As it is, he has to trust to hearing about PELMANISM. I am more than willing to help in making it known to him. He ought to have been taught it when he was young. The sooner he takes it up the better for him and for the country.

"PELMANISM should be included in the education of every boy and girl."

By H. R. H. Prince Charles

"Everyone should know his weak as well as his strong side. Without honest self-examination there is no sure foundation for the full development of character and for the control of one's destiny. PELMANISM shows us the way to the improvement of character and an active

life. The power of expression is increased and will power developed.

"I hope that PELMANISM will gain adherents in increasing numbers and show an uncertain and hesitating wanderer the way to a happy life."

These are but a few of the thousands of expressions from famous people about PELMANISM. PELMANISM has increased thousands of salaries, rekindled thousands of ambitions. It has found peace and purpose for thousands who were dissatisfied, drifting. It has pointed the way to right thinking, right living. It has torn away the blindfold that has hampered thousands.

PELMANISM is the science of applied psychology, made simple enough for the plain man to understand. It is a mental exerciser, training and developing the faculties as physical exercise trains and develops the muscles.

It banishes forgetfulness, brain fog, worry, weak will, mind wandering, shyness, indecision, fears, depression. It develops concentration, observation, perception, judgment, initiative, will power, memory, resourcefulness, directive ability, self-control, originality, reliability, correct habits, self-confidence.

It is impossible, in this space, to convey a true picture of all PELMANISM is, all it has done and all it can do for you. If you are interested, by all means send for a copy of "Scientific Mind Training," which describes PELMANISM completely. A copy will be mailed to you free upon request. When it arrives, read it carefully. Then judge for yourself whether or not you need the help of PELMANISM.

Do not say, "What's the use?" or "It's all tommyrot." When 600,000 others say PELMANISM helped them—when men of the highest standing recommend it in words of unstinted praise, surely you cannot justify yourself if you do not at least investigate by reading "Scientific Mind Training." Isn't it worth the effort to mail the coupon? Do it now, for procrastination is a sign of weakness.

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I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 600,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name

Address

City.....State.....



WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 48])

Let there be knights to carry on.
Their wage shall be the smiles of happy ones.
Whatever be the affairs of state,
That men may know our hearts entwine,
I do ordain, I do create,
The order of the Mystic Shrine.

Agog gave his blessing, upon his breast
appearing the emblem of the Mystic Shrine.

Abba, Mobile, gave the Shrine world a shock at its recent Ceremonial when the entire Divan was filled with men in public office. Whether they were trying to introduce a new game, called "find the Republicans," or just showing to the world what they could do, was not announced, but here is the Divan that served: Potentate, Governor-elect Bibb Graves; Chief Rabban, City Commissioner Leon Schwartz; Assistant Rabban, City Commissioner Cecil F. Bates; High Priest and Prophet, County Solicitor B. B. Chamberlain; Oriental Guide, Chairman County School Board H. H. Wefel; Marshal, Sheriff Pat Byrne; Orator, Circuit Court Judge Claude A. Grayson; First Ceremonial Master, Tax Assessor G. T. King; Second Ceremonial Master, Chairman Road Commissioners A. D. Davis; Captain of the Guard, Federal Judge R. T. Ervin; Outer Guard, Chief Engineer J. L. Cummings. Potentate Shelton H. Hendrix is to be congratulated on discovering something new under the sun.

E. A. Ungren of Putnam, Tex., who won the Shrine ring at Moslah Temple's contest for that honor, at Fort Worth, made a striking plea why an oil man, as he is, should get it. "I was raised on a derrick floor," said he. "I chew standard bits for breakfast. I pick my teeth with headache posts. One puff of my breath will make a derrick wobble." He deserved it.

All North Carolina west of Charlotte contributed to the class of 60 that was shown the bright lights when Oasis Temple migrated to Asheville recently. A demonstration parade attracted all the unenlightened for miles in every direction and ended in Pack Square, which at the time was a good name for it.

Al Sihah, Macon, Ga., traveled over to Columbus, Ga., and put on a Ceremonial which attracted Nobles from all around that section, Alabamians across the river turning out in force. Al Oula Shrine club was in charge and acquitted itself most creditably. The committee on arrangements was Nobles E. H. Johnson, T. G. Reeves and C. J. Tune.

One hundred and twenty-five neophytes, chilled by the glacial winds of Alaska and burned by the blasts of Sahara, ate barbecued beef, Indian pemmican and other delicacies provided by Zuhrah, Minneapolis, recently. William S. McCartney, Illustrious Potentate, presided. Dr. F. Denton White was director. Governor Christianson and other state officials were guests.

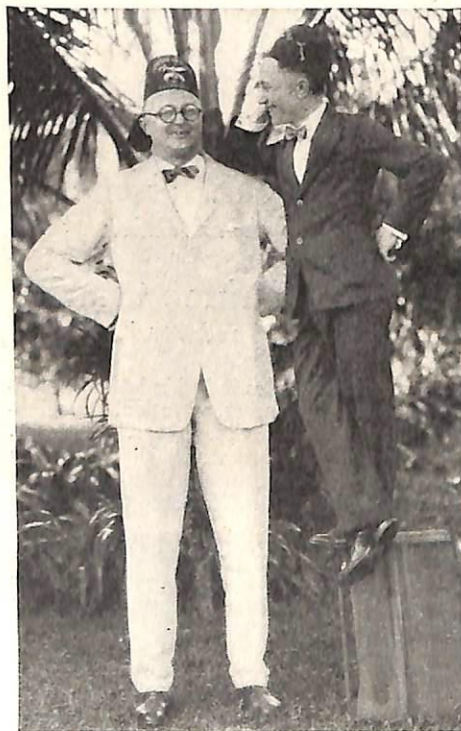
Moolah, St. Louis, at the suggestion of Potentate Schake, divided its Christmas fund between the children at the Hospital and the Masonic fund, giving \$851 to each.

Boumi, Baltimore, had a busy and creditable year, just closed, the outstanding feature being the presentation of \$10,000 to the Philadelphia hospital. It attended divine service at the church of the Temple Chaplain—Rev. Dr. James T. Wallace; it had an annual party for the poor kiddies, toward which the ladies of the Temple contributed \$2,600, and it also made a visit to Frederick, Md., by auto caravan, the Divan, Directors, Chairmen, and Uniformed Units making the trip and staging parades, drills and concerts in four towns on the way. The Chanters and Patrol are baby units, having been organized in February, 1926. Potentate George M. Armor headed visitations to Acca, Almas, Khedive and LuLu during the year.

Egypt, Tampa, took Sparks' circus and made it all their own for two days in that city. The profits were distributed between the Mosque building fund, the crippled children's hospital and welfare work. Egypt's uniformed bodies led the circus parade and the Nobles acted as managers, ticket sellers, ticket takers and did everything except carry water to the elephants. The Temple also bought out a special matinee performance at the Rialto theater, devoting the surplus to the relief of hurricane sufferers.

An Atlantic City Chest is being filled by members of Cyprus, Albany, who are going to the next Imperial Council Session. Each one who enrolls for that festive hegira will pay an assessment of \$64 in small instalments and will find every expense paid when the time arrives.

Elf Khurafeh, Saginaw, is engaged in the construction of a Mosque and theater which will cost \$1,000,000. Its site is one block from the center of the down town district. The theater will be leased to a show circuit.



MUTT AND JEFF IN PANAMA

Noble Joseph W. Coffin, who controlled the destinies of Abou Saad, Canal Zone, during 1926, being the Potentate, had as a bodyguard Noble E. M. Reinhold, of the same Temple. Noble Coffin is built on generous lines, while Noble Reinhold believes that good things come in small packages.

Almas, Washington, conducted religious services on Temple Heights recently with Rev. John C. Palmer, orator of the Temple, in charge. Rev. J. J. Diamond delivered the sermon. The Band furnished the sacred music and all the uniformed units were present. Nobles wore their fezzes, as requested by the Potentate.

Zamora, Birmingham, is making lavish preparations for the entertainment of the Imperial Divan, uniformed bodies and Nobles at the next Imperial Council session at Atlantic City, in compliment to Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland of Alcazar, Montgomery, Alabama's favorite son.

Sesostris, Lincoln, Neb., is prepared to live outdoors whenever the weather permits. It has bought 320 acres of land five miles from the center of the city for a playground and has taken an option of one year on 120 acres more. Golf courses, picnic grounds, tennis courts and other means of diversion are planned.

More than 1,000 couples enjoyed the leading social event of the season among fraternal organizations at Portland, Ore., the annual Shrine ball of Al Kader Temple. Visitors were present from all over the state. The ballroom was decorated with hundreds of fir trees, strung with soft colored lights.

Kosair, Louisville, directed its Executive Committee to give a Christmas entertainment to the kiddies of the Shriners, at their own expense. The vote was unanimous and enthusiastic and the committee accepted, with the result that a real entertainment was put on for all children between the ages of one and sixteen years.

A note burning event signalized Murat Temple's latest Ceremonial, celebrating the paying off ahead of time of \$50,000 of preferred stock indebtedness. More than \$2,000,000 has been invested in Murat's mosque. Four thousand Nobles witnessed the taming of the unregenerates.

A pageant of progress, an electric street parade and the crowning of the pageant queen, all conducted by Ainad, E. St. Louis, made things hum in that city. A play, pertinent to the occasion and especially written for it, was produced. Noble Louis Traband had charge of an extensive line of exhibits.

Past Potentates were assigned important work at a special Ceremonial of Pyramid, Bridgeport. It has 22 living past riders of the royal camel. Hugh Stirling heads the list, having served in 1895-96.

Ballut Abyad, Albuquerque, traveled 225 miles by auto recently to Roswell and led 38 Novices over a rough and thorny road. Potentate Russell F. Mead, the Divan and the wrecking crew, led the parade given on this occasion.

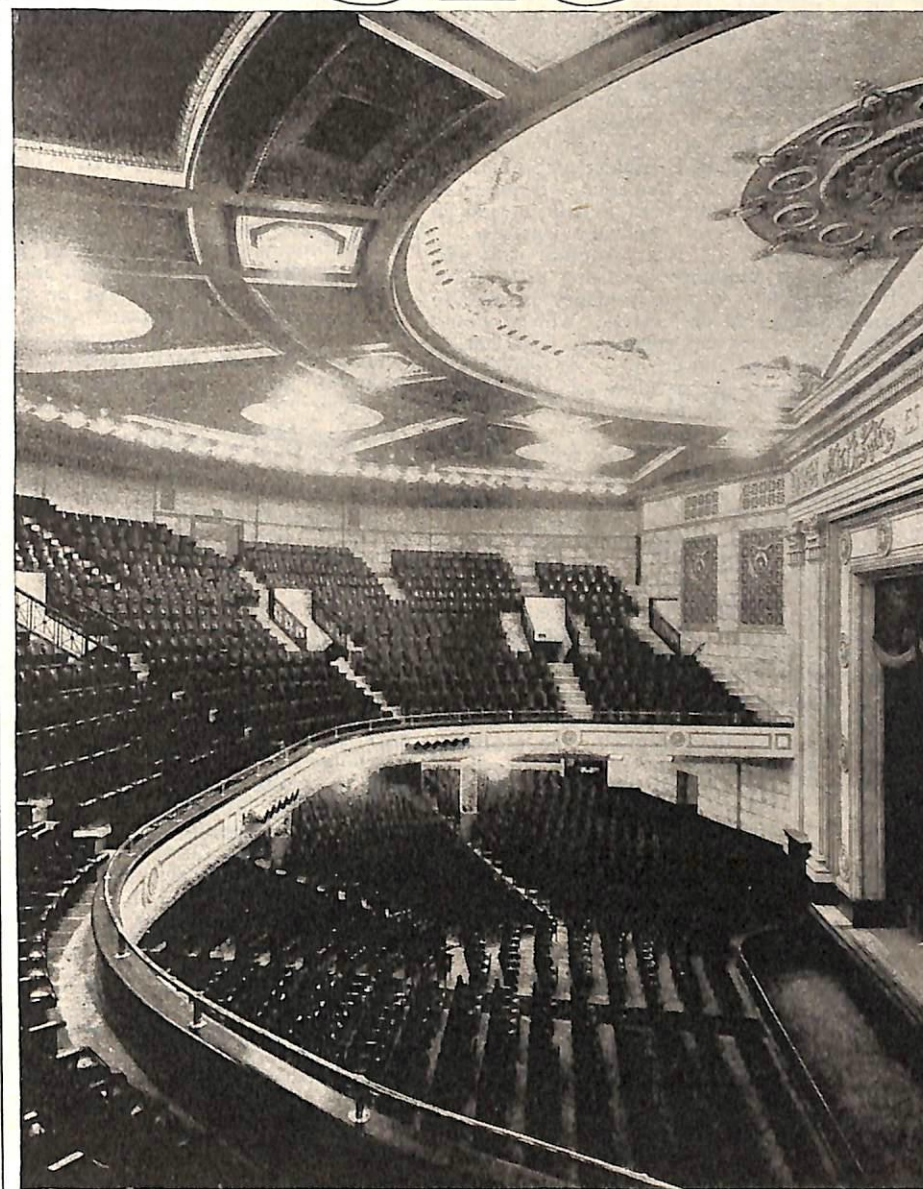
Kismet Temple, Brooklyn, initiated its 10,000th candidate at the Winter Ceremonial. The Temple was instituted 39 years ago.

Through the Commissioner of Automobiles, members of Boumi, Baltimore, will have consecutive license numbers for their cars.

Zembo, Harrisburg, has set aside the sum of \$15,000 for plans and other preliminary work incident to erection of a Mosque.

[Shrine News Continued on page 56]

Equipped by
American Seating Company



Auditorium of Ararat Temple, Kansas City, Missouri
Owen, Saylor and Payson
Architects

AUDITORIUM SEATING SERVICE NATION WIDE

The American Seating Company offers a nation wide service in the luxurious and comfortable seating of large auditoriums and lodge-rooms.



Fifty years of highest grade product and service to thousands of satisfied theatre owners and managers have given this Company first call on installations of auditorium and lodge-room chairs where quality and luxurious comfort count first and foremost.

The installation of seating in the magnificent new Ararat Temple in Kansas City, Missouri, is a recent example. Other Shrine Temple installations by this Company are:

ABU BEKR TEMPLE . . . Sioux City
AINAD TEMPLE . . . East St. Louis
ALADDIN TEMPLE . . . Columbus
AL KORAN TEMPLE . . . Cleveland
ARABIA TEMPLE Houston
INDIA TEMPLE . . . Oklahoma City
JAFFA TEMPLE Altoona
MECCA TEMPLE . . . New York City
SYRIA TEMPLE Pittsburgh
WAHABI TEMPLE Jackson
ZA-GA-ZIG TEMPLE . . . Des Moines
ZORAH TEMPLE . . . Terre Haute



THE HOSPITAL BOARD MEETS

THE session of the Board of Trustees, Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, convened in Montgomery, Alabama, on Thursday, January 20th, the entire membership being present; Chairman Sam P. Cochran presiding.

A thorough discussion of the subject of braces was entered into and it was the consensus of opinion of the Board that the advantages presented by the brace shop at Atlanta should be availed of by the brace-makers at the various units; assignments to be made by Dr. Michael Hoke as to time for visiting and inspecting the brace shop.

The appointment of Dr. E. C. Bull as Chief Surgeon of San Francisco Unit in place of Dr. Baldwin, deceased, was approved.

Chairman J. M. Holmes of the Greenville Unit presented to Forrest Adair a handsome silver paper-weight of a crippled child carrying his discarded crutch under his arm. It was suitably engraved and presented as a matter of appreciation of Noble Adair's efforts in securing a unit at this point.

The By-laws were amended striking out the eligibility of two women from the auxiliaries to serve on the Board should it seem desirable. At the expiration of four years active work, this not having been availed of, was considered useless as a portion of the constituent law.

The duties of the Board of Governors were amended so that they shall in future manage the business affairs of the hospital, and the chief surgeon, if found unsatisfactory, may be removed by the Board of Trustees, on approval of local Board.

A motion was adopted calling for the cooperation of the Chief Surgeon with the local superintendent, the superintendent to confer with the surgeon in the matter of employment of graduate nurses; and in dispensing with the services of nurses it will be necessary for both to agree on desirability of such removal. In the event of inability to agree the local Board shall be the court of final resort.

A letter of appreciation was ordered sent to the family of the late Dr. Baldwin of the San Francisco Unit.

Dr. Robert B. Osgood's resignation as chairman of the National Board of Orthopedic surgeons was received, and Dr. Michael Hoke of Atlanta elected to fill the vacancy. Dr. Osgood retains his membership on the Orthopedic Board. The Board of Directors expressed their regret that the press of business compelled the resignation and voiced their appreciation of the splendid services rendered by Dr. Osgood.

A proposition from the Scottish Rite body of the Valley of Richmond regarding the building and maintenance of a convalescent home in connection with the hospital unit to be established at that point was referred to the committee of Richmond Unit.

The Board of Governors at Chicago was asked to express the thanks of the Board of Trustees to the artist who had so generously donated the paintings on the walls of the children's wards.

Dr. A. L. Craig of Los Angeles, was appointed to succeed Dr. J. Warren White, who moves to Greenville, S. C., to become chief surgeon of the unit at that point.

Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland advised the Board of his desire to accord the Board of Trustees an hour on Tuesday, June 14th, at the Imperial Council meeting to be held at Atlantic City, that a showing of photographs and cured children might be made for the benefit of the representatives and those of the Nobility as chanced to attend the clinic.

The Board of Trustees confirmed the

appointment of the following Board of Governors for the Greenville Unit: J. M. Holmes, Chairman; A. H. Mackey, Secretary; Lee C. Harris, Ben E. Geer, J. R. Johnson, M. L. Smith, J. A. Piper and Geo. T. Bryan.

The will of George M. Burns was read, showing that after probate the bequest to the hospitals would approximate \$100,000.

The will of John M. Empson showed a 30 percent of his total estate allotment to the Shriners Hospitals, the total estate being estimated at from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000.

Wm. J. Parks of Avalon, a member of Syria, left \$300 to the endowment fund.

Noble Chas. H. Butler of Springfield, Mass., bequeathed \$2,000 to the hospitals.

The Board of Trustees placed itself on record as being undesirous of participating in any funds raised by public tax or in the Community Chest of any city.

Auditor Harry L. Lunsford rendered a statement of debit accounts owed by Temples.

The will of Chas. C. Wilder of Springfield, Mass., showed an immediate bequest of \$5,000 to that unit, with a half interest in \$40,000 at death of residuary legatees.

The bequest of Rear Admiral Geo. H. Barber was announced as being \$10,000 for immediate use, with a residuary interest in the balance of his estate, which would eventually bring approximately \$100,000 to the endowment fund.

On motion, the earnings of the Empey bequest were ordered placed to the credit of the endowment fund.

Ismailia Temple of Buffalo sent a balance of \$4,558.98, making a total of \$24,558.98 contributed by this Temple to the hospital fund.

The will of Stanley Lansburgh showed \$1,000 for immediate use on probating of the estate with a one-fourth residuary interest in the balance of his estate, the total of which has not yet been arrived at.

Noble Geo. S. King of Williamsport bequeathed \$500 to the general fund.

A land legacy to the Twin Cities unit involving about a half section of arable land in North Dakota presented some problems which were referred to the local Board of Governors, Twin Cities unit for solution.

The Texas Scottish Rite Hospital and the Arabia Temple clinic at Houston, Texas, were accorded the privilege of sending their brace makers to the brace shop at Atlanta and were also given the right of purchasing on the same terms as the Shrine Units.

It was the consensus of opinion of the Board that no medical assistants were to be employed in future in hospitals not now availing of such aid.

Miss Jessie Greathouse was appointed superintendent of the unit at Lexington, Ky. Noble L. L. Roberts, one of the Board of Governors of the Lexington Unit sent a list for inventory of the bedding equipment donated by his firm to the unit at his city, the amount totaling over \$1,000.

The Greenville Unit was awarded a \$20,000 revolving fund.

It was reported that Congressman Bowles, one of the Board of Governors of the Springfield Unit, had designed and executed a button for presentation to children discharged from that hospital.

The Board of Directors authorized the chairman and secretary of the Board to attend the Shrine Directors' Association meeting at Shreveport to furnish any desired information that might be requested regarding the operation of the hospitals.

Vice-chairman Kendrick was authorized to attend the session of the committee on the revision of ritual with a view to aiding in preparing proper reference to hospital work for use by that particular committee.

Mrs. Tom Broadwater of Orlando, Fla., advised the trustees of a bequest by her

father, S. A. Johnson, of the sum of \$2,000.

The question of the settlement of the bequest of \$20,000 made by the late Past Potentate Henry Lansburgh of Washington, D. C., was referred to Trustees Watt and Kendrick for attention.

Deeds transferring the various hospital properties from the Georgia corporation to the Imperial Council were presented.

Noble Louis C. Iten of Kaaba, Davenport, Iowa, notified the Board of a donation of \$2,150 at his hands.

The matter of the bequest of Sarah T. Hammond of \$5,000 and accrued interest for the benefit of the Springfield, Mass. Unit was referred to the proper committee to secure transfer of same.

A telegram was sent to Imperial Recorder B. W. Rowell regretting his absence from the committee meeting due to illness.

The Secretary's report showed credit to the endowment fund on deposit with the Chase National Bank of New York in the amount of \$85,000.

A proposition was received from Mr. Allen Ratterree of Los Angeles looking to the defraying of the expense of a bureau or some other form by which information regarding the hospitals might be illustrated to the Nobility, the entire expense to be borne by him and the committee so appointed to discuss and prepare a tentative program, and if possible for experimental usage of the same prior to the Imperial Council Session.

Mayor Gunter of Montgomery and Noble Rev. Richard Wilkinson addressed the trustees at luncheon.

The San Francisco Unit was authorized to extend to the American Orthopedic Association, through proper channels, the use of their hospital unit for clinic purposes during the meeting of that body in San Francisco in June.

A resolution was passed instructing the Superintendents to furnish Secretary Watt with statistical information requested by the hospital and medical associations so that the Secretary's office shall be the clearing house for authentic information regarding the operation of the hospitals.

The Shrine Magazine was recognized in the following resolution:

"RESOLVED: That it be the sense of the Board of Trustees, Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, that the boards of governors of local units be advised that the interests of the hospitals and the magazine are identical and may best be advanced by giving preference in the purchase of supplies to those using the advertising columns of the Shrine Magazine."

The Winnipeg Unit was authorized to proceed with an addition to their present quarters to be used for an isolation ward, the cost of same not to exceed \$20,000; \$10,000 of which was to be raised in western Canada and \$10,000 paid by the Board.

Four additional rooms for nurses were authorized at the San Francisco Unit, total cost not to exceed \$10,000, of which \$5,000 is to be paid by the Board of Trustees and \$5,000 provided from the proceeds of the football game.

Resolutions were adopted thanking the citizens of the State of Alabama, the City of Montgomery and the Imperial Potentate, Potentate and Divan of Alcazar Temple and their ladies for the hospitable and cordial treatment extended the Board.

Special stress was laid upon the enterprise of the various newspapers of Montgomery in detailing the work and field covered by the Shriners hospitals.

Adjournment was had until June 8th (Wednesday), when the committee will convene at Atlantic City.

[See Shrine News on page 58]

SPEAKING OF RECORDS

—can you match this one?

Leading advertisers* have invested more than one quarter of a million dollars in the first ten issues of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

*INCLUDING

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The net paid circulation of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE is 607,112 copies monthly. A distribution statement, by states, will be mailed upon request. A distribution statement, by cities and towns, is now in course of preparation.

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

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BOSTON
Little Building
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WITHIN THE SHRINE



With a PERSONAL TINGE



Thomas M. Askren W. D. Askren

WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL TEAM WORK

These two Past Potentates hold the unique distinction of brothers elevated to the post of Potentate the same year—one serving Afifi, at Tacoma and the other looking after the next door neighbor, Nile at Seattle. Both are members of the legal profession, W. D. Askren occupying a post on the Supreme Bench, while Thomas M. Askren serves him knotty problems to solve. They are extremely harmonious, except in the matter of the name of that big mountain which is in the front yard of one and the back yard of the other or vice versa. Bill insists that it is Mount Tacoma, while Tom is equally positive that it is Mount Rainier. As this dispute is indulged in by most of the inhabitants of these two charming cities it is not a matter for concern. Both are talented and genial but one is alleged to be much more attractive looking than the other. This is anybody's quarrel so step right in and take sides.

Wisconsin State Medical Society is pretty well officered by Nobles, the following being members of Tripoli, Milwaukee: President, Dr. Arthur W. Rogers; vice-president, Dr. John J. McGovern; delegate to the American Medical Association, Dr. John M. Dodd; and Dr. Karl W. Doege who was elected speaker of the house of delegates, governing body of the State convention.

Albert Schurr, Past Potentate of Salaam, Newark, N. J., has planned a five month's trip abroad, in which he will visit England, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Turkey and Egypt.



(Noble Jack Spaulding of Islam was the originator of the East vs. West Football Game that has been played in San Francisco for the last two years for the benefit of the Shriners Hospitals.)

Irem Temple, Wilkes-Barre, now boasts of a Will Rogers, all its own. A member of the latest class answering to that name, his friends saw that he was attired as the original Will Rogers, but he reported with Indian clubs in place of lariat, though he was amply supplied with gum and spent quite a little time handing out the rare roast that has brought his namesake fame. It seemed to be a case of turning the tables on his tormentors.

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS 1926-27
DAVID W. CROSLAND, Alcazar Imperial Potentate
CLARENCE M. DUNBAR, Palestine Imperial Deputy Potentate
FRANK C. JONES, Arabia Imperial Chief Rabbian
LEO V. YOUNGORTH, Al Malaikah Imperial Assistant Rabbian
ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus Imperial High Priest and Prophet
BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo Imperial Recorder
WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria Imperial Treasurer
THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah Imperial Oriental Guide
EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master
CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master
JOHN N. SEBRELL, JR., Khedive Imperial Marshal
DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora Imperial Captain of Guards
LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas Imperial Outer Guard

Edward F. Dold of Ismailia, Buffalo, N. Y., who died recently at his home in Detroit, Mich., had been in the meat packing business nearly all his life. He was formerly president of the Detroit Packing Company and for 32 years was associated with his father, Jacob Dold of Buffalo, founder of the Jacob Dold Packing Company.

Dr. Curtis W. Merrill, Illustrious Potentate of Salaam, was a guest of honor at a smoker in Newark, N. J., given by the Order of Alhambra, an Auxiliary of the Knights of Columbus.

Richard Fuller James, 81, of Tangier, Omaha, who died recently at Grand Island, Neb., was one of the tallest members of the order. In his prime he was nearly seven feet in height.

Isaac LaRue, 71 years old, who had long been active in church musical circles and was a crier in the county court at Franklin, Pa., died recently. He was a member of Newcastle consistory and Zem Zem Temple, Erie.

Noble Paul E. Rudd, Tripoli, Milwaukee, was elected grand wielder of the goose quill at the annual election of the Blue Goose held in Milwaukee, recently. This is the insurance men's playground the country over.

Ex-Governor Davis, Virginia, was a member of the recent class of novices initiated by Acca, Richmond.

Tehama, Hastings, followed its latest Ceremonial with an entertainment which taxed the seating capacity of the city auditorium. Rev. George E. Newell spoke on the hospitals, and introduced an illustration of the work being done, in the person of one of Tehama's patients who had gone to the hospital on crutches and now walks without them, only an imperceptible limp remaining. An Oriental dance by six ladies from Grand Island, and a flower dance by twelve Hastings girls, were much applauded.

Recorder Albert R. Pankow, Ismailia, Buffalo, whose efficiency, courtesy and ability are acknowledged, declined re-election as Recorder, because of his recent connection with the firm of Roth, Cady & Co., Buffalo representatives of the Standard Accident Company of Detroit. Noble Pankow will have charge of the bond department.

Captain A. M. Shuey, Zuhrah, Minneapolis, was the victim of a serious accident recently and due to the condition of his health it will be impossible to operate and set the dislocated bones. It is regretted that he probably will not be able again to resume active direction of the Patrol which he has commanded for thirty years or more.

Kem Temple, Grand forks, conferred honorary memberships on Potentate Alex Bruce and Noble H. S. Davies, of El Zagal, Fargo, and Past Potentate Wm. K. Gill, Aad, Duluth, on the occasion of their recent Ceremonial at Minot.

Grand Master Harold J. Richardson was recently elected to honorary membership in Kismet Temple, being the first to have this honor conferred by that Temple. Several others of the New York Grand Lodge officers attended the session, which was a reception to the Grand Master.

Noble Harold Geiser, Ismailia, Buffalo, who is well-known to radio audiences as a popular musical director of Buffalo, was tendered a testimonial dance on the occasion of his leaving Buffalo.

Noble Milton C. Porter, El Jebel, Denver, was elected President of the National Association of Professional Men's clubs, at its recent meeting in Minneapolis. Noble Porter is superintendent of public schools at Milwaukee.

Governor Fred R. Zimmerman, Wis., was a member of the 1918 Peace Class of Tripoli Temple, and the other members of that class tendered him and Mrs. Zimmerman a dinner on the occasion of his election as Governor.

Recorder F. A. Bartlett, Pyramid, Bridgeport, is judge of probate court at that place. [Shrine News Continued on page 60]

(Noble Otis B. Landes presided over 4700 members as Potentate of Isis Temple in 1926, the largest Shrine in Kansas. During his administration he arranged the financing of the new \$600,000 Mosque at Salina.)



AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE

[Continued from page 47]

off to another group. If they had not yet put their fezzes on he would take his off, and linger around the outskirts, hoping some one would pay him a bit of attention. He looked so timid, so ready either to wag his spiritual tail or to run at a harsh word at a moment's notice that the resemblance was unmistakable.

Like Bony Canis he was not certain of himself. In his shy retiring way he seemed willing to climb up into the lap of the first man who would pat him on the head.

Watching the crowds in the lobby I saw two other men who might well have been named Bony Canis. They too wandered aimlessly, searchingly, hoping for a little notice, getting an occasional "Hello, Noble" which made them glow with pleasure. All three had the same "hope-I-do-not-offend" look on their faces. They seemed Shriners-at-large with no particular constituency and no particular way to have a good time.

I asked the chairman of the Glad Hand Committee if he could I told him in a brief way about these three Nobles. I brought them and introduced them to him one by one. The big-hearted Noble explained that he was in a jam and needed some ushers. He gave each a definite job to do. I give you my word I saw the tails of their dress coats wag with joy as they smilingly handled the crowds of Nobles coming in. Their happiness at being recognized could not have been equalled except by the original Bony Canis back in the little village from whence I came.

Then I found me one more Bony Canis, making the fourth. I cultivated him. He told me what lodge he belonged to and that he was once on the Fellowship team. He explained about the moths eating the feather out of his Knights Templar chapeau and because I took him to a seat reserved for Past Potentates, he was very much interested in my Past Potentate's jewel. I took it off and let him read the inscription on the back.

I am just an old timer. I am prolix, garrulous, gabby and perhaps the incident is not worth recording. But I tell it as a plea for the Bony Canis group in your temple. If you look around you may see one of these wistful looking chaps who have no folks.

I haven't had as much fun at a Shrine meeting in a long time as I had watching Bony Canis. Maybe I had a lump in my throat along with the laugh on my lips, but if so, after all, that, too, is fun.

SPANISH GALLONS

[Continued from page 35]

pirates were going to get the treasure after all.

The little boy stood up, it was time to go home. The King of Spain was still lying there on the sand.

"Come up to camp with me, King," said the little boy. "The pirates got your ship. I'm sorry, but they did."

The King of Spain turned his head. "Run along home, little fellow," he said in a funny, faint voice. "If they got the darned old ship we'll just let it go. I—I guess I'll take a little nap here on the sand."

"Good night, King," said the little boy politely. Then he started up the path, holding the cigarette case in his hand. He looked back for a minute.

The King of Spain had a funny way of going to sleep. He had turned a little on his back and his mouth was open. His eyes were open, too. He was staring right up into the sky and he never blinked at all.

Another Appointment Broken

A broken dental appointment may cost you more than it does your dentist. For in this crowded world you must have good health. And this priceless asset is jeopardized when you neglect teeth and gums. See your dentist twice a year.



4 out of 5 are Pyorrhea's victims

Pyorrhea wins because neglect triumphs over science every time. This enemy of good health strikes 4 out of 5 after 40 and many younger.

It is insidious. Its poison forms at the base of neglected teeth and if allowed to pursue its grim course, it may sweep through the body ravaging health and energy, often causing such serious troubles as neuritis, rheumatism, stomach disorders, and even loss of teeth.

An Easy Way To Protect Yourself

There is a simple way to place yourself among the favored few. Don't wait for your gums to bleed and to shrink from the teeth. Go to your dentist for a thorough examination of teeth and gums. Do this at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums regularly.

This scientific dentifrice contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. It thwarts dread Pyorrhea or checks its progress, if used in time, and, too, it prevents trench mouth and gingivitis.

It keeps the gums firm and healthy. It keeps teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Children like the taste of Forhan's. It is the ideal dentifrice for the whole family.

Take no chances with your health. Start using Forhan's for the Gums today. It costs a few cents more than the ordinary tooth paste—a few cents that will declare rich dividends. It is insurance that protects your health against the attack of dread Pyorrhea. At druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

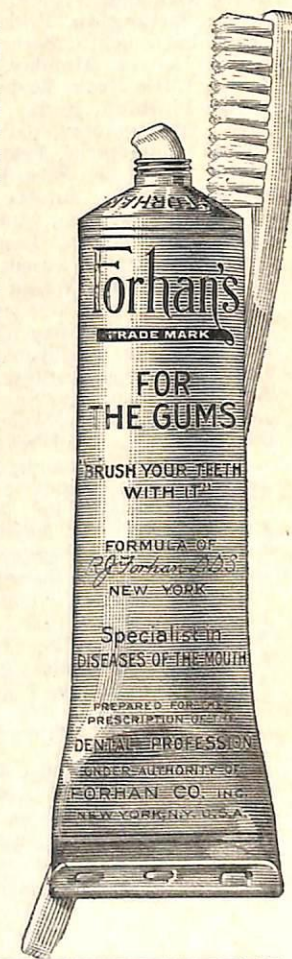
Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

We make
this promise



Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it.





WITHIN THE SHRINE



(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 58])

TENTATIVE ITINERARY OF THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

Leave Montgomery, Friday, Feb. 4.
Arrive Jacksonville, Saturday, Feb. 5.
Leave Jacksonville, Monday, Feb. 7.
Arrive Miami, Monday, Feb. 7.
Leave Miami, Wednesday, Feb. 9.
Arrive Tampa, Friday, Feb. 11.
Leave Tampa, Friday, Feb. 11.
Arrive Montgomery, Saturday, Feb. 12.
Leave Montgomery, Wednesday, Feb. 16.
Arrive Shreveport, Thursday, Feb. 17.
Leave Shreveport, Friday, Feb. 18.
Arrive Houston, Monday, Feb. 21.
Leave Houston, Tuesday, Feb. 22.
Arrive Fort Worth, Wednesday, Feb. 23.
Leave Fort Worth, Thursday, Feb. 24.
Arrive Dallas, Thursday, Feb. 24.
Leave Dallas, Friday, Feb. 25.
Arrive San Antonio, Saturday, Feb. 26.
Leave San Antonio, Sunday, Feb. 27.
Arrive El Paso, Monday, Feb. 28.
Leave El Paso, Tuesday, March 1.
Arrive Phoenix, Tuesday, March 1.
Leave Phoenix, Wednesday, March 2.
Arrive San Diego, Thursday, March 3.
Leave San Diego, Sunday, March 6.
Arrive Los Angeles, Sunday, March 6.
Leave Los Angeles, Tuesday, March 8.
Arrive San Francisco, Wednesday, March 9.
Leave San Francisco, Thursday, March 10.
Arrive Oakland, Friday, March 11.
Leave Oakland, Friday, March 11.
Arrive Sacramento, Friday, March 11.
Leave Sacramento, Saturday, March 12.
Arrive Denver, Monday, March 14.
Leave Little Rock, Wednesday, March 16.
Arrive Pinebluff, Friday, March 18.
Arrive Montgomery, Saturday, March 19.
Leave Montgomery, Friday, April 1.
Arrive Nashville, Saturday, April 2.
Leave Nashville, Sunday, April 3.
Arrive Chattanooga, Sunday, April 3.
Leave Chattanooga, Tuesday, April 5.
Arrive Knoxville, Tuesday, April 5.
Leave Knoxville, Wednesday, April 6.
Arrive Atlanta, Thursday, April 7.
Leave Atlanta, Friday, April 8.
Arrive Macon, Friday, April 8.
Leave Macon, Saturday, April 9.
Arrive Montgomery, Sunday, April 10.
Leave Montgomery, Tuesday, April 19.
Arrive Albany, Ala., Wednesday, April 20
(Grand Commandry).
Leave Albany, Friday, April 22.
Arrive Harrisburg, Pa., Monday, April 25.
Leave Harrisburg, Tuesday, April 26.
Arrive Newark, Tuesday, April 26.
Leave Newark, Wednesday, April 27.
Arrive Brooklyn, Wednesday, April 27.
Leave Brooklyn, Friday, April 29.
Arrive Albany, N. Y., Friday, April 29.
Leave Albany, Sunday, May 1.
Arrive Montgomery, Tuesday, May 3.

Yaarab Temple Band entertained the children of the Georgia Baptist Orphans' Home at Atlanta recently with an afternoon concert. A varied program was given, with many special features, including soprano solos by Miss Evelyn Black.

The El Katif Band, Spokane, made a trip to Medical Lake and put on concerts at the State Custodial School and the Eastern State hospital.

All the units of Crescent Temple, Trenton, participated in the laying of the cornerstone for the Masonic Temple at that city, recently.

SHRINE CLUBS

Places and Dates of Meetings

Akron—Tadmor, Fridays, Masonic Temple.
Baltimore—Scimitar Club, Mondays, Hotel Emerson.
Buffalo—Ismailia, Fridays, Hotel Statler.
Boise—El Korah, daily, Kelley's Round Table.
Cleveland—Al Koran, Mondays, Hotel Statler.
Columbus—Aladdin, Thursdays, Masonic Temple.
Charleston, W. Va.—Beni Kedem, Thursdays, Scottish Rite Cathedral.
Duluth—Aad, Mondays, 105 W. Superior Street.
Des Moines—Za-Ga-Zig, Saturdays, Ft. Des Moines Hotel.
Evansville—Hadi, Thursdays, Shrine Club House.
Flint—Shrine Club, Masonic Temple, Wednesday.
Hastings—Tehama, Fridays, Hotel Clarke.
Honolulu—Aloha, Thursdays, Young Hotel.
Los Angeles—Al Malaikah, Thursdays.
Lexington, Ky.—Oleika, First Friday, monthly, Phoenix Hotel.
Minneapolis—Zuhrah, every other Monday, West Hotel.
Memphis—Al Chymia, Fridays, Shrine Building.
Nashville—Al Menah, Wednesdays, McFadden's Grotto.
Pittsburgh—Syria, Fridays, William Penn Hotel.
Philadelphia—LuLu, Wednesdays, Adelphia Hotel.
Pasadena—Shrine Club, Mondays, Hotel Maryland.
Portland, Ore.—Al Kader, Mondays, changing each week to a different hotel.
Rochester—Damascus, Fridays, Powers Hotel.
Rockford—Tebala, Fridays, Tebala Mosque.
St. Paul—Osman, every other Friday, St. Paul Hotel.
San Francisco—Islam, Thursdays, Palace Hotel.
Saginaw—Elf Khurafah, Caravan Club, Fridays, Hotel Bancroft.
Seattle—Nile, Thursdays, Chamber of Commerce.
Spokane—El Katif, Mondays.
Terre Haute—Zorah, Fridays, Elks Club.
Washington, D. C.—Almas, Fridays, New Ebbitt Hotel.
Youngstown—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.

Outdoor life in winter was highly recommended by speakers at a noon luncheon of the Duluth Shrine Club, in connection with the winter frolic in that city.

Frank Knepper, Mecca Temple, is the newly and unanimously elected president of Yonkers Shrine Association.

An electrical ball furnished many novelties for members of the Batavia, N. Y., Shrine Lunch Club and their wives.

Fred B. Appleton is the new president of the Batavia, N. Y., Shrine Club.

The Valley Shrine Association elected Charles C. West of Sayre, president, at a meeting at Waverly, N. Y.

Noble Melvin H. Jones was reelected for 1927 as president of the Shrine Club of Philadelphia. Although this is the oldest Shrine Luncheon Club, he is convinced he can keep it "young" in its play.

He extends an invitation to any visiting Noble to visit the Shrine Club Luncheon any Wednesday at 12 o'clock at the Hotel Adelphia, Philadelphia.

Great times are had at the Luncheons and the entertainment is so good, you know how it is, that "Mel" has to put blinders over the Nobles' eyes and silencers over their ears. But when the Silvertown Cord Band recently entertained, he gave them a treat by leaving them off.

The Lancaster County Shrine club remembered the young folks at its best attended meeting of the year, entertaining 88 boys and girls from the Masonic home at Maple Grove park, Elizabethtown, Pa. The ladies' auxiliary of Knights Templar Commandery No. 13 prepared and served the noon and evening meals to the children. This club is composed of Nobles from fourteen temples in various parts of the United States. David B. Groff is president and Paxton W. Wolfe secretary and treasurer.

Columbus' quartet of baseball celebrities, all of whom are members of Aladdin Temple of that city in Ohio, were specially honored at a meeting of the Columbus Shrine Club. That sport was the feature of the session, Branch Rickey, business manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, being the chief speaker.

Nobles of the Cowlitz Club were treated to a surprise on a recent caravan tour to the Toutle River Auto Camp, near Longview, Wash. Following a dinner, the members' wives appeared unexpectedly en masse, having been transported in busses. The rest of the evening was given up to dancing.

Harry D. "Pop" Howell has begun another term as president of the Hollywood Shrine Club, which claims 1,000 members. The grievance committee reported that it had had nothing to do in the past year.

Lafayette, Ind., Shrine club welcomed hundreds, non-members included, with a house warming and open house to celebrate the opening of its new club rooms. Cards and dancing were the alternatives.

A musical program featured a recent luncheon of the Booster club of Hadi Temple, Evansville, Ind. Allan Mendenhall, William Wheaton and Dave Roberts were in charge.

Youngstown, Ohio, Shriners' Lunch Club entertained the Divan of Al Koran, Cleveland, recently and also discussed the milk fund. This has no relation to the camel's milk, but is a charitable enterprise.

"Kinky," a pickaninny not yet 7 years old, gave a "chocolate Charleston" so agreeably before the Pasadena Shrine Club that she was showered with coins and volunteers had to help pick them up.

"Patriotism in Fraternal Organizations" was discussed by Colonel Oliver H. Dockery, Jr., of the 391st infantry at a recent meeting of the Rochester, N. Y., Shrine Lunch Club.

Members of the Pasadena Shrine Club recently enjoyed a free theatrical performance, the only terms of admission being the donation of some toy for the poor children of that city.

MARCH, 1927

A FEW MINUTES WITH THE
FAMOUS [Continued from page 45]

One day Moore noticed that the king was driving a new French car. The next time he talked with the Spanish sovereign, Mr. Moore said:

"See here, Chief, don't you think you're kind of crazy to be driving a French automobile? I'll bet you if I were king of this country, you wouldn't see me owning a car made right over the border. I'd have a Spanish car. If there weren't any Spanish cars to suit me, then I'd get me an American car. You ought to have an American car, anyhow."

It so happened that a week or two after that, the agent for an American car called upon King Alfonso and sold him a car.

Moore, who never let ambassadorial dull his native commercial sense had gone to the agent for the American car, with whom he was also friendly, and tipped him off that he thought the Spanish King might be a good prospect.

A DOG-WHIP FOR A DOG

[Continued from page 44]

quarters and they'll put two and two together and make an even dozen of it."

It was known to me of course that the woman was concealed in the cabin of Jean Baptiste and under the care of his wife. In fact it was known to near every one in the settlement barring Becker himself. As the days went by and the constable awaited advice from his superiors, we others were concerned in restoring the woman to strength and courage again. And as the gentleness and comfort of my son's wife brought reassurance to her and the habit of fear and dread gave way, she wished to tell us of herself. But my daughter-in-law restrained her nor would she allow Jean Baptiste to question her.

"When she is stronger," she said. "It is not merely a good night's sleep needed to revive her spirit. She grows younger and happier each day. Wait till I say, for I will know the time."

I could not be sure of what the wife of Jean Baptiste had in her mind; whether she sought by delay to feed my son's anger or whether she hoped in secret the Police might discover cause to seize Becker and so remove the hazard of a conflict from her man. She declined to submit her reasons to me. And Becker himself, for all his insolent assurance, was not at all easy when the time drew near for the constable to have word from headquarters. He made no further pretense of anxiety over the woman's whereabouts and I daresay he had begun to suspect the truth of it.

Thus we all stood at check-mate for a time, the progress of events suspended till one thing or another should occur. Jean Baptiste, I realize now, was delayed for a proper excuse for taking his toll of vengeance; he must know the story from the woman herself you understand to verify what he had seen when he found her so near death. And as for myself I was fully determined, if the woman made charges of cruelty against Becker, to have his band of horses driven into the river and drowned in the lower rapids. Such villainy was not to go unpunished! I reminded the wife of Jean Baptiste at least more than once of the fitness of my being present when the woman should be ready to talk. Should the woman have any lack of courage at the moment of revealing Becker's misbehavior, I pointed out, my presence would serve to reassure her. And as was proper my son's wife came to the post one evening and called me to appear.

"I would not wish to shorten your natural life," she said, "so you may come when it is eight." And she [Continued on page 63]

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What SHRINE SERVICE

Will Do For You

Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick

BEGINNING with this issue, the Applecroft Home Experiment Station of which I am the founder and director, will regularly serve readers of the SHRINE MAGAZINE with articles, information, and tests over a wide range of home and women's interests.

The homemaker of today lives in a far more complicated world than her mother or grandmother knew. To be up-to-date and completely informed on the successful conduct of her business of homemaking she needs as never before, the aid of specialists and experts. In this she is no different from the progressive business man who must have his trade papers and who seeks special counselors.

It shall be my aim and task in the pages which I edit, to serve as "special counsel" on homemaking problems, and to provide stimulating and practical material which will reduce the cares and increase the leisure of the SHRINE'S family of readers. I bring to this work 18 years of specialized training and experience, together with the accumulated and organized facilities of the Applecroft Home Experiment Station.

This is situated on the grounds of my own home, at Greenlawn, Long Island. It is a part of all four of the types of communities common in America today. It is, first, located in the country, thus experiencing the problems of rural life; again, it is close to a village and only a few miles from a large town; last, it is within commuting distance of New York City, thus partaking of large city life. In this way I have had unusual opportunity to share and view the problems facing families in various sections. In addition, my wide experience as a Chautauqua speaker, and food expert during the war, when I was sent by the Government into ten Southern states, and my frequent traveling to address women's clubs all over the country, have given me a "background" as to family conditions and needs which is unusually varied.

The Experiment Station includes a simple home; and with four children ranging from 9 to 19 years of age, I think I have had a very personal contact with most home and family problems! Perhaps the Station's most widely known feature is its Efficiency Kitchen which has been described and written about in countless periodicals. It was here, in this small 10 x 12 space of an old remodeled farm kitchen that I first worked out the principles of scientific management which have received such wide acclaim and which are described in detail in my books "The New Housekeeping" and "Household Engineering," translated into five languages.

In this Experiment Kitchen are seen the ideas of step-saving and "routed work"; the separation of all kitchen work into two processes—(1) food preparation; and (2) food clearing away, together with the particular equipment belonging to each; the location of small tools exactly at the place where they are used; the installation of many unusual labor-savers operated by hand

or by the 32-volt lighting plant which supplies both light and power to the Station.

It is in this same Kitchen that have been tested, over this long period of years, the hundreds of devices, appliances, and food products which have been brought to my attention by manufacturers and advertisers. Fireless and steam cookers, ranges with insulated ovens, dishwashers, cabinets, electrically operated choppers and beaters and grinders, unusual canned or commercially packed products—each in turn has been inspected and investigated, that I might in turn tell about its qualities to readers and to the many guests who visit the Experiment Station each summer season.

In taking up this department for SHRINE SERVICE, all the facilities of the Experiment Kitchen will be put at the disposal of SHRINE readers. Some of this material will be in the form of articles; there will also be a generous use of Tested Recipes; there is starting this month a series on special cookery technique under the heading: "The Just-So Story." Next month it is planned to begin a SHRINE PRIZE RECIPE CONTEST, to which I hope readers will generously rally with their "best recipes."

Almost as frequently used as the Kitchen, is the Experiment Laundry, equipped with two washing machines, a modern ironer, and a kitchen cabinet for holding laundry accessories. From time to time new types of machines, irons, racks, etc., are tested, and the results of this research will be given to readers. It is here that have been conducted most extensive tests of washing powders, soaps and other cleaning aids. For a period of six weeks, I once washed 44 lbs. of soiled clothing per day on behalf of a nationally known manufacturer of a soap powder. If SHRINE readers have any washing "problems," I can help them!

Cleaning is another chief branch of housekeeping which has had its full share of interest at Applecroft. I long ago tested some



(The experiment kitchen where recipes will be tested for our readers.)

of the first vacuum cleaners, and we are constantly soliciting for test every kind of tool from a humble button-brush, to the most complicated set of cleaning attachments. Practically every floor and every wall surface serves as a testing ground; floors of composition, inlaid linoleum, hardwood, etc., and walls of plaster, paint, and new fiber materials—each responds to a different cleaning aid.

Much excellent household research of a similar nature is being done by institutions and colleges. But I want the SHRINE reader to feel with me, what I believe to be the peculiar and unique character of the work of the Applecroft Station—and that is that only here, are products *home-tested under average family conditions*. Have you not often used certain tools or devices which were excellent in themselves—quality, material and design—but which failed you because of some practical point which only a real "working housekeeper" would discover? It is not only the device as a device, but the use of it as the average family would operate it, care for it, wash it and understand it—that concerns me, and that is the basis of tests conducted at Applecroft.

Today many new housekeepers come into the difficult position of "home executive" without any previous training. Yet these new housekeepers are just the ones who are most eager to make a business of housekeeping! Running a home on a work schedule, budgeting time, handling the family finances—these topics will be treated of in the Department's pages.

During the course of this nearly 20-year period, I have been gathering household data and catalogs and countless details on all divisions of housekeeping. In my large office we have about 10,000 names of manufacturers of labor-saving devices listed. Next month I plan for a special feature under the head: "Just Ask Mrs. Frederick." I hope that readers will write me in a heart-to-heart way, as one woman to another, and that I can assist you whether you wish to know "what is the best thing to remove ants," or "give me a diet for a two-year child," or "how can I do over my old kitchen." I will try and do my best!

And I am planning for a considerable amount of supplementary service in the form of typewritten sheets which may be sent for, and which will make some of the articles more helpful and specific. And write and tell me what you are interested in, what you would like to see discussed in the pages—for only by your doing so, can I make the Department satisfy your needs!

(Manufacturers desiring to have their products or appliances tested for the benefit of SHRINE readers, can send their consignments to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Greenlawn, Long Island. Electrical appliances must be outfitted with 32-volt motors.)

[Continued from page 61]

laughed for she is always that lighthearted and gay toward me.

I was astonished when I entered my son's cabin to note the changed appearance of the girl. I say girl for any one of common sense could have seen her to be no more than that. The wife of Jean Baptiste had done more than give strengthening foods to her patient during the convalescence; something was added to her from the ready hardihood of my son's wife I felt. And despite the simple and unemotional way of telling it, or perhaps its tragic notes were heightened for that reason, it was a shocking tale the young woman had for us.

She was but a child; not yet of legal age and no wife at all to the lying brute of a Becker, as he had said, but a step-child and his ward. There was mention of the mother, a woman widowed young and of good family somewhere in the States. She had died a victim, no more or less, to the persistent bullying and meanness of the man whom she had unfortunately loved. Greed was in it too, for there was a little estate falling to the mother under some bequest, and over it he had cursed her that she cheated him in dying before he could enrich himself. He had gained guardianship of the daughter who was to succeed, on reaching her majority, to the inheritance her mother had failed to claim.

THEN he began his studied repression of the girl, behaving himself more in the manner of a jailer than a parent and carefully weaning away the interest of her mother's people till they would come to forget her. Without adornment she gave account of the isolation from her kind that he forced on her; the bullying and the barely restrained lust he carried toward her and the inheritance she would have. And always he shifted her from place to place that she might have no friends or background. He was a gambler she believed.

So he had subdued or fairly broken her will by the time she was near of age and he but waited like the furtive animal he was and bided his opportunity. On her life she would not consent to marry him despite the abuse and guile with which he constantly besought her. With the cunning of his kind he had devised the pretext of this expedition into the wilds beyond Peace River Landing, nor were his reasons hard for us to comprehend. Once alone in that hideous wilderness and her dependent on him for the very food to sustain her life, his way could be enforced nor could the help of heaven save her. Let that but be and he made sure, for he was a crafty swine, that in one of two ways he would come by her money along with the person he had defiled. Either her shame would bend her to his wishes, for she was gently bred you understand, or he would hold her in some hidden region till she had passed her birthday year. Then he could publicly declare her to be his wife by common law, claiming she had espoused him of her own consent.

Some of this she had feared and suspected but when they had passed the Landing she knew for a certainty they were making no backway journey to Fort George as he had said. He had not only become more brutal and abusive but had openly boasted his intentions and taunted her with her helplessness. And then she had taken her life in her hands and fled him, under such terror she was.

"That is all," she said, this starved slip of a girl that had but just emerged from a life-time of anxiety and fear. "I have no claims on you who have sheltered me in your pity. In another two weeks I will be of age and he will no [Continued on page 65]



Opportunity never knocks at a sickroom door

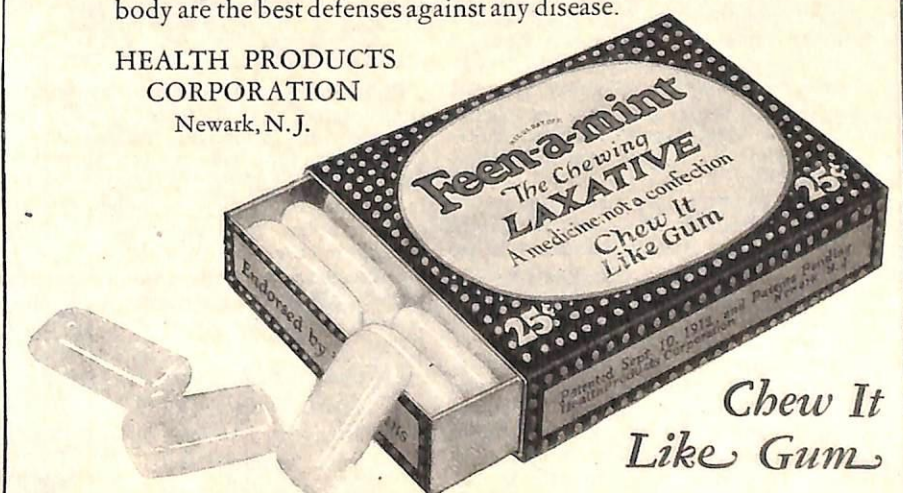
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That is why active intestinal functioning aided by Feen-a-mint is so important. Feen-a-mint is a laxative that you chew like gum. It keeps the system clean of waste and impurities and frees the blood for its important work of defending the body.

Slip a box of these inexpensive, refreshing mint-flavored, gum tablets into your pocket and chew one of them whenever you think advisable.

The best time to take Feen-a-mint is *now*, while you're well... prompt elimination and proper functioning of the body are the best defenses against any disease.

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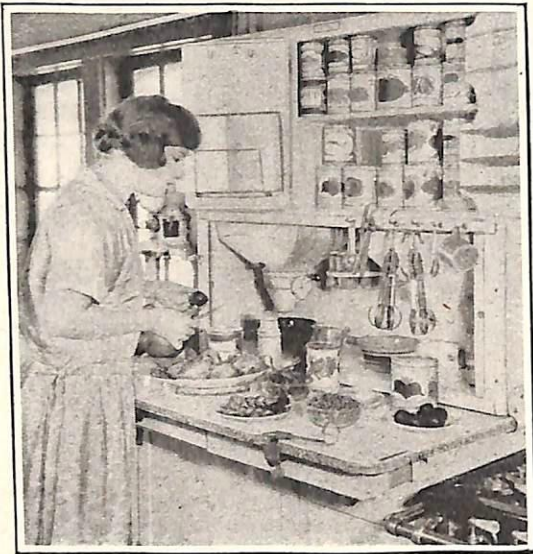


Chew It
Like Gum



SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK



The hostess who has a well-stocked canned pantry is always ready for "emergency" meals.

Uncommon ways with your Canned Pantry

THERE ARE NO "UNEXPECTED" GUESTS WHERE THE WELL-PROVISIONED PANTRY PROVIDES VARIED APPETIZING MENUS

A WELL-KNOWN speaker recently made his audience laugh with the remark: "Woman is no longer a cook—she is a can-opener!" And I am glad of it! For every homemaker will agree that the numerous advantages of the commercially packed food product have revolutionized home food preparation, and made possible menus and dishes of greater variety and wholesomeness. In midwinter when perishables are out of season both canned vegetables and fruits make their widest appeal. They come free from waste, they don't involve time-taking sorting and cleansing, and best of all, they are pre-cooked. The contents of a tin can comes to the homemaker who opens it, exactly as if she had done these many things herself—taken her time to market for the product personally, picked it free from refuse, washed it, scraped it or cleansed it, cut it in convenient pieces, and last, carefully watched its cooking so that it would not scorch! With a moment's slide of the can-opener, she can save herself about 10 tasks or an hour's time of usual food preparation.

And in doing this, the homemaker loses no food value. On the contrary, canned foods packed the same day they are picked are much more likely to retain their valuable vitamins than many so-called fresh products shipped long distances. Canned tomatoes, for example, are being advocated by baby specialists for the infant and child diet to provide the special disease resisting "salts" for which tomatoes are noted. Canned peaches, plums, or apricots packed at the moment of maturity at the place where they are grown, have more perfection of shape, color, and food value than the usual local product. No "pine" as bought in the average store will give such delicious flavor as pineapple canned on the growing fields of distant Hawaii. And seldom indeed, does a "mess" of local peas result in as many of uniform shape and tenderness as those which shake merrily out of the opened tin can.

Every homemaker loves company because it enables her to show off her home and extend a welcoming hospitality to her husband's friends and organization associates, as well as to display her own culinary skill. But frequently (and always on the busiest of housekeeping days!) some friend passing through town decides to look you up, or someone drops in just before a meal.

START WITH A CANNED SOUP

Beginning with soup, some of the best varieties to keep on hand for such first aid uses, are plain or chicken bouillon, tomato, and the delicate asparagus or pea soup. Served with toasted crackers, they give a running start to any menu. By diluting with evaporated milk, the vegetable soups become de luxe cream soups. Topping each cup with a spoon of whipped cream dusted with paprika, will give a further company touch. Or, consommé and clear tomato soup are equally delicious offered in jellied form. Use a proportion of 1 1-2 cups canned soup with 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin soaked in 1-2 cup water. Season highly, scald, then chill. Beat slightly with fork just before serving. Sprinkle lightly with minced parsley.

CANNED FISH IN LENT OR OUT OF IT

Countless delicious dishes may be evolved from staple canned seafoods like lobster, crab, shrimp, tuna, or various fish roes. Canned fish is ideal for the Lenten menu too, where fresh fish is costly or difficult to obtain. No scaling, no bones, no waste—nothing but a "solid pack" of fish ready for immediate use. Always lay cans on ice, or remove contents to a glass dish and keep in cool place some hours before using.

Countless delicious dishes a la Newburg are evolved from canned fish by adding delicate cream sauces.



THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

fore using. Any canned fish, jazzed with a sharp dressing, makes an appetizing cocktail, cold salad, or chilled sea-food platter. Or, it is equally delicious in hot dishes of the "wiggle" or Newburg types where the fish is blanketed in a delicate cream sauce. For the family meal, canned fish is most pleasing when used in scallop or au gratin dishes, satisfying and economical both.

MANY COURSES COME OUT OF THE SAME CAN

Or, take canned corn—it too is what I call a basic vegetable or one from which many courses grow. It furnishes the pulp for that most nourishing winter soup, a cream of corn puree; it easily results in toothsome fritters with which to dress up plain meats; combined with eggs and crumbs, it too is a scalloped or souffle dish, tasty, hearty and economical. Canned peas, too, are basic vegetables, though one of their chief values is to "dress the part." What dish, no matter how humble, but looks more fancy if a mound of green peas or a border of the same is added as an after garnish? Chops, croquettes, just plain leftovers are enhanced by the contrast of the green color, the pearly shape and the difference in texture which peas supply to the whole dish.

DON'T JUST HEAT AND SERVE

Many women "just open and serve." But the whole plea of this article is to get as much variety out of the tin can as out of the fresh product. If a can of vegetables is the equivalent of the same food plain boiled or steamed, does the homemaker stop right there? No. She takes this cooked product and with the aid of milk, butter, eggs, seasoning or crumbs, she "carries on" that product into countless dishes. Similarly, let us "carry on" with canned foods. By adding butter, crumbs and seasoning to canned tomatoes, they become that satisfying staple—a scalloped dish; or well-seasoned and simmered, they become a piquant, tasty sauce to tone up flat foods like rice, noodles, and other food pastes; or, again, simmered and strained, canned tomatoes stiffened with a little gelatin, create a refreshing winter jelly salad.

CANNED FRUITS BRING THE ORCHARD INTO THE PANTRY

Canned fruits bring the wealth of orchard or harvest field into the homemaker's lap without labor of paring and coring, hulling, or pitting. Have we only 10 minutes in which to make a dessert? Then decide on a fruit whip made from the mashed pulp of peaches, apricots or berries combined with 2 beaten egg whites. Toss into a fancy glass, dot with lipstick red cherries, and presto! What a delicious dessert! Or, arrange 4 Nabiscoes into the glass first and pile up this fruit souffle. Perhaps you prefer a chill fruit cocktail with which to begin the meal, or a mixed fruit compote with which to end it? The homemaker with an assortment of canned fruits always has the makings of delightful winter salads at her spoon's end. Conclude the menu with a dainty canned fruit dessert.

If the homemaker is one of that good old-fashioned kind, who can make a batch of biscuits by the time the guest has removed his overshoes, then she has a wide range of batter and biscuits with which to combine her canned fruits. [Continued on page 81]



A DOG-WHIP FOR A DOG

[Continued from page 63]

longer have authority over me. If I can send word to my people I can get money to go to them. Then I can repay you so far as money can do it. But my debt of gratitude—

"It is paid," interrupted Jean Baptiste. My son had risen from his chair and was crossing the room as he spoke. A knocking began at the door and before it had finished Jean Baptiste had opened it quickly and was confronting someone who stood before it.

"Good-evening!" We recognized the voice of the Constable Cassels. "This blighter here," he went on, "is giving me more trouble. Headquarters finds nothing against him you see and there's nothing in the manual permitting me to run him for wearing his face the way he does."

"He's produced a court order of some kind, settin' him forth as some woman's guardian instead of being her husband as we thought. Under legal age he says she is and he's claimin' abduction and several minor crimes against you for concealin' her. Of course I know she's not here and I told him so, but he's—well, you've seen his head yourself."

"What does he want?" asked Jean Baptiste as if Becker himself was not present.

"I want her out of there!" came Becker's snarl. "And don't try to bluff me; I saw her dress on the line this morning."

"There is no such person here," said Jean Baptiste. "You may come in and see for yourself." He gave us all a sharp glance as he advanced into the room ahead of the others.

"Miss Olmstead," Jean Baptiste addressed the girl, "I introduce the Constable Cassels." The gallant old soldier was more than equal to it. He swept the wide hat from his head and snapped his heels sharply together.

"It is a pleasure," he announced.

"Miss Olmstead is a cousin of my wife," explained Jean Baptiste, "paying us a visit. This is Mr. Becker, Miss Olmstead."

The frightened girl bowed slightly and avoided Becker's malignant glare.

"Drop it!" he growled at her. "You're coming with me, you—"

No doubt a vile name was on his lips for he was plainly quite furious but it was not uttered, for a curious thing intervened. Jean Baptiste was standing alongside Becker and the least bit ahead of him. Of a sudden his forearm flashed across under Becker's chin and the elbow jerked up. That was all! Becker's head snapped back as though he'd been struck with a maul, his knees bent under him and he crumpled to the floor.

The wife of Jean Baptiste seized the girl's arm and hurried her out of the room.

"Very neatly tied!" the Constable exclaimed in open admiration. "Smooth! I must learn that wrinkle." Then he straightened his tunic and resumed the dignity of the Mounted Policeman.

He pulled out his watch then and looked at it. "I must report myself to barracks; time to blow last post. Of course if this bouncer is dead," he indicated the unconscious Becker, "that will be another matter. Should be reported to me promptly in the morning. Now I must say good night."

But Becker was far from dead as Jean Baptiste must have known. He searched about the unconscious man's clothing and found a heavy pistol which he tossed on the table. Then he brought a basin of water and standing over Becker poured a trickling stream on his face. When the man stirred and opened his eyes Jean Baptiste handed the basin to me. I took it without thinking for I must confess I was the least bit bewildered over what had happened.

By the time [Continued on page 67]

Now I'm Ready for 800 Men who can Earn \$150 a Week

If you are looking for the big chance—your real opportunity to make money—this is it. If you have the ambition and the vision to go after \$500 to \$1,000 a month profit for yourself, then you will realize that this is the one opportunity you have been looking for.

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STYLISH, LONG WEARING SUIT

Now read this carefully. Get it! On the left is a picture of a suit of clothes. It's a good suit of clothes—stylish—good looking. It fits. It holds its shape. The pattern is excellent. Thousands of men in your locality need this new, modern, sensible, low priced suit.

WEARS LIKE IRON!

Listen! The treatment this suit will stand is almost unbelievable. It is made entirely of a special cloth that is amazingly strong, durable, tough and long-wearing. It is unaffected by treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit.

TREMENDOUS DEMAND

And now we're making this wonder suit in tremendous quantities—not one at a time—but by the thousands. All that modern machinery and efficient methods can do to produce big value at small cost is applied in making the new Comer suit.

And finally, we are using the same modern efficiency in selling it—direct from factory to wearer through our local representatives. The result is amazing. It brings this suit to the wearer at a price that is revolutionary—a price that everyone can afford to pay—a price that makes it the greatest clothing value in years.

An Amazing Suit \$9.95 for Only

Think, \$9.95 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money, we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere, through whom our customers can send us their orders.

C. E. COMER, President of the Comer Manufacturing Company, wearing a Comer suit. Look at the style! Notice the fit! And the amazing low price! Think how easily you can sell hundreds of these suits! Mail the coupon AT ONCE for full details. This Suit \$9.95 Only

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If you want to make \$10 to \$20 a day, if you want a chance at this big money-making opportunity, mail the coupon below. We will send you our complete selling outfit absolutely free. With it will come full instructions, samples, style book, order book and everything you need to get started.

WRITE TODAY Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they even hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete description, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't send any money. Capital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

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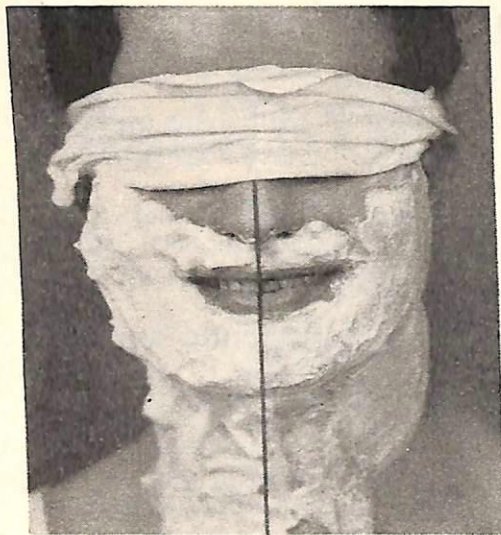
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The "Just So" of Making Meat Pies Gentlemen Prefer—Midwinter Meats Encased in Toothsome Pastry

IN a recent contest to discover men's favorite dishes, chicken pot-pie won out against "ham-and," corned beef hash, and even the succulent porterhouse with trimmings. This staple of the hotel and restaurant should appeal equally to homemakers interested in providing dishes husbands like, because it is so economical and easy to prepare. Meat-pies are good examples of what is called "an extension dish"—that is, where a little meat and gravy are made to go a long way; also, they have the advantage of being prepared some hours in advance of meal time, and last, their rich toothsome quality satisfies the hearty appetites of chill and blustery midwinter.

All meat-pies are prepared on the same general plan; they really are tasty stews of meat, fish, vegetables, or their combinations baked in a casserole and camouflaged with a crust. This crust may be (1) flaky pastry; or (2) baking powder crust. Whatever the ingredients, they should be cut into uniform convenient pieces or slices. Meat may be cut into 2-inch squares, or made into small "rolls" skewered with toothpicks or tied with string. It should preferably be browned or sautéed in fat to give color and flavor, then combined with other ingredients, and allowed to simmer very slowly until all are nearly tender. This slow cooking amounts to regular casserole cooking, and may be done on the top of the range, or in the oven. The pie is then glorified by a "lid" of pastry and returned to the oven to brown just long enough to bake the crust to a perfection of golden crispness.

Since above all, a meat-pie must be flavorful, we find that kidneys, liver, sausage, and oysters are among the best ingredients to add with the beef, mutton or chicken. An old type English "beef-and-kidney" pie is difficult to improve; and as Mr. Weller said, "A very good thing is a weal pie when you know the lady as made it." In the Lenten season the chief ingredients may be fresh or some form of salted or dried fish. A prize recipe contest judged by the writer revealed more than 40 recipes for clam pie, sent in by contestants. With the coarse meats it is better to use part vegetables, such as sliced potatoes, carrots, onions, turnips, etc.

Either of the following standard recipes may be used as crust for any pie:

Baking Powder Crusts—1-2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3-4 cup milk, 2 tablespoons shortening. Mix like baking powder biscuit, roll 1-2 inch thick, extend over pie, prick holes to allow steam to escape, bake 30 minutes in hot oven.

Flaky Pastry Crusts—2 cups flour, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-3 cup ice water, 1-2 cup shortening. Mix and sift flour and salt. Cut in shortening and moisten to stiff dough with water. Toss on floured board

and roll out. Fold to make 3 layers, fold in half again, roll out, and repeat. Extend over pie, prick, and bake quickly in hot oven.

A trick to remember in making a large pie is to place an inverted large cup or bowl in the center of the baking dish to keep the crust from sagging in the center. A kind of vacuum results also, whereby the cup sucks up the gravy and holds it during baking, to release it when overturned by the one carving. Be sure that the crust extends sufficiently over the edges as it shrinks during baking. If the dish is to be lined with an under crust, roll pastry larger than the dish; wet edges and place narrow band of paste around; line dish and pinch edges of paste together; fill with mixture, lay on top crust, and pinch all the edge together to make a firm support and trimming. Brush top crust with beaten egg white to make it "glazed." A narrow strip of pastry may be rolled into a "rose" and placed on the top as garnish.

Fire-proof glass casseroles and baking dishes are excellent for cooking the meat-pie. The large sizes are suited for a general family dish, while the individual ramekins are attractive for luncheon or the more company meal. Here are recipes:

All measurements are level. Recipes designed to serve 6 persons.

Veal and Ham Pie—1-2 pounds sliced veal, 1-2 pound sliced ham, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning, salt, pepper, stock, 2 hard-cooked eggs, 1 tablespoon minced parsley; flaky pastry. Cut meats into uniform small sections; blend flour, rind, and spices and roll meat in it. Fill into greased casserole, cover with stock and arrange top layer of eggs cut in cross slices; sprinkle with parsley and simmer until tender; cover with pastry crust, bake hot oven until browned.

Utility Meat-Pie—2 pounds beef, veal or chicken; 2 large potatoes, 1 large onion, 1 cup diced celery, 3-4 cup diced carrot, 2 tablespoons minced parsley; baking powder crust. Cut meats into uniform sections, add water or stock to cover and simmer until tender. Place in greased casserole, thickening the gravy with flour. Add vegetables cooked and seasoned separately. Cover with crust, bake hot oven about 20 minutes until browned.

Fish Pie—Boned fish cut in pieces about 4 inches square, seasoned fish stock, salt, pepper, minced parsley, evaporated milk; flaky pastry. Boil fish bones for stock, seasoning highly, and strain; lay fish in greased casserole, cover with stock, sprinkle with parsley; cover with crust, and bake until nearly cooked; make small hole in crust, pour in about 1-2 cup evaporated milk and finish baking.

A DOG-WHIP FOR A DOG

[Continued from page 65]

Becker had regained his feet, Jean Baptiste had pushed the furniture of the room aside, even kicking the rugs under the table as though to clear a space for some purpose. Then he stood before Becker and waiting while the other fully recovered himself. Becker's beady little eyes were fairly gleaming with rage but he was at a loss how to express it for not a word had been spoken. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"Fight!" said Jean Baptiste and struck him fair in the mouth with his fist.

And they fell to it. Jean Baptiste stepped wide of Becker's first rush but leaving one foot in place so that Becker stumbled and was near to falling headlong. That made him wary. He was a crafty one I will say for him and not afraid of taking damage to the mean face he had. Jean Baptiste smashed him more times than I could reckon as they swept about the room but Becker he kept crouched with his chin down so he could not be upset. I think he knew his strength lay in his powerful arms for he kept trying to lay hold of Jean Baptiste meaning to corner him and break him some way.

It was a distressing sight I can tell you; Becker's face was dripping blood and he kept a stream of filthy language coming from his crushed lips till one could know the murder that was in the beast as he came on. I was disturbed that the brute did not stand and fight like a man; the crowding in as he did had but one meaning. I had heard of such fiends as would suffer their faces to be beaten off in order to lock with a man and bite maybe an ear or his nose in half or otherwise maim him. I kept my eyes on the two fighting there but I put out my free hand and took up the pistol from the table and cocked it. No man was going to ruin my son before my eyes; not if I could manage to discharge the thing into him!

But Jean Baptiste he had grown dissatisfied with Becker's methods by that time. He let the other get close to him and as they struggled my son doubled himself cleverly and crashed his head up under Becker's chin. I tell you it straightened the fellow at once so Jean Baptiste was able to bend him forward again with two fine blows in the stomach. They brought a surprised grunt of pain from him and I think he feared he was being out-generated. He stepped back and delivered a vicious kick at Jean Baptiste's groin but my son whirled in time to fend it and by catching the foot of the treacherous whelp was able to upset him. He could not stamp the life out of him as he deserved since Jean Baptiste was shod in mocassins, so he allowed him to regain his feet.

If Becker had been bestially angry before, he was a madman now as he stood panting for a moment with the weasel eyes of him rolling about for sight of a weapon. Then suddenly he snatched a vase from the mantel of the fireplace and was coming for Jean Baptiste with the thing in his hand. 'Twould break into jagged ugly edges I knew at the first blow and before I could remember I had a pistol in my hand, he was smashing at Jean Baptiste with it, meaning to cut his face or hands as he raised them in defense. But my son was no infant! He dropped to one knee as Becker struck down at him with the vase and in a flash he had caught Becker's wrist from underneath with both hands. Then he rose suddenly and there was Becker's arm turned into a twist and bent, with his wrist locked in my son's grip. He was helpless.

"Drop it," commanded Jean Baptiste, and gave a tug to the arm. Becker winced at the pain and called my son the most unmentionable [Continued on page 69]

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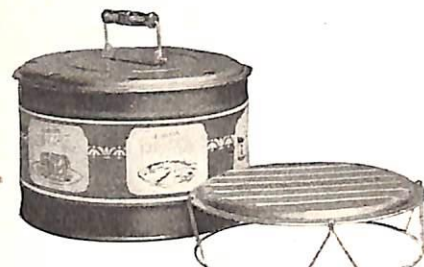
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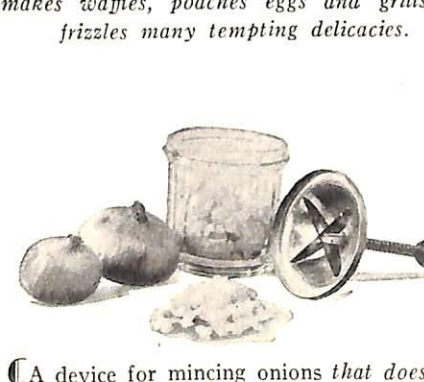
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A DOG-WHIP FOR A DOG

[Continued from page 67]

names. I think that angered Jean Baptiste and offended him thoroughly, for his lip curled in a kind of savagery as if he did not care then what happened to Becker.

"Tis this hand," he said, "that brings trouble upon you. I will fix it." And very deliberately he planted one foot against Becker's ribs and pulled on the twisted arm. The man's mouth opened in a gasp of pain and he sought to struggle but what could he do to release himself? He could not fall and turn himself over since he was then on tip-toe. And he could not kick or use his other arm, turned half away as he was. No! He could only do as he did; begin a scream of pain that ended abruptly as the shoulder joint snapped out and he 'dropped limp and unconscious to the floor! Some one advanced into the room.

"What is this now?" asked the Constable Cassels; "Not fighting?"

He looked at Jean Baptiste, somewhat disheveled but under no distress at all, then he bent over Becker, sprawled face down on the floor with his useless arm turned wrong-side out. He raised up and turned to Jean Baptiste:

"I presume your wife's cousin will be leaving for the outside tonight? I could loan you the relief Police horse as far as Grouard." He indicated Becker lying still unconscious on the floor. "He seemed to doubt your story about her, you know."

"She will stop here and be my wife's cousin for two weeks more," said Jean Baptiste, "if I have to keep him knocked out the whole time."

"Mm—it ud be bound to come to a disturbance of some kind sooner or later," objected the constable, "and I couldn't permit or encourage that, you know. Why the two weeks?"

"She is having a birthday in two weeks," my son explained. "She comes of age then."

"No!" exclaimed the Constable Cassels in relief. "A birthday! You'll be giving a party, I daresay?"

"Certainly we're giving a party," said Jean Baptiste, "and you are expected to come. But you must take care of him, or there can be no party. Find a way of your own."

The Constable Cassels drew himself very erect and lifted his heavy brows at us. "I'll support the flanks, m'lud; trust me! We'll carry him to the post now and pull his wing in shape again. Tomorrow do you come and complain against him for disturbin' the peace. Make it strong with the factor, here, for witness. I'll give him two weeks 'confined to barracks' and that'll see him through. Means another report for this quarter of course but if there's to be a party—"

Now I had been concentrating a bit on a proper disposition of Becker and I did not feel at all satisfied that he had been punished nearly enough. Indeed I was not certain, had I been in my son's place, if I would have spared the man's cowardly life or not. I have always been given to dangerous bursts of passion you understand. Suddenly, a plan occurred to me.

"Wait!" I cried to them. "I have a perfect scheme. Let us take him to the post and revive him and tomorrow we can send him to Grouard where a doctor can set the arm in place. With it hanging so for a couple of days 'twill be that painful he'll be abed for a fortnight at least."

"I will not countenance brutality," Jean Baptiste told me sternly. "And the suggestion does you no credit at all."

The wife of Jean Baptiste coming into the room interrupted our council then.

"Hah! Is there no wit in the lot of you?" she cried. "Talking the night away with your stupid [Continued on page 71]



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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

WHAT we all need is a plan and a policy.

No level-headed American would think of engaging in a business which had neither plan nor policy. Nor would he even consider working for any length of time as an employee in such a concern. Yet many Americans have neither plan nor policy when it comes to investments. Even a Boy Scout does not start to build a brush shelter in the woods without some definite plan of construction in his mind. Construction of a dwelling for most people involves the services of an architect and the drafting of plans which include the most minute details. Yet thousands of investors attempt to build up a financial edifice which will provide them with shelter, comfort and protection for the present and future without the semblance of a plan or blue print on which to proceed.

The results in many unfortunate instances are exactly the same as those attending the construction of the Tower of Babel which also was left without plan or policy. There are thousands of men who earn constructively, who spend carefully and after due thought, but who invest with the abandon of the sheep herder who spent six months' earnings in two nights with the remark, "Easy come, easy go."

Such an attitude is a plain invitation to the crooks, the sharks, the "wise guys" who live on the frailties and mistakes of others. The so-called "sucker" is always wiser than the "wise guy." The proof of this is that the sucker has money and the ability to make it while the "wise guy" must depend for his cakes on what he can trick others out of. The normal, up and coming American, whether worker or capitalist, ought to be ashamed to be "trimmed" by men of lesser ability, and they seldom would be if they had a proper policy in investment.

Fitting Financial Coats

Each investor has to be fitted to his own plan just as he has to be fitted with a suit of clothes. Suits of one style, one size and one material, would never be useful to every man. There are some plans which, like the standard sizes and styles in ready-made clothing, can be made to fit the great majority. But some have to be fitted to a plan just as some are so constituted that they have to have their clothes made to order.

Your banker can fit you with a plan and a policy. He will be glad to do so and will charge nothing. It is both safe and satisfactory, therefore, to let your banker take your financial measure. He can show you how your investment coat can be cut according to your financial cloth and still give room for normal freedom of movement.

The majority of the safest and simplest plans for investment start with a savings bank account as a basis. But the savings

banks themselves do not wish their customers to rest content with that form of investment. That is just the first foundation of the sound financial structure.

No up-to-date executive of a savings bank wishes a customer simply to deposit so much a week and keep doing so. In fact most of the prominent banks have extremely highly paid and efficient officers whose sole duty it is to direct customers, or strangers for that matter, as to what to do with their savings deposits as the latter grow. The ideal customer from the modern banking point of view is one who saves \$500 or \$1,000 in a savings account, takes it out, buys a bond or makes some other sound investment and goes right ahead earning and saving another \$500 or \$1,000.

Investments Should Be Balanced

The advice of bankers as a general rule is thoroughly disinterested. They are not imbued with any purely philanthropic motive but they know, as every business man knows, that customers have to make money or cease to be valuable customers.

The writer sat alongside a vice-president of one of the largest New York savings banks the other day while the banker fitted out a long string with financial plans. It was evident that balance and security were the factors which governed his advice. The idea of putting all eggs in one basket and watching the basket evidently did not have his approval.

One applicant outlined his situation, telling frankly his income, his expenses and his prospective expenses.

"Well," said the banker, "human life is more uncertain than most investments so perhaps you had better care for that risk first. I do not think you have enough insurance."

"But I haven't got the money to take out more insurance," said the customer.

"Yes you have. You have \$800 in this bank right now."

"You mean for me to draw my money out of your bank and buy insurance?"

"Certainly. Your situation will allow you to save more than you have been saving. Build your bank account up again and when it gets high enough, buy a good sound bond or make some other investment which will yield more than savings bank interest."

Then the banker budgeted the customer's income and showed him just how and when he could build up his reserves. Plans along similar lines were outlined to the other applicants.

Preparing For Opportunities

Hundreds and thousands of Americans have progressed beyond the need of funda-

mental advice of this character. But no investor has passed beyond the need of a financial plan which will enable him to take due advantage of investment opportunities. Bond prices are higher at present than they have been for years. This is due in part to the flood of money surging toward investment. There is no indication that high grade securities will show any decided drop in price but when the huge sums necessary for the movement of American crops are taken out of investment securities and turned into cash, as they are at certain seasons each year, the careful investor with a plan has a chance to take advantage of opportunities. That's all John D. Rockefeller had at his start—a definite financial plan.

Investments are not confined to bonds or stocks. Neither are gambles. One man may find his best type of investment in the purchase of a home. Another may secure the results he most wishes through insurance. Some may find the field they like in sound real estate holdings and mortgages. Others turn instinctively to stocks and bonds.

No Lack Of Chances

There are no lack of investment opportunities. One of the most conservative statisticians in America estimates that profits of American corporations in 1927 will exceed \$7,800,000,000. In the present state of American prosperity nearly any inhabitant of the United States can share in those profits to a greater or less degree—if he sets himself a definite plan for doing so.

Some of the policies outlined by financial experts seem as slow to the ordinary investor as a diet schedule to a fat man. But both are safe and get results. Most well-balanced plans have a provision for the placing of a certain sum in enterprises which may yield a high return, but the chances involved in risking of these sums can and should be balanced by more conservative investments. After all, no investment is fool proof. Some of the original Ford investors ran a thousand dollars into nearly thirty millions but there was one man who could not ride the horse that would have carried him to affluence. He found himself afoot, and finally was lost in the obscurity of the crowd following the procession.

They Must Play Your Game

It is mighty hard to beat a man at his own game. Once a man has adopted a definite investment plan and policy he has made investment or that part of it which involves him, his own game. Babe Ruth and Rogers Hornsby never have had any supreme difficulty in outguessing the pitchers but neither has ever compiled any wonderful averages in outguessing the race horses. A man with a sound policy is just like a batter with an eagle eye. Unless the pitchers serving them up are sure they have the goods, they pass him.

Nobody knows the danger of playing the other fellow's game so thoroughly as the sure thing men themselves. In the palmy days of Goldfield, when it was no infrequent sight to see \$25,000 on a poker table, Brick Geary, an old time gambler, dropped in to the Montezuma Club and inquired as to Doc Sheets, one of the best poker players and soundest faro dealers between Nome and Puntas Arenas.

"Doc has gone to the wild bunch," answered the bartender with a mournful shake of his head. "He has traded off a sure thing for a gamble. He's out prospecting and buying up wild cat claims. He says he aims to be a mining man. He sure knew how to buck the tiger but them wild cats will claw him to death."

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A DOG-WHIP FOR A DOG

[Continued from page 69]

schemes!" With that she was moving to where Becker lay on the floor. She pulled him over on his back and thrust her hand into the inner pocket of his coat. From the bundle of papers she found there she selected one, opened it for a brief glance and returned the rest to the pocket. Then she crossed to the lamp and before any of us could divine her intention she had ignited the paper and tossed the blaze into the fireplace.

"Now let him prove that he is her guardian!" And she went out of the room and let us stand there in astonishment at her simple way of settling the matter.

After a few moments Jean Baptiste spoke scornfully to the Constable Cassels and me.

"Neither of you have any more brains than I have."

THE FIRE BRIGADE

[Continued from page 37]

soon forgotten by Americans so careless and unthinking are we for the most part. "The Fire Brigade" serves a purpose on that score also for the spectator cannot but do some serious thinking in the theater and some few may carry the lesson home with them.

"The Fire Brigade" is a simple, convincing story of real people, well acted by capable actors, directed with rare skill with most spectacular yet always ringing-true backgrounds. It has you sitting on the edge of your theater seat most of the time, especially when the three old fire horses, which doubtless should have been pensioned off long before the first feet of film were taken, dash to the orphanage fire outdistancing the modern motor-propelled engines and hook and ladder trucks of the scoffing younger generation. And the fire has more important results than that. It results in something that you and I had suspected or anticipated from the beginning; it places the aristocratic May McAvoy in the arms of the proletarian Charles Ray, the fire fighter who has been tested and not found wanting.

NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER

[Continued from page 39]

You don't got to pay me back, Carrie.

Carrie—Better take it . . . Because our deal's off . . . Now git out . . . Only don't go through the Spa way . . . The Spa's jest chuck full of Federal men . . . Yeah, that's so, Babe . . . And they got Snitch Perkins from Georgetown with 'em . . . t'identify you. I wouldn't be seen by Snitch if I was you . . . And don't start nuthin', neither. All I got t'do is yell once . . . In case you don't believe me, though . . .

And she calls out, "Hello, Henry."

Babe—Well, I'll be—if I don't got to hand it to you!

And tearing up her I. O. U., he exclaims: "Carrie, you're a great girl!"

That was a nice gesture on Babe's part, but, nevertheless, Carrie will pay back his money, with interest, in a year. Conquered, there is nothing for the last of the Callahans to do but vanish.

Carrie—Keep close t' them lilacs so's they won't see through the Spa window.

And when his automobile roars off into the distance, we find Carrie's Federal unit to be only Nat and Jenny.

Nat—We done it!

Carrie—You answered up fine! . . . You git your men 'round here fust thing t'morrow morning (To begin building her kitchen) . . . I know I ought to be cryin', but I can't help laughin' . . .

And, turning to her dead father as he lies in his coffin, she exclaims: "Excuse me, Pa!"

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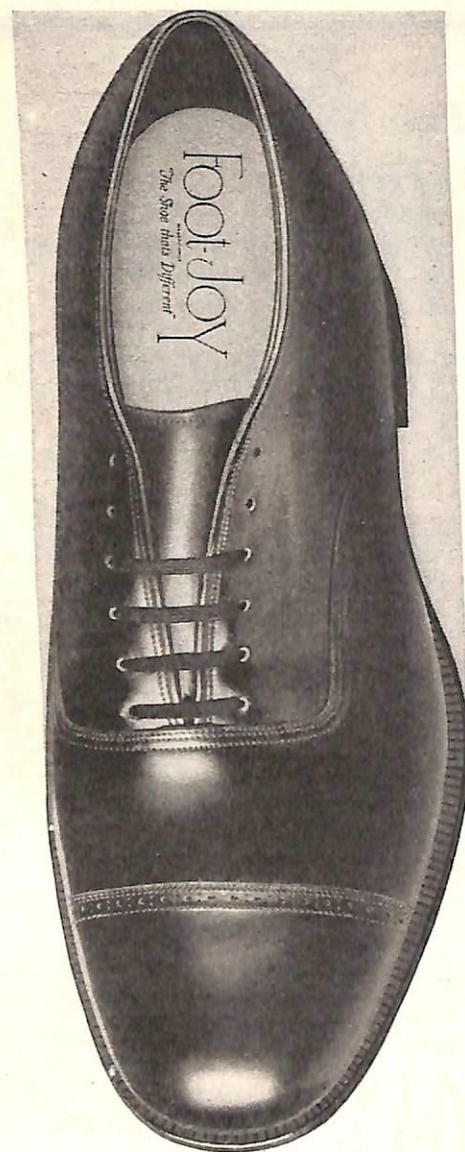
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THREE BURROS *[Continued from page 17]*

pause Grant suddenly flicked his cigarette-stub over the edge. And:

"Blow the whistle, employer," he said, "the sun sets early on this slope. I'm going to inspect the tunnel—if it's in shape to be entered." He paused as they turned and "Coming along?" he asked casually. It had occurred to him that he would better not leave her alone. "If I find the timbering or the air unsafe, I'll stop you—"

"Why of course I'm coming along!" she said.

"Then you must dress the part. Having stolen Petersen's flour and bacon, we'll now steal his clothes. While you're putting on his cleanest slicker and boots and hat, I'll look over the papers—if you brought any—"

"Papers about the mine?"

"Yes—all I want is the official report to the court on the state of things when they closed it. That's the usual proceedings."

She considered a moment, ran into the cabin, returned and "Is this it?" she asked. "Yes," said Grant after one swift inspection.

When once more she emerged from the cabin, he looked up from his reading with a grave, absorbed face which broke into a smile at the figure she cut in Petersen's long slicker, his most shocking hat, his rubber boots.

"I got my feet into these, pumps and all," she laughed. Hurriedly, he donned Petersen's other slicker, the hat with the lamp, and Petersen's leather boots.

"Take my electric torch," he said as they lit up at the mouth of the tunnel, "but don't use it until I tell you. We must economize on light."

She followed him into twilight, into Stygian darkness.

"Don't stumble over the ties," he warned suddenly. "It's the remains of the railway—where they ran mule-cars when the mine was working."

For a long time, then, he was silent. But the back of his head, silhouetted against the soft illumination of the miner's lamp, suggested a very passion of observation. Suddenly he stopped, took the electric torch from her.

"Was Petersen instructed to keep up the mine—replace rotten timbering?" he asked as he handed back the torch.

"Why?"

"New timbering here—where there's been a cave-in," he replied laconically. Now, the light caught on a ladder, running upward at an angle.

"I'll go up first," he said, "and see if it's all safe." His lamp became only a faint, reflected glow from the gaping hole in the roof.

"All right—you can't fall—I'll keep the light on the rungs."

He lifted her up the last stages.

To their right, there were no timbers; only an irregular rock wall, from which points like diamonds flickered in the torch-light.

Hollister was stooping now; running his hand along the surface. With his hammer, he pounded off a fragment of rock. He opened his knife, picked at the surface.

"Do you know the history of this mine?" he asked suddenly, "I can't make it all out from the report."

"It was a silver mine at first," she said. "Wire silver—or something. Then—when the silver was gone, they found they'd been working beside a vein of gold and hadn't known it. Father found that in a queer way. One day he just happened to pick up a rich piece of gold ore on the dump. Not long after, he died—and the suit started."

"It's never really been worked for the gold, then?"

"No, I don't think it has," she answered.

On he crept. There were more ladders; stairs rather, for they ran at an angle. The tunnel weaved and turned. The further reaches of light were drowned in mysterious openings, haunted caverns. It was no longer a square shaft, but an enormous chamber. Dirt and broken rock were heaped against the wall to the left. But always Grant Hollister worked along the right-hand wall where the light glittered on quartz crystals. And at last she was aware that he was following a fissure in the rock—sometimes a mere crack, sometimes a foot wide. Its surfaces, mostly, lay bare to the light. But here and there it seemed stuffed with yellow dirt.

"Oh, that's the seam I've heard talk of in the family," she said. "Show me some of my gold. I'm greedy!" He gathered a handful of the dirt in the fissure, pawed it over; extracted a pebble like a half of a small pea, cut it with his knife.

"Turn your torch on it," he said. "There's no mistaking the color of pure native gold."

"Oh!" she said. "Beautiful and magical! I'm going to keep this! My first nugget!" But he was searching on—tapping and picking as he went.

"Gee!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Give me the torch!"

He flashed the light into a round cavity of the bigness of a bushel basket. The crystals of its lining glittered as with dew.

He had lowered the torch to extinguish it and hand it back, when its circle fell on a little pile of dirt further along the tunnel-floor. He stopped. She was aware of a definite footprint in the yellow surface. Suddenly, he took two steps forward, put his own foot down beside the print. She crowded up beside him.

"Why—why—it's the same," she said. "Have you—"

"I'm wearing Petersen's boots," he said, and snapped out the torch.

His eyes lay now in the shadow of the lamp on his hat. She could not see their expression. But he was looking at her.

"Oh, is anything wrong?" she asked. There was a second of silence before he answered.

"No, I suppose not. Let me finish, please." They were crawling on again. He had taken out a folding pocket-rule now; was making measurements. Once more the torch flashed into a glittering cavity. Once more the seam widened, narrowed. Suddenly the tunnel stopped, cut off by a sheer, smooth rock wall.

"The porphyry dike," he announced straightening up, "end of the vein."

"Is anything wrong?" she repeated, "You promised to tell me!" Her voice had a squeezed, pinched quality; the dull echoes from the tunnel made it eerie.

"I think we'd better get out into the air."

"Not until you tell me."

"How can I say anything definite until I go over that report again?"

"No—you must tell me what you think—now. Or I'll think the worst."

His impulse was to lie benevolently. If she fainted, there in the depths of the earth . . . And even while he thought of this, the truth came in a burst from his lips.

"I'm afraid your mine's been highgraded—looted!"

He waited, alert to catch her if she swayed. He watched her face, thrown into full illumination by the lamp on his hat. It did not pale; but it froze. She looked stilly; as though all emotion had sunk a fathom deep within her.

"Now," he said gently, "we must get out into the air. Keep the torch going."

They said no more in the long passage homeward; but when he helped her down

the ladder of the stope, she sagged on his hands. Now the outer air blew on them; moist and scented; now they stepped into light. Only half-light, though; for there on that slope, the sun had set.

She tore off the hat; with a motion that seemed mere habit, shook out her bob.

"Tell me everything now," she said. "See—I've made no trouble. How—why—is there anything left?"

"I want to answer as well as I can—won't you wait until I see that report again?"

They clumped to the cabin. He opened the report, ran through it, stopping with knotted brows on passage after passage. He folded up the paper at last; reluctantly raised his eyes to hers.

Simply, he told her. Now and then she stopped him to explain a technical term; he must remember to speak as he would to a child. The vein of quartz. The fault which split its entire length. The rubbing of the two edges through geological ages, widening that crack, filling it with debris. The seepage, during these cons when the world was hot and plastic, of gold. Its deposit throughout the dirt of the crack in dust-flakes, drops, tiny lumps. The pockets, where it lay richly; like those two empty spheres—actual and visible pockets—into which they had peered.

"And it's all gone from the seam?" she asked.

"Mostly. He may have missed a little here and there. But he's worked methodically. It may have been a job of years."

"But the quartz in the vein—"

"Low grade, according to these assays. If the mine lay down by the railroad, it might pay. But trucking and hauling from up here—"

"Any other chance?"

"The vein may go on beyond the porphyry dike—"

"It would take money to find out?"

"Yes."

"And we haven't any." Her voice was dead.

There was silence. Grant cleared his throat. He didn't know exactly how to say what he must say next.

"There's something in which I myself am to blame," he began at last.

"You?"

"Yes. Didn't want to frighten you prematurely. Last night—" and he told her what he had seen down by the trail. At the end, he drew his laden handkerchief from the table, opened it.

"There's the way he carried the stuff out," he said. "Rough concentration. Probably sifted it, took away the very highest grade just as it was, and washed the dust out of the rest—when he felt he had time."

She drew a long breath before she asked a question.

"You recognized Petersen. When did you see him before?"

"The experience was disagreeable. As I said, I've been studying the formation in this district. I wanted a peep below the surface. The country's full of worn-out mines, or prospect holes that never were mines. Mostly, they're shafts, and you can't go down them without a winch and a man to run it. But a tunnel's different. I thought of the Ravenal here and the Grey Ghost—that's the old tunnel over beyond the road—a hole that never struck anything—"

"So I came up here and asked permission. Petersen looked scared. Then he went at me like a Scandinavian tiger. Well, I left—after a few strong expressions to save my face. I went on down to the Grey Ghost, thinking I'd have a look. I had just got to the prism, when Petersen yelled at me again. He'd followed me. And I was looking into a 45-calibre side-arm. I resumed my stroll."

"I supposed *[Continued on page 74]*

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THREE BURROS *[Continued from page 73]*

I'd made a mistake. But two days later I was in Cowdray—that's the County seat now. And I looked over the maps and layout of this district. The Grey Ghost isn't on the Ravenal property at all. It's not on anyone's property. After the Ravenal discovery, the owners ran it 300 feet or so, found nothing, and gave up. They didn't patent it, and the claim lapsed in 1893 because no one paid the assessments any more. You see—I'd scared Petersen to death. When a man acts that way—it's fear. I had a little-boy impulse to buckle on the old army gat and assert my right as an American citizen to enter a claim that belonged to nobody but Uncle Sam. But really, the slight addition to my knowledge of geology wasn't worth going through a murder trial—as defendant or corpus delicti."

Her face was like marble turning to flesh now; the first human expression since she emerged from the tunnel.

"I'm glad you didn't," she said. Then she lost expression again. "I see. Petersen took down the gold by burro. And transferred it to the car that Cousin Rossiter was driving."

"Probably. The road's only a mile from where I saw him." He glanced at his wrist-watch. "They've eighteen or nineteen hours' start. It's only seven hours to Denver—as they'll drive. And after that—" he swung his arm in a circle that embraced the horizon. "At any rate, the police may be able to recover the value of this last consignment—but it would take time. And maybe you can get back all he's stolen—if your cousin has means and if—"

She stopped him with a gesture. "No. He's spent as he went, I suppose. I've been seeing a great many things—that I was a fool not to see before. How it happened that he was living so well without work."

"Well," commented Grant Hollister, rising grimly, "he'll have a long stretch of leisure to think it over—after the police catch him. And we're losing time."

"From what?"

"From getting him—notifying the sheriff at Cowdray."

She did not rise. She seemed to be considering this.

"No," she said at last. "I don't want to get my cousin into prison."

"Even if it helps you recover your money?"

"But it won't."

"Well, I'll be doggoned!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Surprised to see that the Christian spirit really exists. I'd try to send him up for the next hundred and forty-seven years!"

She rose now. That great stillness was on her again, but her shoulders drooped.

"You must go outside. I want to change."

When she emerged from the cabin, dressed even to hat and coat, the shadows were gathering close about the plateau and the last beams of sunset were dancing up from the snowcaps to the East. She was carrying her suitcase. He turned and flicked away a cigarette.

"You're going down to Silver Moon for the night? I'll stay here."

"Guarding the stable after the steed has gone?"

"No. The steed might come back. Don't let me raise any false hopes. It's a chance in thousands. But he carried away a load last night. And the highgrade appears absolutely to be gone from the vein. Odd that he timed it so well as to pack out the very last lot on the evening before he knew you were coming. He may have a cache somewhere. And he may take a chance of sneaking back for more."

"That would be dangerous—for you."

"Well, I have your gun, haven't I?"

She stopped, put her suitcase down on the ground.

Then I'll stay," she announced flatly. He turned to her.

"Ra-ther not."

She caught his meaning, and, "This isn't the time to be mid-Victorian," she replied.

"I belong to the celebrated younger generation." There was in her expression just a glint of her old humor. "And it isn't the time—to be thinking of conventionalities—after what's happened to me today."

Her voice lost its firmness for the first time. But she put the quaver back and added:

"At that, I wouldn't if I didn't trust you."

"Thank you. I don't know what to do, nevertheless."

"It isn't your choice. Even if you leave, I stay."

"Well," he said, "It's against my principles to refuse a volunteer. You're sure you won't be afraid?"

"I'm afraid already. But I'm going to stay."

"That's the kind that always goes through with it."

She shook her shoulders.

"Thank the Lord, there's something to do! Dishes to wash. Supper. Let's not talk about it any more."

So he made the fire; went to the spring for water; returned to find her with her sleeves rolled up, sweeping out. They lit candles, fell to work. And now she began chatting furiously—snatching conversation from any topic that came to hand. He played up to that with all the repartee he had. As they sat down to their bacon, flap-jacks and canned peaches, they were laughing like children. Nevertheless, her merriment rose too high; at its top, it seemed always to break into sobs.

Supper finished, they extinguished both fire and lights—"by way of encouraging Petersen," he explained—established themselves on the lookout at the ledge. He brought along Petersen's blankets and coats; for the night breeze came from the peaks to eastward with a little tang.

Though neither touched even the border of the day's tragedy their conversation lost its jocund note. It went deeper, into tastes, distastes, longings and memories. At last, as though the moon had wrought its spell, she stopped talking altogether. He too ran down. They sat for a time in silence. Always he was waiting for the explosion which must follow her calm of paralysis, her simulated merriment. He found himself listening to her breathing. Now she gave a long, tremulous sigh and he snatched at the first pleasantry which came into his mind.

"What do the stars tell you?" he asked.

"That it may be the best thing—for me—"

Before he could devise a jocular answer, she was speaking on.

"Waiting for money you never earned—oh, it's corrupting! That's what's the matter with Cousin Rossiter. He might have turned out well enough—if he'd ever had to go to work. Brought up to believe that he was going to be a rich man some day—and that everything he wanted belonged to him by right—that's the whole story."

"And me, too. I'm able. I've proved that to myself. But have I gone ahead in my job? I haven't. I've seen other girls without half my energy or ability make good—oh, please let me be conceited—it helps—while I've stayed just where I was. Because every year I expected a fortune."

"Lazy-minded! That's the whole story. Why, think—I have never even found what this mine was all about. If I had, maybe—but that's over! This is the first jolt I've ever had. Just a jog-trot of a life—rather

easy and pleasant as lives go—not even a grief since my father died. And it isn't going to break me. I defy it to break me. It's going to make me!"

"I'm glad you're taking it that way," he replied. He felt that he must say something reassuring. Then what he really wanted to say welled sharply to his lips:

"And your mother?"

Her voice, too, grew sharp.

"Can't you see—that's the one thing I've been trying to keep out of my mind?" she answered.

In the stillness which followed, her breath began suddenly to catch. Was that a sob? Yes, she was crying; all the more poignantly because so silently.

Her bare forearm lay white in the moonlight. . . . He found that he was holding her hand. . . . he had taken it as by no volition of his own. . . . it rested in his palm with a soft, trusting, utterly sexless pressure—it might have been a child's. She began to talk in bursts between her silent sobs.

"She's wanted so long—not for herself—the things she intended to do with it—educate her sister's children—and always thinking of what she'd give me—and I wanted her to see Europe once more—"

Silence again, except for the long sighing. Then suddenly she withdrew her hand; wiped her eyes. And now, she gave a little, natural laugh.

"That's over. It had to come. I'd been working up to it all the evening. I might as well have let myself go in the beginning. But don't think it was just hysterics and woman stuff—about making good. I meant that. I mean it now. I could even feel happy about it—if it weren't for Mother."

"I've seen brave men and women," he said. "I've been through a war, you know. A hundred percent brave, I thought. But you're the bravest spirit I ever met."

"That's right! Flatter me! I'm going to need a superiority complex."

"You know that isn't flattery."

Silence fell again. Now she was making some sound. . . . He turned toward her, and she seemed to read his mind.

"I'm not crying again," she said. "That was only a little, lady-like yawn. I don't cry very often, and when I do, I'm just tucked out afterward. Perhaps because I'm tired inside from holding it back."

"There is no reason why you shouldn't go to sleep. None whatever. I'm so full of coffee that I'm awake for the night. Shall I take you into the cabin?"

"Oh no—out here—you'll want to wake me—you must—in case anything happens."

Nearby, a high, square rock rose from the serrated ledge. There was earth at its foot, soft but dry. Against that, he established her. "Considering everything, these blankets of Petersen's are oddly sanitary," he said. "I suspect he's had military training. And you have your coat on anyway. It will get chilly toward morning." He folded one blanket under her, enshrouded her with the other; as a protection against dew, laid a slicker over all.

Her eyes closed against the moonlight. . . . He stood a long time looking at her, before he turned away, squatted again on the border of the ledge.

So he squatted or sat all night.

Twice only did he move. Once, when the moon stood overhead, he threw up his arms toward it. Once again, when their world stood in blackness and the death-cold night wind surged from the depths below, he leaped to his feet, tiptoed over to the rock and stood straining his eyes at that blotch of white which was her face above the blankets.

The face turned into profile; she made a little, sleepy murmur. He advanced, bent over her. She had not opened her eyes. So he crouched for a long time. Suddenly and as with effort *[Continued on page 76]*



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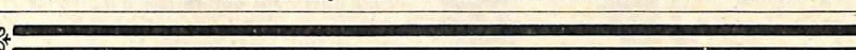
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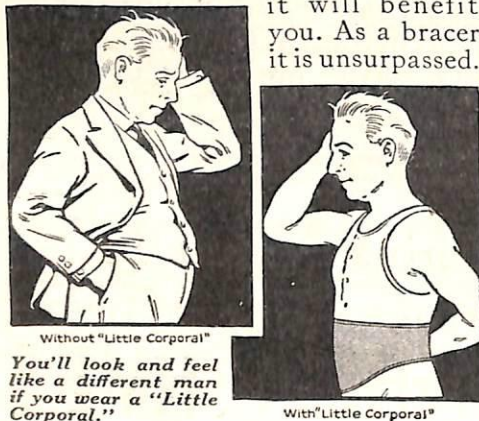


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THREE BURROS [Continued from page 75]

of will, he returned to his ledge. Now again he trembled with more than the cold breeze; and now he squatted, his arms on his knees, and gazed out on the retreating moonlight.

There were faint rustlings among the branches. A bird peeped; from all the depths below came sleepy chirpings. The ghost of a rose-border, then a quivering band of rose and gold, outlined the serrated range to East. The breeze rose shrill; but it now had the tang of life. Dawn had broken.

He rose, tiptoed over to the form against the rock, looked long. She was still asleep. He put on Petersen's spare slicker, lay down, closed his eyes.

"BREAKFAST'S ready!"

He sat up. The sun was streaming over the plateau and over Sally Flint standing above him as fresh and slim as a columbine-stalk. But when he raised his eyes she dropped hers; and her face was as rosy as the dawn.

"I didn't go to sleep until daybreak," he said apologetically, as he sat up.

"I know that—wasn't I awake when you looked me over—at daylight," she answered, "but I closed my eyes and played dead. I knew you'd go to sleep if I left you alone. I've been rustling round—isn't that the proper Western phrase—for hours. Wash your face now in the clear, bubbling spring down there—here's a clean towel from my bag—and hurry up before the bacon gets cold!"

As they sat down to their third meal together, he watched her anxiously. The storm of emotion was over.

"Of course, Petersen didn't show up?" she asked as she served him his second frying of bacon.

"Not a sound all night—except the raucous noises of nature. Well, I didn't think he would. It was just a long chance that he'd left a cache."

"Yes. But I took a stroll this morning and found something—not important, I suppose—but interesting."

"What?"

"Shan't tell you until we've had breakfast and stacked the dishes."

Nevertheless, he hurried through his bacon, refused more pancakes, gulped his coffee.

"And now?" he said.

She led him out-of-doors and to the further corner of the ledge, where the road emerged.

"It's just this," she said. "You see that old tunnel down there?"

"Yes. The Grey Ghost?"

"Well there's a trail from the road to its entrance."

"Naturally."

"But it's a fresh trail! At least—there are little horse-shoe prints—burros, I suppose. The rain would wash away old tracks, wouldn't it?"

"Surely. Jumping Jehoshaphat, and I called myself the engineer detective! That was why Petersen was so choosy about my looking into it. Why didn't I think of that?" He saw the light dancing in her hazel eyes, and added:

"Of course, if it was his cache—it's empty. But I want the evidence while his tracks are fresh."

"Oh, of course!"

Nevertheless, it was only two minutes before they were running down to the trail, Petersen's mining garb not on their backs but thrown hurriedly over their arms. Burro tracks laced the trail, became a web at the prism before the tunnel door.

"I'm to be excused for this stupidity," said Grant as he inspected the door of the old tunnel, "at the time, the muzzle of Pet-

ersen's gun absorbed all my faculties and perceptions. I should have noticed that some of the planks in this door weren't made in 1893, nor that nice, bright padlock. He knocked off the hasp with a dozen strokes of his hammer, threw open the rough, creaking door.

"Air seems all right—slip on your working togs if you're coming along. But go slow, and do exactly as I tell you—this hole may be more dangerous than the Ravenal."

Even Sally could see and feel and smell the difference between this and her own tunnel. Its scent was of mortality. The timbers were old, bulging, rotting. Once the lamp showed a pile of dirt ahead; it almost blocked the tunnel. He left her alone in half-darkness while he reconnoitered with the electric torch. "All right!" he called back, "it was a cave-in—but it's safe now."

Another cave-in—this larger; a correspondingly longer inspection before the light seemed to reveal the end of the tunnel. But it did not snub off abruptly against a rock wall, like the Ravenal. It ended in a heap of reddish-yellow earth. As they approached this, Grant stopped, turned his face and headlight to the right, pointed.

"Some sizable cave-in, that!" he said. And then, with a bark in his voice, "And there it is—if anywhere."

Just a big, shapeless hole, running a dozen feet into the tunnel wall. It was timbered with fresh fir-trunks, but strangely, crazily. And on its bottom lay a shovel and pick—new, unrusty.

"Keep the flash going now!" commanded Grant.

"And oh, be careful!" cried Sally.

It was as though he had not heard her. He seemed to be jamming himself into the further wall of that hole—digging with his hands, dog-fashion.

"The torch, please!" he called. He took a long look, handed it back, picked up the shovel, made dirt fly. Now the shovel was ringing on solid rock. Again he took the torch, and she peered over his shoulder. A cleft was appearing; a seam of dirt broke the glittering surfaces—

He had seized the pick, was swinging it. He was shoveling again; the very shape of the hole underwent transformation. Now, stopping down the handle of the pick, he was jabbing at that streak of dirt. He tossed away the pick, scooped up a double handful. As he turned toward her, the flashlight caught his face. It streamed perspiration and his mouth was gaping spasmodically, but his blue eyes blazed like an electric flame.

"The cache?" she asked.

"The cache—no!" he exclaimed. "It's the picture rock—it's a bonanza!" He began laughing immoderately; and cut that off in the middle of a concatenation. "We mustn't take any more chances with this air. But everything's all right. More than all right! Come running now!"

When the outer air freshened their nostrils and dazzled their eyes, Grant sank to the ground and took up his laughter where he had left it off.

"The dunderhead and the cake-eater! Cousin Rossiter told Petersen to loot the property. Petersen knew gold when he saw it, but he never thought to find the boundaries of the Ravenal. And the Grey Ghost—" Here his chuckling stopped. "The poor old boy who ran that tunnel and gave up in 1893, just missed the vein he was after by six feet! What could he expect—defying mining superstition with a name like that! Then it caved in—right to the face of the vein. And Petersen—" here he stopped to laugh again—"Petersen found it and thought it was part of the Ravenal. And after he'd cleaned out of the Ravenal every dollar he could, he started in to clean the Grey Ghost."

Just started. He hadn't even finished that one pocket. There's a little fortune left in it still. And where there's a pocket there's a vein, and where there's a vein—in this district—there's more pockets. It's a second Ravenal—and it isn't scratched."

He laughed again; then looked at her and stopped. She was taking it all with a still serenity. He remembered in a flash how calmly she had received the news that her fortune had been stolen. He had credited it then to her courage; was it that or only a slow imagination? And courage was the thing he had most admired in her, the thing—

"What's to be done next?" she asked. "Locate. It's anybody's ground until that's done. Did you see any ink at the cabin?"

"I've a fountain pen in my bag."

"Come on!" Regardless of her pace, he loped down to the road, up to the plateau. When, almost blown, she entered the cabin, he was just producing from Petersen's chest the pad of ruled writing paper. She found the fountain pen. His hand racing, he covered two sheets. Though she was short of breath, she did not seat herself; only stood looking down on him. Now he shoved toward her the written sheets and the pen.

"Sign here!" he said.

Now, at last, her expression changed. Her eyes softened and she smiled.

"I was waiting for you to say that," she said.

"What?"

The soft light in her eyes seemed almost tears.

"Offer me the Grey Ghost—signing these papers means that, doesn't it?"

"Of course!"

She shook her head slowly, deliberately. "You've offered me more than the Grey Ghost," she said.

His eyes showed his puzzlement over this cryptic. She read their expression, for she added:

"Faith in people. If you'd grabbed it without offering it to me, I'd have known what easy money does to everyone. What it did to my Cousin Rossiter. But there are people good enough and strong enough—"

"Like you."

"You found that vein. I'd have potted round here a million years and never have known. Of course, the claim is yours—"

"Who saw the trail to the Grey Ghost? And"—here he clutched at an idea—"I'm your employee. You've hired me. Whatever I discover belongs to my employer."

"It wasn't on my property."

"Well," he said, "I'll be teetotally and completely damned!"

"You've saved a sweet, old-fashioned girl from saying a naughty word. For them's my sentiments too." Now, for the first time since the amazing discovery, she laughed.

"Now look here—while we argify and debate, there's hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of gold lying in the Grey Ghost, and it belongs to whoever sticks up three lines of writing. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sign with you—partnership—and we can thresh out our little differences later."

She considered a moment.

"I'll do that—to save your property, since you're so stubborn. But I'll never use it as a partnership."

Without further word, they scratched their signatures.

"And now employer and temporary partner," he said, "Get your coat and hat and fixings. And come on!"

They raced again to the mouth of the Grey Ghost. With nails drawn from the rotting timbers, he affixed one notice to the door. He scooped a hole at the foot of one dilapidated lintel—

[Continued on page 78]

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THREE BURROS [Continued from page 77]

post, nailed there the other notice, scratched the dirt back into place.

"There's one chance in ten hundred million that Petersen may wake up and develop the audacity and intelligence to come back and locate," he explained. "He won't—but if he tears our notice down, here's our buried ace to prove him a liar. Is there gas in that flivver of yours?"

"I had it filled when I left Silver Moon."
"Cowdray next—the county seat—Register of Mining Claims. We can make it in an hour. When we're registered, that cinches the matter for good and all."

ON THE first stage of the descent, the road ran sheer and perilous. The surface was atrocious; here and there, a slope that amounted to a cliff fell three hundred feet from the wheel. His eyes and hands and feet were busy at the complex task of getting a flivver down a long grade without burning transmission. As for her, she had fallen into one of her sudden stillnesses.

They were at the foot of the slope. Ahead lay the clustered cabins, the clapboarded general store of Silver Moon; and beyond that a straight level road.

"Give her all she's got," said Sally. "Speed! I shan't mind. If you lost out now—"

They shot through Silver Moon, bringing gaping heads from the cabin windows. The dial at forty miles an hour, his eyes on the road, he spoke—low and thickly. He was glad he had a task for his hands. When you were doing something, you hadn't minded the shell-fire, but when you faced it in idleness—

"About that partnership," he announced. "Yes?" This sounded impersonal.

"There's one way out."

"Yes?" This sounded defiant. But he had jumped in, and he must swim or sink.

"Suppose you give the whole claim to me or I give it to you—" he was sparring for time, and realized it; whereat he floundered ahead—"and we get married."

"Whatever I say to that," she replied, "don't take your eyes off the road and don't you let that dial go below forty. Now then—I've been thinking about that too. Let's."

The flivver checked speed, and he reached for his handbrakes.

"No!" she exclaimed, "go on! Hit it up! I know your intention. But there's a life-time for that. And your face's dreadfully

dirty. Let's talk about why we love each other—for though you haven't said it yet, I assume you do love me, seeing that you can't possibly be marrying me for my money. Only say it—keep this flivver going!"

"Of course I love you."

"And why?"

"Because you're beautiful and because you're good—so good—the way you took your jolt and the way you've acted about the discovery—"

"You mean to say you love me for that! Then I'm afraid you'll have to take everything back. Suppose instead of Grant Hollister you'd been John Alphonse Smith or somebody. When you broke the news that my claim was looted, I'd probably have kicked and squealed and ran round biting holes in Mount Juno. I'm not so noble. You'll see! I meant all I said when I said it. But maybe because I was saying it to you."

He laughed happily.

"And you began to feel that way—" he started.

"OH, ABOUT when I tried to shoot you, I suppose. At any rate, by the time we got into that tunnel, it was raging something violent. Even the awful disappointment didn't kill it. Grant dearest—if I may presume to be so familiar on short acquaintance—that's how I know it's real and for life and forever and ever. And when did you?"

"From the beginning, I suppose. Same symptoms. But I didn't know it until I stood looking at you last night—when I thought you were asleep—"

"I was watching—and waiting—and hoping. Who woke you this morning?"

"You."

"Didn't you know I kissed your eyelids? Just let myself go, and stood like a fool wondering what I'd do if you woke and realized it—Look out—that's a curve ahead—steady her—now let her go!"

A long, long level stretch across the floor of the valley. The dial crawled back to forty—to forty-two.

"Are you strong and determined enough," asked Sally, "to keep her to forty and not to jump the road whatever happens?"

"I promise."

"All right. Hold steady. I'm going to kiss you again—dirt and all—beloved, beloved!"

IMPORTANT EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT [Continued from page 11]

Furnishings grow ever more charming. New fabrics come into being. Genuine new fashions, that add something—not mere fads—are things to keep up with. All these are known in detail to experts, and can hardly be known to the isolated housewife.

Do not forget the bearing of the fact that the magazine is published in New York City. There vast stores vie one with another. They spare no expense in combing the markets of the world for what can be added to the ease, the enjoyment, the charm, the delicacy of daily modern life. In this huge city we find small shops devoted to specialties; branches, often of European shops, concentrating on the best and latest in the fashions of the continent. All this we carry from Fifth Avenue and its neighborhood to the remotest village of the land. All you have to do is to write a letter explaining your

need. The rest is done by us. We will also buy for you through our Shoppers Bureau, books, theater, steamship, railway tickets—anything you want that is available.

The adventure is two-sided. We establish departments, some now, some soon, that help in dress, food, furniture, education, pleasure, travel, reading—a hundred facets of life. You, on the other hand, realize that our success depends on you. You act as members of the Shrine family. You consult us, write to us about all your wishes, let us make inquiries and tests in your behalf. We become, in short, the agent between you and the vast modern market-place. The customer no longer wanders with her basket along the booths and stalls. She relies instead on the messages carried to her by her newspaper or magazine. To carry out more effectively this purpose we plan to try to

IMPORTANT EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT [Continued from page 78]

organize among our readers a **BUYERS' CLUB**, made up of those readers who, while helping themselves, wish to help the magazine and help the purposes of the Shrine organization. There should be no difference between loyalty to the Shrine fraternity and loyalty to that magazine which exists in order to help the fraternity. What our readers can do to help us most is to adopt the motto: **WE BUY THROUGH THE SHRINE MAGAZINE.**

In doing our part of the mutual service there will be no guess-work. We recommend only after complete investigation and experiment. To this end we are about to introduce our own experiment station. It will be in charge of Mrs. Christine Frederick, nationally known for her work in testing advertised products. The Applecroft Experiment Station belongs to Mrs. Frederick; it, with all of its facilities, is put at the disposal of the Shrine. To this Shrine Experiment Station the members of the Shrine and their families, when visiting New York, will always be welcome. In it will be tested out the numberless practical questions that are always arising in every home. Fix your mind on this experiment station; still better, come and see it. Do not think of it as a cold laboratory, a place of impersonal science. That is not what it is. It is rather a household, amazingly well equipped, where Mrs. Frederick, as wife, mother of four children, and housekeeper, studies and tests all these foods, products, appliances, furnishings, for you and for your

neighbor, under conditions as they arise in the home. The human average need is always where she starts.

Now for a last word of summary. It is up to the Shriners and their families, in the first place, to bring hope and sun to the unfortunate through their loyalty to this magazine and its business service. It is up to the advertiser to come in and make this practicable. It is a splendid picture. Present or absent, by visit or by letter, the two or three million persons who compose the Shrine family will be at all times in touch with the best in modern production. The greatest of the arts is the art of living. To that eternal art the lives of most women are devoted. By cooperating with this magazine any man, and still more important, every wife and mother, can make use of a fine instrument in the art of living.

Remember that it will be of advantage to you and to us to consult us on every problem of home-making.

That it will be of advantage to you and to us to buy through our Shopping Bureau.

That it will be of advantage to you and to us to buy products advertised in The Shrine Magazine.

That the greater the number who benefit by our departments the stronger will be the evidence to the advertiser that we are in direct touch with our readers—that they form a profitable group for him to reach.

Turn to page 62 and read the first of Shrine Service Departments.

YOUTH TELLS WHY [Continued from page 6]

left to portray, each in his own way, the death of manners and each does such portrayal in a most interesting and entertaining way. Readers of The Shrine Magazine for December were treated to both, possibly in the hope that New Year's resolutions would be made which would remedy the questionable loss of Manners.

This youth, of which I am an unfortunate member, has had many good and many bad things written and said about it, sermons are preached about it, classes are lectured on it, schools are built for it, people are shocked by it, and grandparents cry for it. Still youth is youth. Habits change, wars come and go, people die and are born, science advances, evolutionists make monkeys of us all, and still youth is youth and the joy of living permeates us all. Mr. Terhune's sketch, or obituary, was well done, interesting, entertaining, somewhat enlightening perhaps, but quite pointless to those middle-aged readers who still desire a Fairy Tale ending.

THIS is not a criticism of Mr. Terhune or of his article; rather it is a substantiation of his conclusions and may shed a little more light on the causes of this mental and moral reformation with which he deals. Youth today is as different from the youth of yesterday as that youth was from the youth of its parents; it thinks differently and more frequently. In fact, it is because the youth of today thinks, that it is so radically different.

This does not explain the death of manners to any great degree unless it is that the youth of today will not devote itself to anything that does not smell of Rotarian practicability. The dropping of ideals to

chase the great god success into his lair has turned us from studied acceptance of anything to a feverish grasping of all in sight as we rush along, helter-skelter, in search of SUCCESS—so called.

The Church kept yesterday's youth close in its grasp and smiled in friendly fashion upon their struggles. It smoothed their path and lighted their lives with religious faith and reward. Now the Church has lost its guiding hold.

HOME life is evaporating under the pressure of the business woman's desire and demand for freedom from the toil and drabness of housekeeping. Pleasures are becoming more complex in their structure and the joys of yesterday are but drab spots today. Youth questions everything; it must know the reason why; standards appear as fleeting things and today we find youth saying and doing what it really believes it should say and do.

I could go on and on, page after page, with the causes and the effects of this new standard that has sprung up. It has kept pace with the increase of education and even though it wavers from the trail of advancement and progress it still keeps pace with our civilization and is nothing but the noisy expression of those who will make up the world of tomorrow. It wavers, yes, but not far afield. Even as the world moves on in its solar flight so its people move along their way. Do they advance or do they retreat; it is certain that they do not remain static; life goes on with the same passions and tomorrow this dissolute youth will frown upon the comings and goings of the future generations, and so on in an endless cycle.

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- (B) Pocket containing removable Toilet Kit.
- (C) Fold-up Toilet Kit, heavy fabricoid. Removable from pocket. Folds flat; may be carried to Pullman or hotel washroom. Kit has silk rubber, water-shedding pockets for Hair Brush, Comb, Razor, Shaving Cream, Tooth Brush, Powder, etc. (See illustration over Brief Case.)
- (D) Semi-stiff partition; for sketches, drawings, catalogues, magazines, stationery, order books, etc.
- (E) Loop for Pencil or Fountain Pen.
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CROOKS: How They Get Away With It

(Continued from page 21)

tigation I take three days of hard work to find out how much lying my client has done."

George Sheldon, the \$90-a-week accountant had vanished. Officers of the company were inclined to believe that he had taken with him Liberty Bonds and negotiable paper valued at about \$1,400,000 from the employees bonds and the reserve had been neatly stolen from the vault.

Of course the missing man was bonded. But the maximum liability of the bonding house was only \$75,000 which would not go far toward covering the shortage. And, to make matters worse, the news of the theft had evidently crept out before the Osgood directors themselves learned it. For rumors of serious internal difficulty, accompanied by great selling activity, had been circulated through the exchange.

In fact, it was this "selling short" which led the Vice-President to go into the vault to look at the reserve and discover that worthless paper, folded to resemble bonds, had been substituted for the missing securities.

Sheldon, it was learned, was an inventor and had been designing and building models of a new type of calculating machine. His requests for salary raises had been due to his desire to have enough money so that he could afford to rent a small machine-shop and hire a mechanic.

One of the company officials dug up a duplicate list of the stolen securities and broadcasted it through the financial district. The list gave the serial letters and numbers of each bond. Before noon, the telephones were busy announcing that bonds bearing the numbers had been found.

But these bonds which were turning up had been innocently purchased weeks or months before.

It was evident that immediately after June audit, while the office routine was upset by vacation absences, George Sheldon had taken bundles of securities from the vault, slipped them out on the market and exchanged them for similar bonds of the same denomination.

The securities which he had taken with him when he absconded, could not be traced. "As soon as we learned that," was Ragan's comment, "I figured that the man smart enough to do that was smart enough to beat me, unless I could out-guess him. I mean that if I nosed around and followed Sheldon's trail in the usual way, I'd waste a week. By that time he would be dug in somewhere where it would take months to locate him. He planned it all so beautifully."

"I never knew a smart man who absconded who did not go to a town where he had been before. They always look over the ground in advance. I learned that Sheldon had spent previous vacations in Quebec. So I hopped the night train for Canada. That was my hunch and I knew that if I waited a week, the bears on the market would hammer Osgood Motors so hard that the recovery of every dollar of securities wouldn't help the stock. For every hour's trading was spreading rumors of serious difficulties in the Osgood organization."

Ragan got off the train in Quebec the next morning with Sheldon's photograph in one hand and his gold detective's badge in the other. He went down the line of taxi drivers and cab men, showing badge and photo to each.

"There's fifty dollars in it, if you can take me to the hotel where you took that fellow," said Ragan to each driver.

"Fif' dollar. Show me l'argent," smiled one little Frenchman.

Ragan drew a wad of bills from his pocket and displayed them.

The Chauffeur was cautious. "You pay,

all the same, if it is nearby?" he questioned.

"Just the same."

The driver gestured grandly to his coughing, sputtering, rattling taxi. "Montez, M'sieu. Very quickly we arrive to his hotel."

"How are you sure it is the same man?" Ragan demanded.

"I remember. Sacre! I will never forget. On account of his baggage. His boxes, they weigh one million pound."

Ragan remembered the models of the calculating machine and got in. Five minutes later, he was rapping on the door of George Sheldon's room in a cheap French hotel.

Ragan held a revolver in his right hand and a billy in the other. He knew he must be ready either to shoot it out with a desperate man or to forcibly prevent a suicide.

"Come in," called George Sheldon's voice.

Ragan entered cautiously. The absconding accountant was sitting at a battered writing desk, near the window. Beside him was one of the models of the calculating machine. But Sheldon was writing the last of several telegrams.

"Stand up," Ragan ordered, flashing his revolver. "I'm going to frisk you."

Sheldon made no protest. Ragan searched him for weapons and found none, except a pair of pliers and a screw driver.

"Are you from New York?" asked the accountant.

"Yep."

"I was just wiring you to come."

Ragan confessed that that explanation of the telegraph blanks was perhaps the biggest surprise of his life. He had expected anything but that.

"You mean?"

Sheldon nodded. "Read them."

The first was an order wire to "Blank & Blank," a New York brokerage house which Ragan knew had been responsible for spreading the rumor about the dangerous financial conditions of Osgood Motors.

"Close account," the message read. It was signed "George Sheldon."

A great light broke on Ragan.

"So you're the bird who sold Osgood Common short?"

Sheldon nodded.

"You stole the securities out of the vault and put them up as collateral with the brokers?"

Again Sheldon nodded.

"Did you put up all the securities as collateral?"

SHeldon smiled. "Oh no. Half of them are very well hidden."

Sheldon paused and then continued. "Read the other wires."

The detective glanced at them. One was addressed to President Osgood and the other to the President of the bonding house. Both were signed "George Sheldon" and gave his Quebec hotel address. They invited the corporation and bonding house heads to send representatives to Quebec for a conference.

"I've had a life time of surprises," Ragan explained. "But that was a unique situation. Here sat a man, a young, clean-cut, likable fellow, too. He was confessing to one of the biggest thefts and most successful stock plunging operations on record; he was admitting the looting of a big corporation and he never changed color. In fact, he showed me his calculating machine and invited me to have breakfast with him."

It was a strange day that Ragan put in with George Sheldon. Ragan did not arrest him; neither did he allow him an arm's length away. They rode around the City, ate an excellent luncheon and dinner, went to a moving picture show.

Quite calmly Sheldon explained his meth-

ods to the detective. He told, in detail, how he had smuggled the securities in and out of the vault, without exciting the suspicions of other employees. He had taken a huge ledger and cut out a cavity from the leaves inside, until it was almost as good a hide-all as one of the chess boards which are made in the form of books. When he put this tome on a steel carriage to wheel it out of the vault in the morning, a large package of securities was concealed inside it. At noon, he took the bonds out and changed them on the market, when he went to lunch. At night a package of bonds whose numbers could not be traced was returned in the same way.

Between June 9th and September 15th the securities were all switched. Then, as the time which Sheldon had fixed upon for his open defalcation approached, he used the hollow ledger to pass in worthless paper in packages that looked like valuable bonds he abstracted. The stolen bonds were placed in a safe deposit box until the day he spread the rumor of "danger" in Osgood Common about the financial district. Then he carried a half-million dollars' worth of the stolen securities to the brokers' office and left an order to sell short on Osgood Common.

"If they'd given me a raise to \$110.00 a week," Sheldon assured Ragan, "I could have rented the shop I wanted and I wouldn't have touched a penny of their money."

Sheldon gave Ragan a list of the securities which were deposited at his brokers.

"Where are the rest?" Ragan demanded.

"You've only listed about half of what you took."

Sheldon smiled. "You'll never find them, unless you and I make a 'deal.'"

"But I found you," Ragan snapped.

"I expected you would. When you didn't show up yesterday, I wrote you a telegram."

This strange pair waited in Sheldon's room, drinking a bottle of champagne, until late that night when President Osgood, his attorney, the Vice-President of the bonding house and his attorney and two bonding house detectives arrived from New York.

Sheldon was the calmest member of the group. He inquired politely about the market, said that he believed Osgood Common would recover quickly, now that he had removed his selling order. In this supposition he was quite right, for the stock promptly climbed to a new high.

Ragan wanted Sheldon arrested immediately, but the bonding house official vetoed that. Sheldon laughed at them all.

"Now, gentlemen," said Sheldon, "you can go to Blank & Blank, my brokers, and I'll give you an order for the securities they hold. I appraised them at about \$800,000. I have hidden the remainder, and I'll give you my word that you'll never find them, unless I tell you where they are. About \$600,000 worth are hidden according to my figures."

"Lock him up," said President Osgood. "Wait a minute," interrupted the man from the bonding house.

Sheldon requested them to calm down. Then, "If you'll agree not to prosecute me; if you'll both agree to that, formally, in writing and get the signature of the district attorney to a release, I'll return every bond."

Ragan and the man from the bonding house had a long argument. Ragan pleaded for a prosecution, confident that sooner or later the missing securities could be located.

But the bonding house representatives and President Osgood faced a loss of \$75,000 and \$525,000 respectively. The bonding company representative summed up their position when he said, "It ain't worth that much money to put anyone in jail." So they agreed to a "nolle pros" and promised to get a note to the same effect from the district attorney.

Osgood, the bonding people and the attorneys went back to New Jersey, leaving Ragan to stay with Sheldon. On the following Thursday, Ragan received the formal release, signed by the complainants and the district attorney. It promised immunity to Sheldon, upon return of securities from him.

Sheldon and Ragan left Quebec. Five hours after they reached New York, the securities, properly checked and counted, were back in the Osgood vault and Sheldon, with a bank account of nearly a hundred thousand dollars (He had made this by selling Osgood Common short, while using Osgood Motors securities to cover his margin), and a formal immunity from criminal prosecution was back in New Jersey, tinkering with a model of his accounting machine.

Ragan discussed the self-justification with which Osgood and the bonding house heads excused themselves to their own conscience. They assured each other, and their directors, that Sheldon was no criminal; that they had turned no wolf loose on society; that their duty was to recover the money for their stockholders rather than to judge a fellow man who had yielded to temptation.

The District Attorney, too, could justify himself. Why should he, a busy man, work on a difficult case when the complainants were anxious to accept restrictions and "nolle pros"?

"They all did everything but their duty," Ragan concluded. "I'll agree with every excuse they made. But they're dead wrong. Excuses make business crime and fraud. They should have taken their loss and sent Sheldon to jail."

"There are a thousand young fellows down in the financial district who know, from various sources, this story which I have told you. And it's bound to have a bad effect on some of them; maybe on all of them. Every time they hear of somebody who gets away with trickery and fraud like this, they start figuring on duplicating the feat."



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Uncommon Ways With Your Canned Pantry

(Continued from page 64)

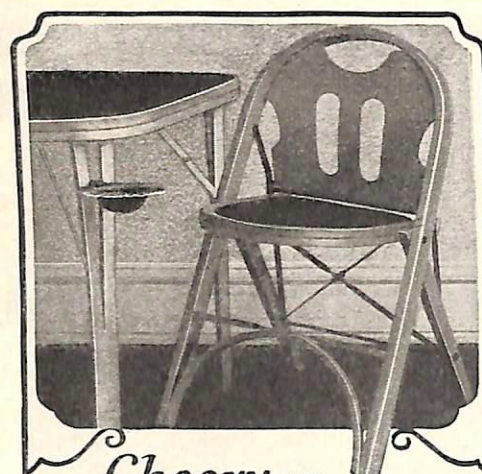
She may mix up baking powder biscuit, cut out the centers with a doughnut cutter and bake, leaving these "wells" in the center of each. To lay a half peach or a generous portion of canned berries in this cavity and add a spoon of beaten cream, is an easy but delicious winter shortcake for her of the expert hands. A steamed fruit betty, a peach roll or cobbler are types of more hearty cold-weather desserts that all children love and of which husband begs a second helping.

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THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

[Continued from page 27]

him very vividly to the end of his days. The years to come were destined to bring him peace and contentment and happiness. They were destined to bring him his nation's and his King's gratitude in the shape of great honors and ducal title. But he never completely got over the impression of those days and nights in the heart of Africa. It marked his soul for life.

Once, in the darkest part of the forest, his feet stumbled against the blackened brands and cold ashes of an extinct campfire where the jungly folk had been feasting on some reeking impurity.

He nearly fell; caught himself in time. But his revolver dropped in the ashes.

He picked it up; walked on.

Came again a weary trek which wove on like the loomed fabric of a cruel dream; with the wind like the blast of a lime-kiln; a sudden pelting, steaming rain, followed, as suddenly, by the reappearance of the sun, its rays filtering through the dense foliage so that the trees were like columns of pallid light and the underbrush like indigo waves spotted with crimson and tawny orange.

Then, hours later, he came once more to an extinct campfire; saw, with a start, the outlines of his revolver where it had dropped in the ashes; knew that he had gone in a circle; knew, the next second, that he was lost.

At that moment fear rushed upon him full-armed; fear without the thrill of adventure; fear that was sheer, stark horror—and he was a brave enough man to know it.

Very far off a signal drum thumped with muffled shocks and a lingering, sobbing vibration, steadily, rhythmically. He confounded the beating of the drum with the dry pulsing of his own heart. He stared into the gloomy wilderness.

How could he find his way out?

His compass?
He drew it out; watched the quivering, magnetic needle.

What good, though?

South lay Lake Tchad, his goal. But south the jungle stood like a rampart of steel, impenetrable, black-threatening.

West, north, east ran other faint trails. He tried them, feverishly; found them to be zigzagging, sardonic paths that led to no issue; returned to the campfire.

Gradually his horror faded into a dull indifference, something like a decay of his senses, his body, his soul.

Oh yes—he shrugged his shoulders wearily—he had known it straight along: Africa would suck him under, would kill him.

Well—let death come. Let it come soon. Why not die?

A dead man felt not the heat; did not suffer from fever and colic; did not mind the taste of green-scummed water.

Listlessly he sat down; was grimly amused as he realized that his own death did not even strike him as tragic.

He observed his thoughts as if they belonged to somebody else—somebody whom he rather liked in a curiously impersonal manner.

This other man thought of England; months of leave spent there; the chaps at his club, at dinner parties, the park, the theater; heard their carking British talk—horses, politics, grouse shooting, salmon fishing, women. Thought of a girl he had met just the other day.

Little American girl. What was her name? Oh—names did not matter. But how lovely she had been, how keen and jolly.

And her lips...

Why—this other man whom he watched in himself—he loved this girl...

My word—what utter rot! A dying man—thinking of love...

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The Shrine Magazine

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"Oh!"—suddenly he gave a cry of pain as a horned beetle bit him on the wrist.

The little pain was a new, most terrible indignity added to an already intolerable load of despair.

"Damn the damned luck!" he yelled ludicrously.

But the sting recalled him to his senses. It gave him back his desire for life.

He must find his way out. Must.

No use going in a mazed circle. There were the jungly folk, the aborigines. He would catch one; treat him as the Arabs did. Brutally. It was the only language they understood.

Catch one? How?

Always they disappeared, like ghosts. They were unreal.

Well—he'd try.

He listened tensely. If he could hear one—then make a dash!

Twice—three times, four—he imagined he heard them rustling about in the undergrowth; dove in, like a swimmer, with outstretched arms; found nothing except slimy creepers and thistles that lacerated his hands, his face... and the idea came to him that the jungle was watching him; watching him at his silly monkey tricks as a London audience watches a clown.

"Bravo! Bravo!" he applauded this clown; laughed hysterically.

"Ho! Ho!" he screamed.

"Ho! Ho!" the wilderness echoed his laughter.

QUITE suddenly, he was silent; stood rigid for the fraction of a moment; then felt, perceived, and acted at exactly the same time, his senses working together with the instantaneous precision of a camera-shutter timed to the hundredth part of a second.

For all at once he had become aware that the echo of his laughter, which his imagining had attributed to the very spirit of the wilderness, was real laughter, coming up from the ground, from the waist-high spear grass.

At the same fraction of a second he saw a stabbing flash of color glide away. Still at the same fraction of a second his hand, answering the hurry call from eye and ear to brain, shot out, and clutched something that wriggled and twisted.

His hand came out of the grass, and in its grip appeared a tiny figure, fantastically hideous, but human; and still, on its broad, toothy mouth, was a physical indication of the merriment which had echoed the Englishman's laughter.

Sir James held the captive at arm's length.

Later on, describing the scene, he said—not altogether in humor—that heretofore he had believed in the existence of the devil on hearsay only, but that one good look at the jungly dwarf gave him all the ocular evidence he needed. For the man had covered his tiny, muscular, naked body with a thick layer of crimson and orange clay in a fantastic design. His face, flat-nosed, the ears pulled out of shape by great bones inserted in the lobes that touched the shoulders, was daubed with red and white splotches. His kinky hair had been carefully wired and oiled into two foot-high columns that stood out on either side of his head, resembling antelopes' horns, while from a string around his neck depended a mass of clanking, barbarous juju amulets, amongst them a doll.

It was a very small, wheat-haired doll with round blue porcelain eyes. A white child's doll. A sentimental German doll made in some Bavarian village... and the Englishman gave a shudder as he asked himself what sinister African tragedy coiled in back of it.

The man was fantastically ridiculous, fantastically hideous, fantastically repulsive. Not only was this thing human. Too, without a doubt, judging from the amulets, the painted limbs, [Continued on page 84]

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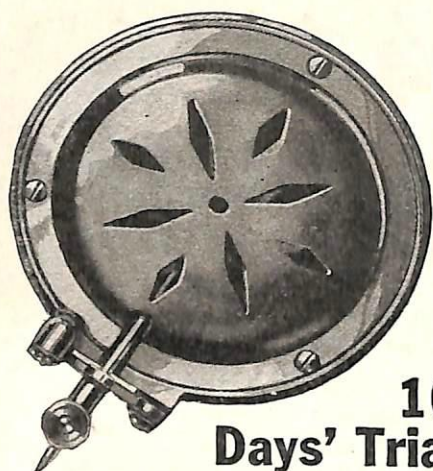
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THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

[Continued from page 83]

the hair shaped into horns, it was a medicineman, thus a big man to his own tribe; a very big man; a despot in crimson and orange, as Sir James was a despot in scarlet and gold; perhaps, indeed, more important to his people than he was to Great Britain.

He yelled at him in English: "Shut up!"

He continued in the negro dialects he had picked up, telling him to keep still and listen. "Hey!"—as, evidently, the other did not understand—"don't you hear?" Furi-ously: "Moyekoro! Moyekoro!" And, ironically, calling him chief: "Ho inkos! Good Lord . . . La pouela . . . n'jumaeh—N'kuna . . .?"

"Salaam aleykoom!" suddenly shrieked the dwarf, as he stopped his struggling and wriggling, as the glare in his eyes dulled to a pitiful appeal.

"Oh—you know Arabic?" The Englishman rejoined in the same language, relieved. "Yes, yes, yes!"

Many years earlier the little savage had been captured by Moroccan raiders; had escaped after a while and, somehow, found his way back to his native jungle.

Again he struggled and twisted; and Sir James tightened his grip.

"What harm have I done to you? Let me go—let me go!" His words bubbled on in a hectic, frothy stream, while he began shivering all over in an ague of fear. "Yah sheik! I am at your feet! I touch the ropes of your tent! Let me go—let me go! Oh—everything I own I shall give you—everything! Let me go—and I shall come back with all my belongings—my wives—my daughters—let me go . . . I shall come back . . . I swear it . . ."

The Englishman felt intensely sorry; felt ashamed. Seldom had he felt more ashamed.

Oh yes—this repulsive, hideous little thing feared. It hated. It lied. Therefore it was human. But he could not let him go, and he knew better than to employ kindness just then.

The Arabs were no hypocritical, slobbering humanitarians. They were right. Aborigines understood only one language: force and cruelty.

Savagely he shook the dwarf; said to himself that—my word!—wasn't it a jolly good thing that no missionary or aged British spinster connected with some uplift society was watching him at this moment? Wouldn't there be the deuce to pay! He could imagine the Liberal M. P. for East Bloomsbury rising in the House and, with quivering, well-rounded phrases and Jeffersonian gestures, asking the secretary for the Colonies by what right red-coated, gold-gallooned, titled, overpaid popinjays were permitted to maltreat poor heathens. Was it decent? Was it English? Was it Christian? The yellow press would take up the yelping refrain with blackguardly editorials. He would be ordered home—would be cashiered from the service . . .

Oh well—England was seven eternities away—this was Africa . . .

"Be quiet, O creature of much filth!" he yelled at his prisoner who was still frantically babbling and praying and imploring.

He bent down until his face was on a level with the other's. He addressed him as an Arab does a man of an inferior race whom he wishes to shape to his will: with a red-hot flame of brutality, blue-tinged by a shadow of caustic placidity.

"I shall kill you, O pig and father of piglings," he announced almost casually.

Tightening his grip on the amulet string with his left hand, he drew his dagger with his right, letting the sunlight flicker for a second on the bright blade, while the dwarf begged for his life in an agony of despair.

"Why kill me, protector of the pitiful?"

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he cried. "What harm have I done you?" "None. But—" again as an Arab would reply—"it may amuse me to kill you. There is no other reason."

He paused; continued:

"Yes—I shall kill you—unless . . ." He was silent.

An expression of hope eddied up in the other's eyes. There was then a chance of bargaining for his life.

"What do you wish, O chief? Anything I will do—anything, anything it may please you to command! Tell me and behold—it is done! Is it my right hand you want? Cut it off. My leg? Take your knife to it! Ah—" with the simple logic of the savage—"two legs I have. Two arms. But only one life. Spare it, O excellent one!"

"I fancy you're ripe," thought the Englishman. "Poor, pathetic little beggar!"

And, aloud, he said:

"Very well. I shall spare your life. On one condition."

"Tell me!"

"Show me the quickest way to Lake Tchad."

"The way—to—Lake Tchad?" came the other's echo.

There was halting incredulity in his accents, and Sir James misunderstood. He thought the man, for some obscure reason, was refusing to be his guide. So he drew back his dagger with a curved sweep, as if about to bring it down, when the dwarf exclaimed:

"Wait! Wait!"

No longer was he afraid. He seemed relieved, even amused, and showed his filed teeth in an expansive grin. Here he had been fearing death; willing to give his wives, his children, all his belongings; ready to have his body mutilated if it should please this Arab's inexplicable whim. And all the latter desired was to be shown the way to Lake Tchad—the way which even a little child of his own tribe would be able to find blindfolded. Ah—he thought, very much as Sir James had thought a few minutes earlier—was it not strange that such people as this Arab were permitted to live and breed . . . ?

"Come!" he said. "I show you."

"No tricks!" warned the Englishman, releasing him and drawing his revolver.

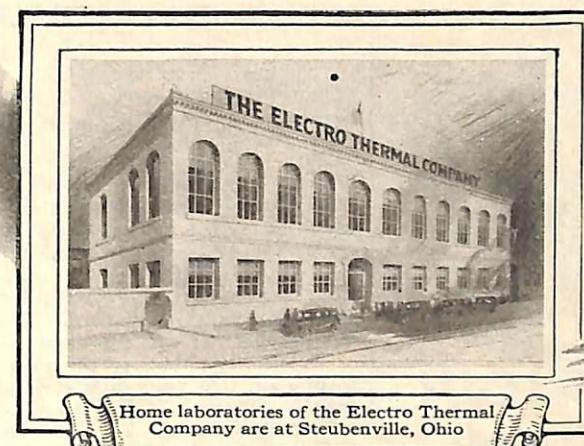
Still the other was not afraid. He laughed; walked ahead with the gliding step of the jungle-bred, while Sir James followed close on his heels, weapon leveled for instant use.

Shortly afterwards he discovered the cause of the black's unaccountable mirth. For there was a fugitive trail cutting sharply to the left; something like a throbbing surge of rank, green vegetation opening before them with a gurgling sob; the wilderness suddenly ceasing as a basaltic ridge rose like a wall; a climb; and there, three minutes' walk away from the campfire where he had lost his way and had almost surrendered to despair, he saw below his feet the great lake offering its steaming expanse to the fiery face of the sun.

The dwarf pointed. Again he laughed. So did the Englishman, though the joke was on himself.

Farther to the west the lake broadened enormously, framed by miles upon miles of flat, monotonous beach with an occasional gray, dry bush, like a Japanese water-color, silhouetting the verge above the yellow surf and here and there slender, tufted jets of palm trees etching the vacant, azure spaces. But directly below the rise, separated from it by a sweep of barren ground, the lake seemed no more than a thin, silvery strip that ended, south-east, in a low rise whence a forest vanished toward the horizon.

It was through this forest, the dwarf said in answer to Sir James' question, that the trail led to the place called the Outer Hall of the Gods . . . "an easy trail," he added, "used by the southern tribes when they drive their cattle [Continued on page 86]



Offices are also maintained at Los Angeles, Calif., for Western patrons. European headquarters have recently been established at London, England.

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on page 4



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THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

(Continued from page 85)

to summer pasturage. Hai!" with sly humor—"a trail so broad that even an Arab cannot miss it."

Sir James smiled. With self-irony he considered the age-old problem of racial superiority, concluding that it was rather a shifting commodity which depended entirely upon surroundings and circumstances and was indeed less mental than physical. Here, in the heart of Africa, this little savage was decidedly his racial superior, simply because more fit to struggle and survive. It was this same consciousness of superiority, however the man worded it to himself, that made him suddenly so fearless, so arrogant.

The Englishman liked him for it. Too, he was grateful and wanted to express his gratitude. A present. Yes. But what? His resources were decidedly limited.

Then he remembered his silver watch. Days earlier, rotten with moisture, clogged with foul miasmatic atoms, it had stopped ticking. He took it from a fold of his waist-shawl.

"Here," he said, "add this to your collection of juju amulets. Guaranteed to drive away bad spirits, harm your enemies, and cure snake bite!"

With trembling hands the other took the watch. His beady eyes glistened.

What a treasure! Never had there been the like in all the wilderness!

He did not even stop to thank Sir James. Rapidly, lest the latter change his mind, he half ran, half slid down the basalt rocks and dashed into the jungle that took him silently to its bosom.

Laughing, the Englishman looked after him. Then he, too, left the ridge, in the opposite direction, toward the lake.

The land was deserted. Naked and desolate it lay under the puffed sky. Later on, with summer, would come a thin, sweet herbage, of wild rape and sorrel and pimpernel, stippling drops of delicate pastel amidst the barren gravel, attracting the small, parched cattle of the southern nomads. But summer was still many weeks off. So there was no sign of life; no human habitation except a small hut where, the season before, a herder had kept his simple belongings.

There, with once more the comfort of a roof over his head, he decided to spend the afternoon and night.

He was utterly worn out. Two weeks ago—two weeks that seemed an eternity—continuously on the trek, he had left Kasambara. It would be another two weeks, he recalled, before the Man in the Half-Light would strike again, sending death to the high officials in the French colonies. Well—he had plenty of time—and he needed rest; his feet hurt, his temples throbbed, he was a little feverish.

So he took a swim in the lake, ate his frugal meal, and—by this time night had fallen—lay down in the hut, rolled in his burnoose.

Nearly the end of his quest, the end of his crusade, he told himself.

He would succeed; would die in succeeding.

Nobody would know of his sacrifice. Already the people in England believed him dead, murdered. Already, by this time, doubtless, his name had passed into the fringe of shadows.

Perhaps, occasionally, somebody at the club would ask:

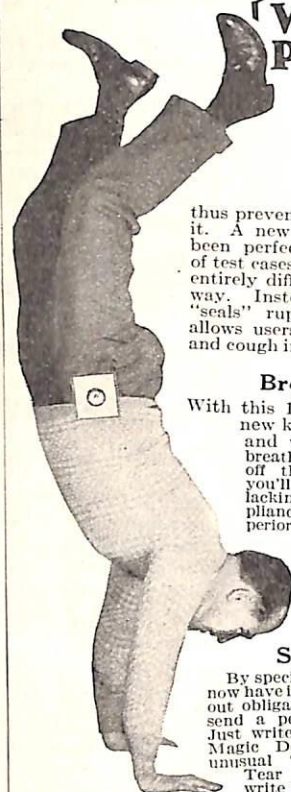
"Remember Forsythe?"

Another would drawl:
"Jimmy Forsythe, you mean? Killed in Africa—eh what? Poor old blighter! I say—to the waiter—'another Scotch!'"

Yes. The Empire was swift at forgetting. Forgetting the good as well as the bad.

There was his younger brother, Dick. Why—he had not thought of him for years.

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Dick. Subaltern in the Guards. Fond of women, horses, champagne. Kicked out of the service for cheating at cards. Dick—who had left England, had completely disappeared.

Yes—Dick, too, was forgotten—thank God!

Through the open door of the hut he stared up at the sky.

It was sheeted with a silvery rain of stars that seemed to pour down the hollow spheres of darkness—from the apex to the white rim of the lake, the black rim of the forest.

All at once, for no reason, a memory of the girl, the little American girl, juttied into the focus of his consciousness . . . a memory suffused with the bitter-sweet pain of longing—longing for the unattainable . . .

He felt this pain, physically. He felt hurt, caught, crushed, caged in.

This hut . . . it was so hot, so stuffy . . . Why sleep here?

He started to get up. Could not. His limbs refused to obey.

He made a second effort, a third. Failed.

His feet were like lead. His mouth was parched. His temples throbbed. The low-dipping moon swung to and fro in a blazing, brownish-yellow pendulum. A flood of red color with broad, interlacing veins floated before his eyes.

Even as his mind became a blank, he knew what it was: a sudden, violent attack of black-water fever . . .

The end—his last, semi-conscious thought—the end . . . alone in the wilderness—black-water . . . yes the end to his life—his quest . . . Oh—as his eyes became glassy . . . help me—help me—dear Lord Jesus Christ!

An hour passed. Two.

A narrow, sharp beam of moonlight stabbed into the hut. Gradually it broadened, lengthened.

Two hands then.

Small, powerful, black hands. One hand closed about something that glistened with the blue of steel. The other with curling, groping fingers. They leaped from the inky outside darkness into the moon's silver pool.

A tiny, naked, black body followed.

It was the jungly dwarf.

There was this wonderful juju amulet which the Arab had given him. It had roused his cupidity. He wanted more . . .

He crept into the hut; rose. He raised his knife . . . Then, as he twisted his body to one side to give more strength to his blow, the moon beams fell on the prone man's face, brought it out with startling vividness, showing lines of intense suffering.

Sick—this foreigner—so sick! And something clicked in the dwarf's primitive brain.

He had come to kill. He remained to pity—and help.

He worked over the unconscious man, bathing his forehead, massaging his limbs. He ran back to the jungle; returned with an armful of herbs; boiled them into an evil-smelling broth; forced a few drops down Sir James' throat.

He squatted down by his side, rocking to and fro like a chained animal.

The dull, slow, turgid thought in his savage brain:

"What shall I do?"

Then he jumped up.

"I know!"

Again he went to the jungle. Again he returned, carrying a long, thin, wooden drum.

He sat on his haunches in front of the hut. Holding the drum with his prehensile toes, he beat it with his elbows and palms.

Rub-rub-rub . . . rumbetty-rub . . .

Across the distance he sent the message, with thumps and pauses—the code of the wilderness—telling the tale of this Arab who had come from the north—describing him . . .

[Continued on page 88]

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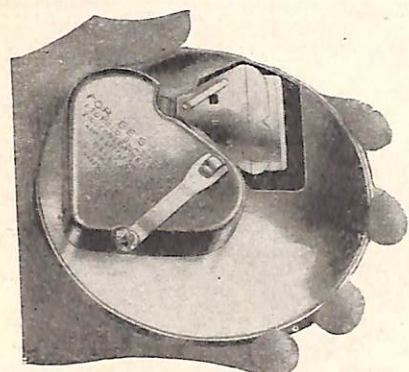
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THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

[Continued from page 87]

Rub-rub-rumbeddy-rub . . . banng!
The sounds leaped up. Other drums took up the tale.

Rub-rub-rub . . . rumbeddy-rub . . . spanning the jungle, leaping across swamps and forests . . . farther and farther . . . reaching the little town of Hamid-Abbas.

There the blacks and half-breeds, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, listened to the gossip. They spread it by word of mouth.

Yar Touati, the owner of the caravanserai, heard it from the lips of one of his Sudanese ostlers. Casually he mentioned it to one of his guests, Mustaffa Habibullah, who was busy, before going to bed, with a brandy bottle and a gurgling water-pipe.

Mustaffa rose.
"Thank you!" he said.
A minute later he knocked at Miss Greene's door.

"Mem-saheb!" he called. "Oh—mem-saheb!"

(To be concluded)

[In answer to the news of the jungle drums Sally Greene and the Afghan horse thief start on a journey to No-Man's-Land where Sir James is lying at death's door. Will he live to carry out his mission?

HAWAII'S SUNSHINE

INSTITUTE [Continued from page 52]

superintends the children is backed by the skill of Dr. Joseph Warren White, chief surgeon of the Honolulu Unit. With his good natured laugh he makes pals of all the youngsters and works miracles with their crippled bodies. Other members of the staff are Miss Nielson, Physio-Therapist and Mrs. Marion Warren, Anaesthetist. Mrs. Welch, a school teacher provided by the Board of Education, Honolulu, coaches each child and regular school classes are held every day.

Dr. White has gained valuable publicity for the Shriners' work by showing to civic and private organizations, motion picture films of the methods employed in correcting deformities, or the straightening of children as the word orthopedic implies. The popular conception of orthopedic is the treatment of foot troubles and its Greek origin is not appreciated. The word is derived from two Greek words meaning to straighten the child. Individual efforts of local Shriners among their friends have also met with the generosity for which Hawaii's residents are famed.

The Board of Directors includes, Harry N. Denison, Past Potentate and chairman; Past Potentate Kirk B. Porter, vice-president; Hugh B. Spencer, secretary; James S. McCandless, Past Imperial Potentate; Guy H. Buttolph, Past Potentate; Lawrence M. Judd, Past Potentate; Charles G. Heiser, Harry S. Hayward and John A. Young. These Shriners are all frequent visitors at the hospital and heavy investors in their "sunshine institution."

If all of the Shriners could visit Hawaii and see the children whom they have helped they would be justly proud. If they could watch the boys who once were helpless cripples poised skillfully on racing surfboards at Waikiki; if they could go for a hike into luxuriant forests where the fragrant ginger blooms with the children who once could not walk, or wander serenading in the moonlight with lads who once had no song in their hearts, they would shout with renewed conviction that sweet Hawaiian phrase, which might well be their motto, "Hiki hana ka kokua ia oe" (we can help you). And a thousand young voices would answer, "Me ka mahalo" (thank you).

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